This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

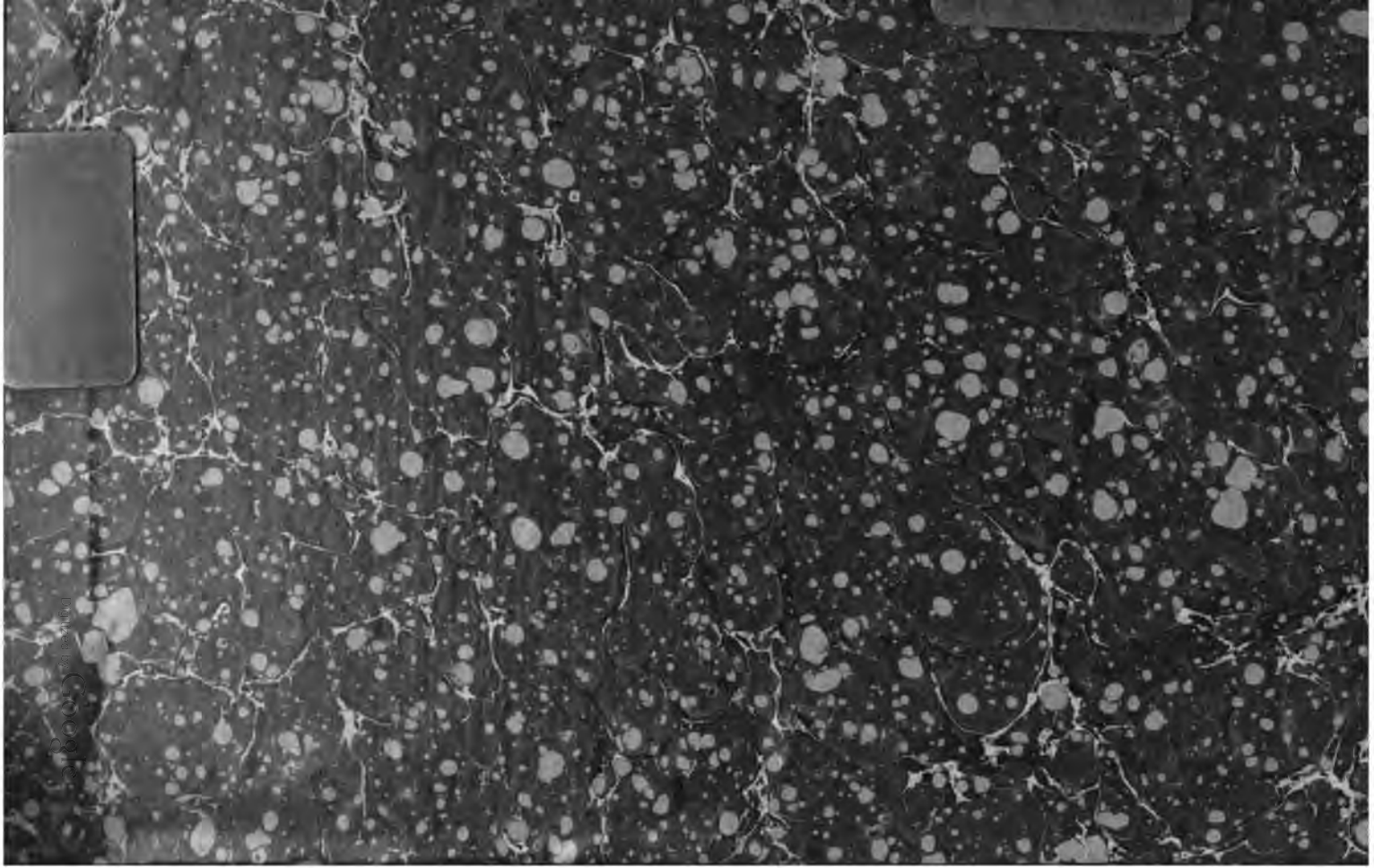
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

LIBRARY OF THE
Leland Stanford Junior University



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

9

32624

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

JULY, 1896 . . . . . OCTOBER, 1896.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. CLXXXIV.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., LONDON.
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, NEW YORK.

1896.

Digitized by Google

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY.
A71581.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS OF No. 377.

Page

ART. I.—1. Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. By Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Member of the Roman Academy of Letters, in 2 vols. London: 1896.

2. William George Ward and the Catholic Revival. By Wilfrid Ward, Author of 'William George Ward and 'the Oxford Movement.' London: 1893, . . 1

II.—1. Auld Licht Idylls. By J. M. Barrie. London: 1888.

2. A Window in Thrums. By J. M. Barrie. London: 1889.

3. When a Man's Single. By J. M. Barrie. London: 1888.

4. The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men. By S. R. Crockett. London: 1893.

5. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. London: 1894.

6. Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush. By Ian Maclaren. London: 1894.

7. The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By Jane Helen Findlater. London: 1896, ... 37

III.—Sheridan. A Biography by W. Fraser Rae, with an Introduction by Sheridan's Great-Grandson, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. 2 vols. London: 1886, ... 57

IV.—1. Die Entstehung der Universitäten des Mittelalters bis 1400. Von P. Heinrich Denifle. Berlin: 1885.

2. The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages. By Hastings Rashdall. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1895, ... 82

V.—The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great-Grandmother of Victor Emanuel. Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. Chicago: 1896, 113

VI.—1. The Paget Papers: Diplomatic and other Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B. (1794–1807). Arranged and edited by his Son, the Right Hon. Sir Augustus B. Paget, G.C.B. With Notes by Mrs. J. R. Green. London: 1896.

Digitized by Google

Page

2. Recueil des Traités conclus par la Russie. Tomes X., XI. Angleterre. Par F. de Martens. St. Pétersbourg: 1895, ... 135

VII.—1. Flowers and Gardens: Notes on Plant Beauty by a Medical Man. By Forbes Watson, M.R.C.S. London: 1872.

2. A Year in a Lancashire Garden. By Henry A. Bright. Second edition. London: 1879.

3. Days and Hours in a Garden. By 'E. V. B.' London: 1884.

4. The English Flower Garden. By W. Robinson. London and New York: 1883.

5. The Wild Garden. By W. Robinson. London and New York: 1881.

6. Garden Craft, Old and New. By John D. Sedding. London: 1891.

7. The Formal Garden in England. By Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas. London: 1892.

8. The Garden that I Love. By Alfred Austin. London: 1894.

9. In Veronica's Garden. By Alfred Austin. London: 1895.

10. In a Gloucestershire Garden. By Canon Ellacombe. London: 1895, ... 161

VIII.—1. Annales de l'Assemblée Nationale. Paris: 1871–1875.

2. L'Année Politique. Par André Daniel. Paris: 1874–1895.

3. Annuaire Statistique de la France. Quinzième volume. 1892, 1893, 1894. Paris: 1894, . . 185

IX.—Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery. Compiled by Sir George Scharf; revised, &c., by Lionel Cust, M.A. London: 1896, 218

X.—1. Report on the Administration, Finances, and Condition of Egypt. (Egypt, No. 1, 1896.)

2. Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By Rudolf C. Slatin Pasha. London: 1896.

3. Speech of the Right Honourable John Morley, M.P., at the Leeds Philosophical Hall. The 'Times' of June 4, 1896.

4. Speech of the Marquess of Salisbury in the House of Lords, June 12. The 'Times' of June 13, 1896, . 237

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS OF No. 378.

Page

ART. I.—1. Histoire du Second Empire. Par Pierre de la Gorce. Tomes I–III. Paris: 1894–96.

2. Mémoires du Duc de Persigny. Par M. H. de Laire, Cte. d'Espagny. Paris: 1896.

3. Souvenirs Militaires, 1866–1870. Par le Général Lebrun. Paris: 1895, ... 269

II.—1. Santa Teresa: her Life and Times. By Gabriela Cunninghame Graham. 2 vols. London: 1894.

2. St. John of the Cross: Life of, and Works. 'The 'Ascent of Mount Carmel,' 'The Dark Night of the 'Soul,' &c. 2 vols. Translated by David Lewis, M.A. London: 1889, 1891.

3. Blessèd Henry Suso: Life of. Related by Himself. Translated by T. F. Knox. London: 1865.

4. XVI Revelations of Juliana of Norwich. Reprint. 1843, ... 298

III.—1. Woman under the English Law. By Arthur Rackham Cleveland. 1896.

2. The Law of the Domestic Relations. By W. P. Eversley. Second edition. 1896, ... 322

IV.—1. Federation and Empire: A Study in Politics. By Thomas Alfred Spalding, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. London: 1896.

2. The Union of England and Scotland: A Study of International History. By James Mackinnon, Ph.D., Examiner in History to the University of Edinburgh. London, New York, and Bombay: 1896, . . 341

V.—1. La Planète Mars et ses Conditions d'Habitabilité. Par Camille Flammarion. Paris: 1892.

2. Mars. By Percival Lowell. London and Bombay: 1896.

3. The Planet Mars. By Giovanni Schiaparelli. Translated by W. H. Pickering. 'Astronomy and Astro-'Physics,' vol. xiii. Northfield, U.S.A.: 1894, . 368

VI.—The Manuscripts of J. B. Fortescue, Esq., preserved at Dropmore. Vol. II. Historical Manuscripts Commission. 14th Report. Appendix, Part V. . . 386

Digitized by Google

Page

VII.—1. A History of Fife and Kinross. By Æneas J. E. Mackay, Sheriff of these Counties. Edinburgh: 1896.

2. Fife, Pictorial and Historical. By A. S. Millar, F.S.A., Scot. Cupar: 1895.

3. Place Names of Fife and Kinross. By W. J. N. Liddall. Edinburgh: 1896.

4. The Fringes of Fife. By John Geddie. Edinburgh: 1894, ... 417

VIII.—1. The Reign of Law. By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. London: 1866.

2. The Unity of Nature. By the same author. London: 1884.

3. The Philosophy of Belief; or, Law in Christian Theology. By the same author. London: 1896, . 430

IX.—Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies. By Sir George Grove. London and New York: 1896, . . . 455

X.—1. The Life of the Lady Arabella Stuart, in Two Parts, containing a Biographical Memoir, and a Collection of her Letters, with Notes and Documents from original sources, relating to her History. By E. T. Bradley (Mrs. A. Murray-Smith). 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1889.

2. The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart, including numerous original and unpublished Documents. By Elizabeth Cooper. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1866.

3. Despatches Preserved in the Archives of the 'Frari' at Venice: the Series, in MS. folio, labelled 'Inghil-'terra, Senato III., Segreto': namely, Vol. II. Gio Carlo Scaramelli, Segretario, 1603; Vol. III. Pietro Duodo, Nicolo Molin, Amb^{ri}, 1604; Vol. VIII. Marc. Ant. Correr, Francesco Contarini, Amb^{ri}, 1609; Vol. IX. Idem, 1610; Vol. X. Marc. Ant. Correr, Antonio Foscarini, Amb^{ri}, 1611; Vol. XI. Ant. Foscarini, Amb^{re}, 1612; Vol. XII. Idem, 1613; Vol. XIII. Idem, 1614; Vol. XIV. Idem, 1615; Vol. XV. Antonio Foscarini, K^{t}, et Gregorio Barbarigo, Amb^{ri}, 1615, ... 483

XI.—1. Parliamentary Debates. Session 1896.

2. Speech of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone at Liverpool. 'Times,' September 25, 1896.

3. Letter from the Earl of Rosebery to Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P. 'Times,' October 8, 1896. 514

Digitized by Google

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1896.

No. CCCLXXVII.

ART. I.—1. *Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.* By EDMUND SHERIDAN PURCELL, Member of the Roman Academy of Letters, in 2 Vols. London: 1896.

2. *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.* By WILFRID WARD, author of 'William George Ward and the 'Oxford Movement.' London: 1893.

THE 'Life of Cardinal Manning' has probably excited more attention than any book of a serious character which has appeared in this country for some time. So much indeed has been said about it that it seems hardly worth while to discuss its contents at any great length; but it is, perhaps, not undesirable to make its publication an occasion for sketching in outline the Catholic reaction of our times, and of enquiring how far it has succeeded and how far it has failed.

The eighteenth century, which Castelar, looking back through the long vista of years to the Christian era, has called 'the humanitarian century *par excellence*,' saw the end of many injustices and of many follies. The amount of human happiness in Christendom, just before the French Revolution broke out, was probably greater than at any previous period, and the amount of virtue, too; for Turgot was quite right when he said: 'Many who pass for good-for-'nothing people amongst ourselves would have been thought 'very Capuchins a hundred years ago.' All this improvement, however, had been followed in the last decade of the century by great catastrophes; and these had been worst in what was, on the whole, the most advanced of European countries. The storm which had burst over France had destroyed a

Digitized by Google

great deal that deserved to live, along with not a little that richly deserved to be improved off the face of creation. Great as had been the corruption of the French Church, and pitiable as had been its shortcomings, it ought to have the credit of much of the heroism and most of the resignation, which shone so conspicuously among the victims of the Revolution in all ranks of society. It was natural accordingly, when that tyranny was overpast, that the minds of men and women should turn once again towards the ideas which had done so much for some of the most tried of their contemporaries, and that their thoughts should find ere long literary expression. The literary reaction against the despotism of what Carlyle would have called the arithmetical understanding, which in the first half of our 'excellent and 'indispensable' eighteenth century measured everything by a foot-rule, began in England. Thomas Warton's 'History of 'English Poetry' has sometimes been considered as the first work which turned the current, and carried men's thoughts back to antiquity; but in truth it is difficult to fix on any one name or any one moment for the birth of Romanticism. Suffice it to say that it was already in the air soon after the eighteenth century had passed its meridian. From England it found its way to France and Germany, to lie hidden underground until after the great political cataclysm which was approaching, but none the less destined to play a most important part in the story of the age that was immediately to succeed that world-shaking event.

A German historian, quoted by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the second volume of the life of his father, dates the commencement of the Catholic reaction in France from the publication in the first year of the century of Chateaubriand's 'Atala.' Perhaps he is right; but some would be inclined rather to fix on the year 1802, when the 'Génie du Chris-'tianisme' appeared. It is difficult to understand how this book should have made the impression which it did. It had, however, the enormous merit of freshness. The subject with which it deals had never been treated quite in the same way before, and it was offered to the eyes of many readers, to whom not a few of its doctrines, which had been stale truisms to their fathers, were new discoveries. There still remained, too, a considerable number of persons who, having been attached by the heart even more than by the head to the old religion before the evil days, had grown doubly attached to it during the terrible years in which they lost its consolations altogether, or could only obtain them amidst

Digitized by Google

difficulties and dangers which rendered them doubly precious.

The Concordat with Rome, which was almost contemporaneous with the commencement of Chateaubriand's literary career, replaced the Church—not, indeed, in its old pre-eminence, but at least in a legal and endurable position. Still, in those troubled times, when only the earthquake voice of victory or the dirges of defeat were audible, the philosophic side of religious questions excited but little interest. It was not till four years after Waterloo that the new movement found its statesman in the Savoyard Count Joseph de Maistre, whose book on the Pope produced immense results which are felt to the present day in every corner of the world; for the centralising movement, begun by him, destroyed eventually the old Gallicanism, and brought that added strength to the Papacy which was advertised to all the ends of the earth by the Vatican Council of 1870. If M. de Maistre was the statesman, the Vicomte de Bonald was the philosopher of the new school, the founder of the system known as traditionalism, which, in the words of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, 'seeks the basis of moral 'knowledge in a primitive revelation preserved by the col-'lective reason of mankind.' He was the inspirer of that great and irregular genius, the Abbé de Lamennais, who, in the earlier stages of his career, went even beyond his teacher in the fervour, not to say fury, of his Ultramontanism.

Lamennais, after a youth in which periods of rather careless living alternated with their opposite, threw himself, as he approached middle life, with all the impetuosity of his Celtic nature, into the Ultramontanism of Fénelon, reinforced by that of De Maistre. The first of his works which produced a great sensation was the 'Essay on Indifference,' published in 1817. Its success was immediate, and for a time the French clergy thought they had found a spokesman such as they had not had for several generations. Ere long, however, doubts and questionings arose. The Court, at once very clerical and very Gallican, looked coldly upon a priest who was all too devoted to the Vatican, and thought all too little of the eldest son of the Church. Its attitude tended to make him more inclined to Liberal politics, to fix his aspirations upon bringing the Church into harmony, not with the king, but with the people. Those aspirations were destined to lead him far, to take him outside the pale of Catholicism and into the very centre of the democratic movement. The impulse which he had given,

Digitized by Google

however, to Ultramontanism lived on in the French Church long after he had ceased to have anything to do with it, and, in its present condition of complete and willing subservience to papal authority we must recognise, as almost more powerful than any other influence, that of Lamennais as he was in the first period of his public life. The breach between him and Rome was brought about by the affair of the 'Avenir,' a newspaper founded, in the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe, by him and two men of whom we shall have to speak presently—the Abbé Lacordaire and the Count de Montalembert. These three, whose views were much disapproved by the clerical authorities of their own country, went to Rome, in 1832, to appeal to the Pope, but failed to obtain any support. Lacordaire and Montalembert submitted, but Lamennais, after doing so for a moment, broke away. Submission was never much in his line. As his friend Sainte-Beuve remarked, 'He was an eagle who 'sadly required his St. John to guide and look after him.'

The new movement had not been helped but hindered by the Restoration, and it was not until after the fall of the elder branch that it produced a great preacher. This was the Abbé Lacordaire, who, having begun life as an advocate with Voltairian opinions, was converted in 1824, and entered Saint-Sulpice, on leaving which he became connected with Lamennais and Montalembert, went as we have seen with them to Rome, submitted to the condemnation, and found, ere long, the true outlet for his splendid abilities in 1834 in the pulpit of the Collège Stanislas, and in 1835 in that of Notre-Dame. From that time to his death he remained the first pulpit orator of France, or, if surpassed by anyone, then by the Jesuit Père de Ravignan alone. In genius he was undoubtedly superior to that very remarkable man, of whom Lord Coleridge, an admirable judge of eloquence, said that he had opened to him a new chapter in the human mind; but he was inferior, perhaps, in persuasive power. This he thought himself, for Ravignan having said to him one day, 'I hear that at your last sermon people climbed 'up and sat on the confessionals,' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but it is you who can make them enter the confessionals.'

It was natural that one who had such oratorical gifts as Lacordaire should have wished to resuscitate in France the order called into existence by Saint Dominic for the purpose of preaching. This he did, and he would have considered it no doubt his principal work; but, in spite of his love of solitude, he touched life on a variety of sides. Many

Digitized by Google

will remember Matthew Arnold's account of his great educational establishment at Sorèze, published in 1864 under the name of 'A French Eton.' He was elected, too, to the Assembly in 1848, and, although he soon found that he had little in common with the politicians of the Left, amongst whom he took his seat, he remained constant to his political principles. 'I die,' he said, when his end was near at hand, 'a penitent Catholic, but an impenitent Liberal.'

The political orator of the movement, the chief link between it and the stirring, active world, was the brilliant Count Charles de Montalembert, whose outlook on things in general was widened by his belonging to two countries, for his mother was one of the Forbeses of Corsindae in Aberdeenshire, and he was brought up in early life by his excellent grandfather, the author of the 'Oriental Memoirs.' He threw himself into the Catholic reaction, dreamt dreams of reconciling it with all the liberal tendencies of the age, and took for his motto 'God and Liberty.' Not unfrequently he fell into grave mistakes, as when he made a man, with whom he, after all, had so little in common as Daniel O'Connell, the idol of his youth, and gave his sanction—happily only for a time—to the usurpation of Louis Napoleon. In the main, however, he was, alike in public and in private, one of the most interesting and sympathetic figures which France has produced in our times. His admiration for the English constitution and for liberty, as we understand it, stood him in good stead in dealing both with political and religious questions. Perhaps he never rose higher than he did at the Catholic Congress which was held in 1863 at Mechlin, the 'Rome of Flanders,' where, amidst the applause of a great multitude who hailed him as the 'son of the Crusaders,' he made an appeal in favour of religious freedom.

The Catholic reaction in France never possessed a poet who continued throughout life so devoted to it as was the preacher Lacordaire, or Montalembert, the Parliamentary orator; but it may fairly claim the earlier and perhaps the best work of Lamartine, who, born in 1790, had been much influenced by Chateaubriand, and sprang into fame on the publication, in 1820, of his 'Méditations.'

In the high places of the hierarchy the most characteristic representative of the movement was perhaps Dupanloup, who, having come into great prominence when Talleyrand was reconciled to the Church, became the head of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, and brought up there a great

Digitized by Google

many members of the best French families. Raised to the Episcopal dignity and entrusted with the important See of Orleans, he was not, from some points of view, so successful. As a schoolmaster he was simply adored by his boys; but his imperious nature did not fit him equally well to deal with men, and he was far from being a favourite with his clergy. His resolute stand against the influences which were most powerful in the Council of 1870 made him very unpopular at the Vatican, and Pius IX. has been credited with a very bad pun directed against him: 'Il est devenu 'dupe et un loup.'

The movement, fertile as we have seen in men calculated to do their work 'in the world's ample witness,' did not lack saints of the unlettered mediæval type. Such was Jean-Baptiste Vianney, who, possessing very slender intellectual endowments and a mere modicum of education, succeeded by pure goodness in making his remote parish of Ars a centre to which thousands upon thousands resorted every year for the purpose of confessing to him, or asking his advice in spiritual matters. 'Go,' said one who had made the pilgrimage, to a friend, 'Go to Ars, and you will 'learn how Christianity was established, how nations were 'converted and Christian civilisation founded. When we 'enjoy the blessing of being contemporary with such a 'prodigy we must not pass it by with closed eyes.'

From a remote country parish on the banks of the Saône, the name of which would be utterly unknown to history save for the saintliness of its priest, we may pass to the centre of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The Salon which most fully represented the best side of the Catholic reaction during the later years of the Restoration, during the whole reign of Louis Philippe and far beyond its limits, was that of Madame Swetchine, a Russian lady who had become a convert to the Roman Church in 1815, and who settled finally in Paris just before the death of the Emperor Alexander I. It has been admirably described by M. de Falloux in his 'Life' of its presiding genius, and was the instrument by which her great and salutary influence extended itself widely through the Society of Paris. For Madame Swetchine was not only a highly placed and gifted woman of the world, but a saint in the best acceptation of the term. Lacordaire was to her almost a son, and her spiritual daughters were many. Through one of them, as we shall see presently, she still exerts a power

Digitized by Google

which is likely to continue for an indefinite period. After she died, in 1857, her position was, to some extent, inherited by another Russian lady, Madame de Circourt, who died in 1864, and was at the head of almost the last Salon of the old type which survived the changes of our crowded and bustling age.

In 1850 a split took place in the Catholic camp, the cause of division being M. de Falloux's Education Bill. Montalembert and all the more level-headed of his friends accepted that measure—were content, in other words, that Catholics should take their degrees in the University—a State and perfectly secular institution—while getting their education in establishments directed in accordance with their own ideas. A more fanatical section insisted that Catholics should not only be educated, but also receive their degrees from Catholic institutions. These two sections found congenial expression—the first in the review called the 'Correspondant,' and the other in the newspaper whose narrow bigotry was—*lucus a non lucendo*—distributed under the name of the 'Univers.' The section which the latter represented has been far the more successful of the two, and gained a triumph in 1870. But all the best work that has been done in the French Church has been done by the other, from which the violent faction gained only one adherent, in the person of the Abbé Gerbet, later Bishop of Perpignan, who, in his earlier life one of the most attaching of men, and described sympathetically in the sixth volume of the 'Causeries de Lundi' by Saint-Beuve, who looked at the whole movement with the calm independence of an outside critic, was drawn away from his older associates into an alliance, which must surely have been very distasteful to him, with the firebrand Louis Veuillot.

De Maistre's passionate and, considering the circumstances of his life, most natural abhorrence of the French Revolution had a curious effect, which became more and more observable as years went on, showing itself most markedly in this feud between the party of the 'Correspondant' and the party of the 'Univers.' The old Ultramontanism had been the protest of the centripetal forces of the Church against its centrifugal forces; the new Ultramontanism became the protest of the Ultra-Conservative forces of the Church against anything approaching to freedom of thought. Ultramontanism ceased to be the antithesis of Gallicanism

Digitized by Google

which was practically dead; it became the antithesis of Liberalism.

From the writings of all those we have mentioned, and from those of other lesser lights, many passages might be culled which are real additions to the wealth of the world; but it was reserved for another to produce a work which will be the best memorial to after times of the reflux of this age towards Catholic Christianity. In 1891 the Abbé Mugnier, the *vicaire* of St. Thomas d'Aquin, said:—

'Quand on dénombrera les apologistes de ce temps, on trouvera sans doute que c'est une simple femme, dénuée de toute prétention théologique, qui a su construire à sa foi un monument éternel avec les matériaux les plus délicats, les plus périssables en apparence: des sourires, des baisers et des larmes.'

A truer criticism was never uttered. To many people, and they are among the most fortunate, the little book—which was long believed to have been only copied, but, as the better opinion seems now to be, was actually written by the monk of Mount St. Agnes near Zwolle (Thomas à Kempis)—brings an ever-fresh stream of strength and delight. Others, again, feel towards it as the late Mr. Pater did, and would speak like him of the 'wonderful, inaccessible, cold heights of the Imitation.' Its piety is too cloistral for them; reading it is like breathing the air of mountain tops—the effort becomes oppressive. With Mrs. Craven's 'Récit d'une 'Sœur' it is quite otherwise. Those whose lives are told therein did not live in a cloister but in the world, subject to all the vicissitudes, the joys and the sorrows which are familiar to most of us. Its authoress, when she was nerving herself to give to the public a treasure so sacred as that which she possessed in the manuscript lives and letters of her nearest and dearest, foresaw this and believed that her sacrifice would be rewarded by drawing into the path which she herself had trod (and which has been so well described by her friend Mrs. Bishop in a book reviewed last year in this journal), many whom examples of a more heroic kind might easily have alarmed. Her success was triumphant. Very truly did M. de Meaux the son-in-law of her friend M. de Montalembert, describe the book when he wrote:—

'Qui ne connaît, qui n'a relu souvent le "Récit d'une Sœur," cette histoire véridique qui débute comme un roman, le roman le plus pur et le plus passionné tout ensemble, et s'achève comme une pieuse et mystique légende, ce chant d'amour, de douleur, et d'espérance, où tour à tour la vie paraît si belle et la mort si radieuse.'

Of course the atmosphere of the 'Récit' is intensely

Digitized by Google

Catholic, but it is the purest form of Catholicism—Catholicism which in all that relates to matters of feeling and conduct is simply the quintessence of the religion which was 'evaporated from the ashes of Palestine.'

It is a book capable of producing the most powerful effects upon persons who may doubt, nay, entirely deny most of the dogmatic assumptions upon which the lives which it records were based; but they must be strangely constituted who do not admit that, whatever may be said of these dogmatic assumptions, the lives themselves touch the highest point to which human virtue can attain. The 'Récit d'une Sœur' is one of the by no means very numerous books produced in our prolific century which will be read and treasured through all the ages.

There is no difficulty in obtaining full information as to the Catholic reaction in the France of to-day, in so far as it touches political and social questions. Mr. Lecky, in his great work on 'Democracy and Liberty,' holds the balance very fairly between the clerical and anti-clerical parties. Nor is it at all hard to find English books in which the views of both sides are set forth by strong supporters. The most interesting figure, perhaps, in the Catholic ranks, at this moment, is that of Count Albert de Mun, the second and only surviving son of Mlle. Eugénie de la Ferronays, later Marquise de Mun, whose name and character are so familiar to all the readers of the 'Récit d'une Sœur.' He has many of the highest gifts of an orator, and has the advantage of being intensely in earnest. Unfortunately, however, he has mixed up his religious views with a strong infusion of German socialism. He wishes to go back to the system of guilds and corporations, which were swept away under the beneficent influence of Turgot and the *Economistes* of last century. Alas! alas! 'that way madness lies,' and the best intentions can lead to no good. A wiser section of Catholic economists holds with Le Play and Périn, while some great employers of labour in France are trying, without setting before them unattainable ideals, to reconcile the modern conditions of labour with Catholic doctrine and practice.

We make no doubt that anyone who knew well the country districts of France at the present day could give us many charming pictures of the working of their religion in the life of the people of all ranks. Mr. Hamerton—by no means a clerical writer—had much to say in praise of many of the Curés in his neighbourhood, a few years ago, in his excellent book 'Round my House;' but we know of no

Digitized by Google

work which gives such a picture as is to be found in the 'Memoirs of Eugénie de Guérin.' It is much to be doubted whether the Catholic life of Paris is as worthy of admiration as it was. Writing in 1882, Mrs. Craven said:—

'At times I feel wretchedly alone—not as all old women must from the gradual disappearance of their contemporaries, but in a quite different and new way. Madame Swetchine, though she was older than I am when she died, was to the last surrounded by younger friends, with whom she could entirely sympathise, the colour of whose thoughts was quite the same as hers. But that is just *where* the great change has taken place, and so I understand nobody, and nobody understands me.'

At the same time, when we are thinking of the religious state of Paris, we should not forget that the centenary of the Institute was inaugurated by the celebration of a mass for the souls of its deceased members—a strange and significant epigram of events! The Catholic reaction had not gone far in France, and the century was still young, when a diversion was made in its favour in an unexpected quarter—a diversion, too, which gave it a good deal of help in extending itself over Europe.

This diversion came from the country of whose people it had been said, with not a little truth—

'They ran sae far to get frae Rome,
That they ran oot o' Christendom;'

and the unlooked-for auxiliary was Walter Scott. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect of his poetry and prose in teaching his contemporaries to look back, with more kindness than they had been wont to do, upon those ages in which the Roman Church, so rudely assailed during the previous century, was the dominant factor; and the works of the great magician had all the more effect because he had not himself the very shadow of an inclination towards its teaching. It was not for nothing, however, that Newman wrote to the husband of the heiress of Abbotsford:—

'I have ever had the extremest sympathy for Walter Scott. When he was dying I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him continually, thinking of Keble's words: "Think on the Minstrel as ye kneel."'

The sympathy was purely instinctive, but none the less strong.

It has often been said that Coleridge did a good deal to prepare the way for the English section of the movement, and there is some truth in the remark, but it was to the

Digitized by Google

quasi-philosophical and ultimately barren side of it that he lent assistance, and his works never had any influence outside this island. It was for England only that he was what John Stuart Mill once called him—'a seminal mind.'

The new impulse given to Catholicism found its way into Italy from France, *viâ* Switzerland. Its first as well as its most widely known representative was another novelist—Alessandro Manzoni. In his youth he shared the anti-religious ideas of the young Italians of his time; but about 1810 he married the daughter of a Genevese banker, was by her induced to look more kindly upon Christianity, and ended by carrying her with him into the bosom of the Roman Communion. M. Marc-Monnier, the writer of the brilliant little book published in 1860 and called 'L'Italie 'est-elle la terre des Morts?' said that he knew of more than one soul which had been kept in the Church by the ideal priesthood which Manzoni pictured in his 'Promessi Sposi;' and that novel, translated into English in the course of the forties, was, perhaps, not without its effect in this country.

If space permitted it would be interesting to notice the philosophy of Rosmini, which corresponded to the poetry of his friend Manzoni, and the writings of Gioberti, which had no little influence over Pius IX. during the earlier period of his pontificate. Neither of these teachers, however, produced, or could have produced, any permanent results either for their country or mankind. Greater men than either of them, or than the learned and liberal-minded fathers of Monte Cassino, would have failed to do much for a religious movement which, thanks to the obstinate clinging of the Vatican to the temporal power, must, in the nature of things, have come into violent collision with the political aspirations of the Italian people. They did so, and hence it arises that for more than a whole generation no writer has, so far as we are aware, arisen in the Peninsula who has done anything of much importance in the direction in which so much, as we have seen, has been done in France.

We must now cross the Alps and look at the Catholic reaction in the country in which the revolt against Latin Christianity first began. The German Reformation was the inevitable result of ecclesiastical abuses which had become quite intolerable; but the evils which it inaugurated were neither few nor small, and it is not to be wondered at that very serious attempts were made, by most important people, to bring about a reunion between Catholic and Protestant. These all, however, came to nothing, and the commence-

Digitized by Google

ment of the Catholic reaction of our times in Germany belongs to the year 1800, when F. Leopold, Count of Stolberg, who had been Danish Minister at Berlin, and had filled other high offices, went to Münster and joined the Catholic Church with all his family. He was fifty years old when he made this change; but anyone who has read the description of him in his brilliant youth, quoted from Lavater in Goethe's 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' will see that it was an event which, under favourable circumstances, was not unlikely to occur; and favourable circumstances were not wanting.

They came in a very agreeable shape through the Society of Madame de Montagu. She was the daughter of the Duchesse d'Ayen, to whom, when she said that she was hard of hearing, was addressed by Dumas, president of the revolutionary tribunal in 1794, one of the most atrocious speeches of that evil time: 'Eh bien! citoyenne, tu 'conspirais alors sourdement;' and she was sister of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, who, advised to take some rest the night before her execution, replied: 'A quoi bon se reposer 'à la veille de l'éternité?'

The changes and chances of the emigration had carried her to Holstein, and to the immediate neighbourhood of Eutin, where Count F. Stolberg lived, and where he was in charge of the affairs of the Duke of Oldenburg, Prince-Bishop of Lübeck. He met Madame de Montagu first on All Saints' Day in 1795, and her influence over him and his family—the influence of sheer goodness not reinforced, or, shall we say dimmed? by any aptitude for controversy—worked so powerfully that in 1800 he resigned his appointments, went to Münster and joined the Catholic Church, exciting thereby an amount of fury in the breast of the excellent Voss and many other people which was sufficiently comic. This was not by any means the only instance of effects being produced in favour of their religion by the French *émigrés*; they were not for nothing even in England; but it was far the most conspicuous case of a direct influence exercised by them, and created an immense sensation all over Germany.

The magnet which drew Stolberg to Münster was the Princess Galitzin, one of the most interesting figures to be found in that part of Europe towards the end of the eighteenth century. They had become acquainted in Holstein, whither the Princess had gone some years before, partly to visit the family of Matthias Claudius, best known, perhaps, to English readers by his 'Rheinweinlied,' but the

Digitized by Google

centre of a circle which exercised no small influence in the Protestant religious life of the time. The Princess, although a Catholic, became godmother to one of the children of Caroline Claudius, who married Perthes the publisher, later so conspicuous in the literary history of Germany. The Princess was the daughter of a Prussian officer of high rank, but had become the wife of a Russian diplomatist. The life of the world did not suit her, and the pair parted without any quarrel, the husband pursuing his career and the wife giving herself up first to study, then to religion. She had a perfect genius for attracting to herself, and for being attracted by the most remarkable men who approached her. She was the intimate friend of Baron von Fürstenberg and all the very devout, though very tolerant, Catholics who were grouped around him. She was in the most friendly relations with Hemsterhuis, the Platonist; with Hamann, the Protestant mystic; with the philosopher Jacobi; and with the 'strong, much-toiling sage' of Weimar himself, who had for her a very sincere esteem and about as much affection as he had for anybody. No account of the Catholic reaction in Germany, however brief, could dispense with the mention of her deservedly honoured name.

A Catholic writer has maintained that Novalis, who died in 1801, would have become a Catholic if he had lived a little longer, having been led to this opinion more by his private correspondence than by his published writings. That would very likely have been so, but he certainly did not make any public profession of Catholicism as did some of the family of his biographer Tieck, although not Tieck himself. Still, the influence of Novalis's writings was more or less in a Catholic direction. If he was not an adherent of the movement he was at least a friend of its friends.

Frederic Schlegel, who, like Tieck, was intimate with Novalis, did become a Catholic, connected himself in later life with the Austrian Court, was employed by Metternich, and was more or less identified as well with the political as with the religious reaction. La Motte-Fouqué was at first much more interested in the chivalry than in the religion of the middle ages; but his later works assuredly exercised in a greater degree, though in a less extended circle, something of the same influence which we have already attributed to those of Walter Scott. Both writers helped on the movement from the outside.

Werner, the dramatist, and a whole group of artists, with Overbeck at their head, also became Catholics.

Digitized by Google

The chivalrous and religious ideas of La Motte-Fouqué found themselves, in the next generation, strangely united with other elements in the person of General Radowitz, the brilliant friend of the brilliant Crown Prince who ascended the throne of Prussia in 1840, and of whom Strauss very truly said that he incarnated the nineteenth century in so far as it denied the eighteenth. Both were amongst the most interesting men of their age, and both failed because, with all their splendid qualities, they did not possess the power of understanding the world in which they were living. That may seem an easy thing; but it is one of the most difficult. Well did one say: 'To see what is before our 'eyes is almost to have genius.' Both Radowitz and his master saw clearly and felt rightly that the nineteenth century had a great work of reparation to do; but they did not see that its main work would be to carry further, though in a wiser way, the forward movement of its predecessor.

The first remarkable product of the Catholic reaction in the field of theology was probably Dr. Mœhler, professor first at Tübingen and then at Munich. He was a man of great learning and the author of many books, one of which, the 'Symbolik,' was translated into English in 1843, and exercised some influence on the later or Romanising stage of the Tractarian movement. The 'Symbolik' is an exposition of the doctrinal differences between Catholics and Protestants, as expressed in the formularies of Catholics, Calvinists, Zwinglians, Anabaptists, Quakers, Herrnhuters, Methodists, Swedenborgians, Socinians and Armenians. Mœhler was opposed in his own Church by the followers of Hermes, a professor of Bonn, who took more liberal views and were, naturally enough, condemned by the Vatican, while he raised up a much more formidable antagonist in his fellow-professor at Tübingen, the great Protestant doctor F. C. Baur, the coryphæus of the theologians who are usually indicated when men speak of the Tübingen school. Some of Mœhler's later writings appeared after his death under the care of Dr. Döllinger, whose splendid labours, prolonged to extreme old age, have made him on the whole the greatest ecclesiastical figure of this century. How long and well he contended against the party which wished to make the Roman Church not wider but narrower, how he failed in his efforts, partly because there was hardly enough Christianity in Catholic Germany to support an old Church and a new, partly because the singularly *mal à propos* campaign of Prince Bismarck against Catholicism, which has

Digitized by Google

been known by the question-begging name of the *Culturkampf*, made the vast majority of Catholics unwilling to desert their chiefs in their difficulties, is within the recollections of all. It was a repetition, on a far larger scale, of the struggle with the Archbishop of Cologne in 1837, which itself did much to reanimate sacerdotal pretensions, and raised up, in the person of Görres, a champion who during the last fifteen years of his life, from 1837–1852, was a most conspicuous figure in the ranks of the orthodox.

Of late many of the Catholics of Germany have taken a very active part in social questions, Monsignor von Ketteler, the Archbishop of Mainz, having led the way in that direction about 1864. All that they have done is set forth with great clearness by Professor Nitti, of the University of Naples, in his book on 'Catholic Socialism,' which was translated into English last year. He gives us the views of one writer after another—of Moufang, of Hitze, of Hertling, and many others—but it all comes to very little. So long as these authors exhort to charity, recommend the upper classes to provide the capital necessary to enable working men to make a good start, and so forth, their doctrines are quite harmless; but when they clamour for a return to the exploded economical methods of the Middle Ages, they waste their labour and their readers' patience.

It is time, however, that we should cross the narrow seas, and concentrate our attention upon England.

The Catholic reaction on the Continent had no direct effect in this country until some time after 1833. The yearning towards the past, which began to manifest itself at Oxford in the course of that year, was of purely English growth, and arose partly from the shock that had been given to Conservative opinion by the passing of the Reform Act, and partly from a long series of antecedent circumstances, of which we must give a summary account.

The great Elizabethan compromise, which created the Church of England as we know it, left in its system many fragments, good and bad, of the old religion. Amongst the former there was not a little of very unobtrusive piety, some aspects of which, as seen in the community of Little Gidding in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, were so pleasantly recalled to our own age in the pages of 'John 'Inglesant.' If the Anglicans of that type had been more numerous and less connected with a bad political system, we might have been spared many of the excesses of Puritanism and many of the scandals of the Restoration.

Digitized by Google

All through the bad reigns of Charles II. and James II. there was a considerable amount of the best kind of religious life. Evelyn's Diary, amongst other things, is there to prove it. Again, however, it had the misfortune to be too closely connected with the wrong side in politics. Mr. John Stuart Mill, who, during the last years of his life, lived much near Avignon, said to an English friend: 'The immense 'majority of the best and most respectable people in France 'are attached to the Church, but they are paralysed by 'being connected with a political party which is impos-'sible.' Much the same was the fate of the excellent men and women to whom we are alluding, after 1688 and still more after the accession of the House of Hanover, when they slipped out of sight.

While this stream of tendency glided down its always hidden and sometimes subterranean channel, another, not wholly unlike it, yet differing in many essential ways, rose to the surface and pursued a chequered course which is even now far from being concluded. This was the movement initiated by the Wesleys, the elder brother supplying the energy and the organising ability, the younger the higher and more permanent element. His religious poem called 'Catholic Love,' recalled by Dean Stanley to the recollection of our generation, rises very high indeed, and is destined probably to much more general recognition than it has ever yet obtained. We may be very sure that the good and wise man whom we have just named was thinking, at least, as much of the indirect as of the direct results of the Methodist movement when he placed upon the monument of the two famous brothers in Westminster Abbey the significant words: 'God buries His workmen, but carries on His work.'

For some considerable time that movement attracted more persons who took a serious view of life than any other in this country, either within or without the Church of England. It had, however, many glaring defects, and it was a good day for English-speaking mankind when the other stream of tendency to which we have referred came once more to the surface with the publication of the 'Christian Year.' That remarkable little book, though it only appeared in 1827, was really, for the most part, composed at a considerably earlier period. The late Lord Coleridge possessed a manuscript of the greater part of it in Mr. Keble's own hand, bearing date in September 1820. It reflects better than anything else that has ever appeared the essentially Anglican form of piety of which we have

Digitized by Google

spoken, and had much more influence than any other agency in preparing the way for the Tractarian movement. Tractarianism, however, gathered into itself several other elements, notably all that was best and most cultivated in the Evangelical party. It has been remarked, we believe with truth, that none of the old High Churchmen went over to Rome. The forward impulse—the impulse which connected the purely Anglican reaction with the great European Catholic reaction—came from the men who were heirs in the Church of England, not of Hammond, Andrewes, and Hooker, but of the two Wesleys. Very soon, however, the two streams mingled, and from 1833 to 1845 they flowed together. There is a scene which must be known to many of our readers, where, under the Church of Mariahilf at Passau, the Inn, the Danube, and the Ilz unite. It may well recall to the mind of the traveller the story of the Oxford movement. Keble was the Inn, Pusey was the Ilz, and Newman was the Danube, for it was his force and genius that determined the course and the colour of the waters. The green Inn, the black Ilz, are confounded in its flow.

Many people know the witty question of Archbishop Whately: 'Why do they call these new opinions "Puseyism?" Why don't they call them "Newmania"?' but very few, before the publication of the fragmentary but exceedingly interesting autobiography of Isaac Williams, knew that Pusey's name had been connected with them by a pure accident. Newman and his curate, it appears, were walking one day when they met Dr. Pusey, who took Newman to task for being so hard on the 'Peculiars,' the name which he and his friends at that time applied to the Evangelicals. Newman said: 'If you think we ought to 'conciliate them why do you not write a tract to that 'effect? We shall be delighted to publish it.' 'No, no!' said Pusey, 'I don't want to be one of you.' Newman saw the reason of this, and, with a view to preventing Pusey being made responsible for opinions which he did not hold, agreed that his tract should be published with his name. It appeared with his initials, E. B. P. The 'Record' noticed it, violently attacked Pusey, and connected his name with the whole movement.

Pusey was a very learned and very worthy man who had a prominent position in Oxford, alike as being a professor, and as belonging to an ancient family settled not far from the place. If his intelligence had been equal to his

Digitized by Google

virtues, the part he would have played in the history of the Anglican Church would have been that of the first of the Oxford Broad Churchmen—the spiritual father of Dean Stanley and of Jowett. He had spent some time in Germany, acquired some knowledge of its theology, and written a book which rather fluttered the dove-cots. He was, however, with all his merits, essentially narrow-minded, quite unable to rise to the height of his opportunities, and he has accordingly had the strange fortune of securing a niche in history from his connexion with a movement which, during its most interesting period, resolves itself chiefly into a chapter in the life of another. That other was one of the most distinguished men whom England has produced in our century. John Henry Newman was not learned, even according to the modest standard of Oxford sixty years ago. By comparison, not with such giants of erudition as F. C. Baur, but even with his young pupil David Strauss, he was but poorly equipped to enter the theological arena. He believed, however, every word he said. He had poetical power of a high order, poetical power which is not fairly represented by what he has left in verse, good as some of that is, but which penetrated his whole being, and gave him, in conjunction with some other of his intellectual characteristics, a mastery over the English tongue, such as few in any age have been privileged to possess. In addition to all this he was a saint, and had that magical influence over others which has been often observed but never explained, but to which has been given the convenient epithet of 'the 'dæmonic.' This man, so peculiarly endowed, appeared in Oxford just at the right moment, when someone was wanted to incarnate in himself everything that had been most Oxonian since the outbreak of the great Civil War, before that citadel of 'lost causes and impossible loyalties' surrendered at discretion to the modern spirit in the later decades of the nineteenth century. We must go back to the Middle Ages to find the name of any teacher who exerted so extraordinary an influence as he did—an influence ever gradually increasing from 1833 till he retired to Littlemore ten years afterwards. Often and well as he has been described, it remained for Matthew Arnold, who was never one of his followers, to paint the picture of him which will be longest remembered.

'Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the

Digitized by Google

silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtile, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: "After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the White Throne of God, at length the Beatific Vision."'

Even after he had preached the sermon known as the 'Parting of Friends,' which, although in its finest parts little more than a cento of passages from the Bible, stands in the first rank of compositions of its class, the insignificant building in which he resided at Littlemore was the centre of the thoughts of a large portion of his fellow-countrymen —a place of pilgrimage. After ages may think that all this was strangely exaggerated. They will indubitably recognise the fact that the main stream of the religious history of the world was not flowing through Oxford, and that the story of what was passing there was only the story of a backwater, destined, no doubt, after many wanderings to unite with the main stream further down its course, but still a backwater. Nevertheless, England, being what she was from 1833 to 1845 with her faults and her merits, the Oxford movement was of the greatest possible moment in her developement.

The two most important sides of Newman's mind were admirably represented by the two most remarkable of the disciples who followed him from Oxford to Rome. His extraordinary dialectical subtlety was perfectly reflected in W. G. Ward, his tenderness and susceptibility to the influence of the beautiful in Frederick Faber. The first of these has been drawn to the life in the really consummate biography of him recently produced by his son, a most difficult piece of work executed to perfection.

If ever there was a man who ought not to have gone to Oxford, William George Ward was that man. Oxford as then constituted could not develope any of his great gifts. His education should have been directed by some strong-headed man of the world—by Lord Brougham for choice. Under such guidance he might have become a most useful man in his generation. As it turned out, he spent his energies in trying to build fortresses out of dreams even more unsubstantial than the mists of the morning. Nature never meant him to be a theologian at all; but, if he was to be a theologian, he ought to have been educated like Strauss at Blaubeuren and Tübingen. With facts to work upon he might have done much good, and gained an

Digitized by Google

honoured place amongst the theologians of Germany. In England he was thrown away. His splendid intelligence was, to a great extent, a wasted force.

Very different was the record of the other disciple whom I have just named. His intellect was nothing like so powerful as that of Ward. It was in many respects very defective, but he was born at the right time, in the right country, and did if not exactly, yet pretty nearly, what he was fitted for. He has not been so fortunate in his biographer. His life was written by another Oratorian, Father John Bowden, and not at all badly written; but written rather for the use of people who agreed with him in opinion than of the general public. Faber, however, was a person calculated to excite much interest even outside the circle of those who agreed with him in opinion. He had hardly ceased to be an undergraduate, when Wordsworth, who was assuredly not given to disparage his own gifts, said to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, 'I 'have never known anyone who had so good an eye for 'nature as I have myself, with the exception of a young 'man who was here last year, Frederick Faber, and he has 'a better;' while later, when he accepted the living of Elton, the same great authority wrote to him, 'I cannot say 'that you are wrong; but England loses a poet.' In any biography of him his remarkable poetical gifts ought to be brought much more prominently forward than has been done by Father Bowden. In his verse, as in his innumerable devotional works, he permits himself the wildest and craziest flights. His style is too often flamboyant gone mad. All that is true enough, but the sacred fire is there nevertheless. 'The Shadow of the Rock,' which is not a hymn at all, but is bound up in his volume of 'Hymns,' much of which is pure rubbish, is one of the finest religious poems in the language, worthy to be placed by the side of the 'Second Day of Creation,' by his Cambridge friend Mr. Whytehead. Why, by the way, has no one published an anthology under some such title as the 'Poetry of the 'English branch of the Catholic Reaction?'

With the departure of Newman from the Anglican fold went half the glamour of the movement. In the summer of 1845 it was the most natural thing in the world for a boy of sixteen, visiting Oxford for the first time, to walk out to Littlemore merely to see its church and the very humble dwelling to which the great Magician had temporarily retired. That was the time which was so admirably described in

Digitized by Google

1885 by the Archbishop of Armagh, always happily inspired when he writes of his University:—

'A city of young life astir for fame,
With generations each of three years' date—
The waters fleeting, yet the fount the same—
Where old age hardly enters thro' the gate.

'Forty years since! Thoughts now long over-blown
Had just begun to quicken in the germ.
We sat discussing subjects dimly known
One pleasant evening of the Summer Term.

'So question came of all things new and old,
And how the Movement sped, and where should lead?
Some, peradventure, scorn'd, but more wax'd bold,
And boldly flaunted their triumphant creed.

'Grave grew the talk, and golden grew the gloom;
The reason might be weak, the voice was strong.
Outside, by fits and starts from room to room,
Boy call'd to boy, like birds, in bursts of song.

. . . . . .

'And "Hail the hour," they cried, "when each high morn
England, at one, shall stand at the church gate,
And vesper bells o'er all the land be borne,
And Newman mould the Church, and Gladstone stamp the State."'

By 1847 all this had changed, and the chances were that an eager youth who found himself then in Oxford would have been much more interested by Arthur Stanley's sermons on the Apostolic Age, which were then being preached in St. Mary's, than by any other ecclesiastical event of that time. For Arthur Stanley was the man who, by the publication of the 'Life of Arnold,' began the new Liberal movement, which was to draw into it most of the best intelligence of the place even more completely than had been done by its predecessor. Next year another influence came to carry the thoughts of young men away from theological controversies. This was the revolutionary agitation which so rapidly spread over Europe and made politics the chief subject of men's thoughts. A sort of ecclesiastical truce succeeded in the University to the battles of former years, and the work of those who, having gone a long way with Newman, did not follow him across the Rubicon, was transferred to other spheres. Church of Oriel, Dean Church, as he later became, the highest and purest intelligence amongst Newman's immediate friends who remained behind, wrote in his old age as follows:—

Digitized by Google

'It is not my purpose to pursue further the course of the movement. All the world knows that it was not, in fact, killed, or even much arrested by the shock of 1845. But after 1845, its field was at least as much out of Oxford as in it. As long as Mr. Newman remained, Oxford was necessarily its centre, necessarily even after he had seemed to withdraw from it. When he left his place vacant, the direction of it was not removed from Oxford, but it was largely shared by men in London and the country. It ceased to be strongly and prominently Academical. No one, indeed, held such a position as Dr. Pusey's and Mr. Keble's; but though Dr. Pusey continued to be a great power at Oxford, he now became every day a much greater power outside of it; while Mr. Keble was now less than ever an Academic, and became more and more closely connected with men out of Oxford, his friends in London, and his neighbours at Hursley and Winchester. The cause which Mr. Newman had given up in despair was found to be deeply interesting in ever new parts of the country, and it passed gradually into the hands of new leaders.'

The first of those whom Dean Church enumerates were the Wilberforces and Manning. *Felix opportunitate mortis*, he did not live to read the 'Life' of the last-mentioned, of which we must now give a sketch as an episode in the story of the Catholic reaction.

Henry Edward Manning, born in 1807, although a man of irreproachable life, had, while at Oxford, no very special interest in religious matters. He left the University before the fateful year 1833, and before the commencement of the Tract movement. His opinions, when he took orders and for a long time afterwards, connected him with the Evangelical party. That party, however, at this period was very different from what it afterwards became. In those days its members were mainly occupied with what they would have described as 'personal religion,' and in various works of benevolence. It was not till the Tract controversy began to wax hot that they became violent and persecuting, very *domini canes* barking through more than a whole generation at everyone who did not repeat their shibboleths. Manning grew more closely connected with this way of thinking by marrying a lady whose family belonged to it, and with whom he passed what were probably the most harmless and happy years of his long and busy life. After her death he was thrown back upon his immediate work as a clergyman, and became an anxious student of the literature which was then pouring in a continuous stream from Oxford, gradually modifying his religious views in accordance with it. He became rather intimately acquainted with Newman, but always remained outside the Oxford movement proper—the movement which

Digitized by Google

was inspired and directed from Oriel. Soon his abilities and other very considerable gifts attracted the attention of his bishop; he was made archdeacon, and threw himself into the work of the diocese of Chichester with great earnestness. He reknit his Oxford relations with Mr. Gladstone, as well as with Mr. Sidney Herbert, and was soon exceedingly well known in the High Church circles of London. During this period he was being carried forward on a full tide of success, and would undoubtedly have become a bishop ere many years had gone by. Already, however, doubts of the Anglican position had begun to assail his mind, and the Roman Church had begun to attract him. He struggled against it long and fiercely, even preaching at Oxford on a fifth of November so violent an anti-Catholic sermon that Newman, who had then retired to Littlemore, refused to see him. On the day in 1845 in which it was first rumoured in London that Newman had actually gone over, he said to a friend, 'I dare say the rumour is quite true, and Newman 'will end like Blanco White.' More and more shattered, however, did his own convictions become. He used all his influence to prevent others going over to Rome, till at length the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Gorham controversy, and the silly outcry about the so-called Papal aggression, broke down his last defences, and he too capitulated. No one who knew him only as an acquaintance in the world can read this portion of his history without thinking more highly of his conscientiousness. He had everything to lose and positively nothing to gain, save peace of mind, by taking the step which he did take. Yet his reasons for going over were about the worst that could be put forward. He was not carried over by a tempest of feeling. He went over because a series of baseless illusions had gradually come to seem to him more coherent than a series of equally baseless illusions to which he had been clinging.

It is interesting to observe how Manning, no less than Newman, suffered from having been brought up without the slightest knowledge of natural science. In a letter, dated October 6, 1845, addressed to Robert Wilberforce, he says:—

'But it seems to me that our theology is a chaos; we have no principles, no form, no order, or structure or science. It seems to me inevitable that there must be a true and exact intellectual tradition of the Gospel, and that the scholastic theology is (more or less) such a tradition; we have rejected it, and substituted nothing in its room.

Digitized by Google

Surely divine truth is susceptible, within the limits of revelation, of an expression and proof as exact as the inductive sciences. Theology must be equally capable of a history and philosophy, if we had a Master of Trinity to write them.'

It evidently never occurred to Manning that the history of the Sciences with which Whewell dealt was the history of the gradual acquisition by the human race of the knowledge of a mass of facts useful for the purposes of man's life here below, and as to which certainty could be arrived at by the steady working through the ages of man's ordinary faculties; while the history of theology could be nothing more than the record of the various opinions which men had held at various times about a variety of deeply interesting subjects, as to which they could not reach anything like certainty by the operation of their ordinary faculties. Theological speculation has been and continues to be of the greatest importance in the developement of the race; for the higher the prevailing religion becomes—the more it draws into itself all that is best in our nature, the more it calls to its assistance all that is sublime or tender in art, all that is most exquisite in poetry, all that is most elevating in the contemplation of the material universe and in the human microcosm—the better will be its effect upon conduct. To ask, however, from theological speculation the same sort of certainties which we get amidst the lower order of facts with which our limited intelligence is amply sufficient to deal, is to ask from it what, in this world, it cannot give. That is a thought which has been present to the mind of many who would never admit it in so many words. Even Newman wrote as his own epitaph: 'Ex umbris et imaginibus in 'veritatem.'

Manning, when he joined the Roman Communion, did not make the mistake that was made by another distinguished Oxford convert who went over rather later, and instead of entirely identifying himself with his new friends, set to work to be even more troublesome to them than he had been to those with whom he had broken. Manning was a born politician, and saw instinctively alike where the central force of his new Church resided, and what would be best for his own interests. The whole tendency of things, as we have already remarked, since Lamennais first appeared upon the scene, had been to exalt the authority of the Pope as against that of the Episcopate, and *a fortiori* to sap the Gallican or national idea. Hence Manning, in whom ambition, which had been dormant during his last years in the Church of England,

Digitized by Google

once more awoke, allied himself most closely with Cardinal Wiseman, and made himself useful to his ecclesiastical superior in innumerable ways, more especially by establishing at Bayswater the house of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, a congregation of secular priests, who received their name from offering themselves to their bishop for any work in which he might see fit to employ them. It is made clear by a long and important letter from Cardinal Wiseman to Father Faber (quoted at the commencement of vol. ii. of Mr. Purcell's book) that Cardinal Wiseman stood sadly in need of this kind of assistance—an assistance which he could not receive, thanks to their peculiar rule, from the Oratorians to whom he had at first appealed. The new convert made himself likewise personally agreeable to his chief. 'How has it come about,' said a young priest to Mr. W. G. Ward, 'that the Cardinal likes Manning so much 'better than many of his old friends—above all, Archbishop 'Errington?' 'The reason,' was the reply, 'is quite simple. 'Cardinal Wiseman has two sides—the lobster-salad side 'and the supernatural side. Errington will insist on seeing 'only the lobster-salad side, while Manning will insist on 'seeing only the supernatural side. No wonder Wiseman 'prefers him.'

The name of Archbishop Errington is associated with two long intrigues, with which Manning was only too much connected, and which are detailed at portentous length by his biographer. His account of them must surely appear to his own co-religionists a most unnecessary washing of dirty linen in public, and we need not enter into them at any length.

Doubtless there were similar moves and counter-moves from the other side. Mr. Purcell tells us, indeed, in a sentence or two, that there were; but it is one thing to say that, and another to give us, with ruthless exactitude, a faithful transcript of all the little dodges of the man for whom he professes so much esteem. Had the similar performances on the other side been recorded with equal minuteness, we should have had a grave *pendant* to that exceedingly amusing little book by M. Gustave Droz, 'Un 'Paquet de Lettres,' in which a politician and a priest, both equally unscrupulous and both exceedingly clever, played diamond cut diamond, the victory remaining with the holy man.

The good people at the Vatican and their English allies as described by Mr. Purcell, only acted after the ap

Digitized by Google

fashion of priests in all lands. The records of many an Indian law court would certainly furnish forth excellent Brahminical parallels to the *dramatis personæ* of the little comedy which ended in the summer of 1865 by Pio Nono raising his eyes to heaven, and declaring that a voice from thence had said, 'Put him there! put him there!'—*him* being Manning, and *there* being the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster.

The *fin mot* of the whole pitiful business is given in an extract from a letter written to Manning by his cat's-paw at the Vatican, Monsignor Talbot, printed by Mr. Purcell on pages 220 and 221 of vol. ii. of his second edition :—

'*My* policy was never to propose you *directly* to the Pope, but to make others do so; so that both you and I always can say that it was not I who induced the Holy Father to name you, which would lessen the weight of your appointment. This I say, because many have said that your being named was all my doing. I do not say that the Pope did not know that I thought you the only man eligible, as I took care to tell him over and over again what was against all the other candidates, and in consequence he was almost driven into naming you. After he had named you, the Holy Father said to me, "What a diplomatist you are to make what you wished come to pass!" Nevertheless, I believe your appointment was specially directed by the Holy Ghost. When I consider that all the cardinals, with the exception of Reisach, from prudential motives, were against it; that Dr. Kirby and the Irish College, Nardi, Dr. Neve, Mgr. Weld, and almost all the English in Rome opposed it, I cannot but see the hand of God. Every free Mass I offered up for you; but at the same time I told them all that I thought you had no chance, in order to silence them. And I did not tell them an untruth, as I did not think the Holy Father would have had the moral courage which it required to name you against so much opposition.

'I have many more things to tell you about this matter, but I shall wait till we meet.'

This letter, so astounding to most people, will not, we think, appear so astounding to those who have lived in the higher clerical society which surrounds the Vatican. Worldliness and other-worldliness are woven together after a truly remarkable fashion in the minds of some of the excellent bishops and archbishops *in partibus*, who not seldom exchange their views with a very engaging frankness even in the presence of persons to whose spiritual allegiance they make no claim.

Mr. Purcell details at wearisome length all the phenomenally foolish action, taken by the unhappy victim of his biographical assiduities, in the struggle to prevent young

Digitized by Google

Catholics of wealth and position obtaining the advantage of an Oxford education. All we can say in his favour is that he was not quite so imbecile as Cardinal Barnabó, the head of Propaganda, whose astonishing reception of the English Catholic petition on that subject was one of the nine days' wonders of the last generation. Manning's view—or, perhaps we should rather say, his desire to echo the opinions which found most favour at Rome—was one of the things which brought him into disagreeable relations with Newman, of whom it is clear that from first to last he was frantically jealous. A story is told that when that eminent man dedicated his 'Grammar of Assent' to Serjeant Bellasis—'In remembrance of a long, equable, sunny friend-'ship'—the printer sent back the words transformed into, 'a long squabble and funny friendship.' That may be true or false, but no phrase could better have described the relations of the great Oratorian and the Archbishop of Westminster, as detailed in Mr. Purcell's by no means edifying fourteenth chapter. A highly disagreeable correspondence ended in the pair promising to say Masses for each other. Is this, perhaps, the proper formula in the highest ecclesiastical circles for conveying the sentiments which are more bluntly set forth in the first lines of Browning's 'Soliloquy 'in a Spanish Cloister'?

The culminating point of Manning's greatness was the Vatican Council of 1870, where he exerted himself with consummate skill and some effect in making the worse opinions prevail over the better. What he did or did not do is, however, of little moment, and those who care about it will find it fully set forth in Mr. Purcell's pages. We must, however, make one correction, as it touches the fair fame of a far wiser man than the Archbishop of Westminster.

Nothing could be more natural than that Mr. Purcell, who knew only what Mr. Odo Russell had said or written to Manning, should have imagined him to have been devoted to the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Mr. Odo Russell's friends know that he looked at the Council purely objectively. His duty was to keep his Government fully informed as to what had happened, was happening, and was likely to happen. This he did with the greatest care and with that extraordinary aptness to be right, which is the first merit of a statesman. From first to last he saw that the doctrine of infallibility would be proclaimed, and as the Council went on he became more and more persuaded that for the Roman Curia its proclamation was a matter of life and death. As

Digitized by Google

a philosopher, all his sympathies were with Döllinger and Acton—with the group of highly cultivated men and women who fought as long as they could against the proclamation of the dogma. He knew that their time would come, but that that time was yet far away, and never doubted for an instant that the Pope, backed by a huge majority composed largely of very unintelligent bishops, would overpower and bring to nought the opposition of a handful of German and other sages; though doubtless there was more brain-power in that handful than in all their opponents put together. It was not Mr. Odo Russell's business to instruct his Government as to the merits of the questions open between such persons as Dr. Döllinger and Dr. Manning, but it was his business to tell it what was going to happen. This he did faithfully, and the same line which he took in his public despatches he equally took in his private letters, many of which lie before us as we write. He had the keenest interest alike in the opposition and in the bishops who yelled at Strossmayer, 'Nos omnes te damnamus.' The former included some of his intimate friends, but he knew perfectly well from first to last that their chances of success were quite infinitesimal. He looked at the battle from a watch tower high above the contending parties, and described how the day was going without a shade of prejudice or passion.

In 1875 came the richly earned reward of all Manning's zeal and labours. He was made a cardinal, taking his title, not a little to his satisfaction, from the church so closely associated with the ecclesiastical history of England—the church of St. Gregory the Great, on the Cœlian Hill. In 1878, however, the old Pope died, and another entered into the inheritance which his unwisdom had done so much to impair. Leo XIII. was kind to Manning, but the days in which he enjoyed exceptional favour were gone by. He met with a good deal of opposition from influential cardinals and the administration working under them, in matters of business which he had much at heart. As time went on, too, he could not but perceive the hopelessness of maintaining the struggle for the restitution of the temporal power. His tone on that subject, once so confident, altered and altered, till at last he found himself in almost direct opposition alike to his own old self and to the policy of the Vatican. Shut out from further activities in the sphere of ecclesiastical politics by the change of his own views about the temporal power and the relation of the Papal to the

Digitized by Google

Italian Government, as well as by the change of the *personnel* at the Vatican, the restless mind of the Cardinal turned to social questions at home, and he threw himself into one agitation after another with all his old zeal. Alas, however, the curious ignorance of facts and of the realities of things, which had been the bane of his life, followed him into this field also. His intentions were often excellent; but he never got anything quite right. He wanted to help on the cause of temperance; but it may be doubted how far he did it any good by his well-meant exaggerations. He plunged into the furious controversies connected with the dock strike, without having taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the position of the dock proprietors, whom he believed to be rolling in riches when they were very much more than half ruined. He always took a superficially kind gushing view of things, and his public utterances about social matters, as recorded by his biographer, are melancholy enough. How much of all he did and said arose from good nature, how much from senility, how much from want of knowledge, and how much from the love always strong in him, *digito monstrari*, we leave to be settled between his successor and his surely too cruel friend, Mr. Sydney Buxton, in whose Temple of Fame he has a niche only a little lower than Mr. Parnell. An alliance between the Roman Church and democracy no doubt floated before his mind, as it will long continue to do before those of other ambitious ecclesiastics. It is, however, save for very limited purposes and short periods, a vain imagination. Many eddies on the surface of the democratic movement make in favour of priestly power; but the deep main stream is running quite in an opposite direction. Religion, if it is to remain a great force in the world, must ally itself with all that is highest and best in humanity, not with the very passions which it exists to oppose.

Father Burke, the great Dominican orator, saw more clearly than did Manning what would come of stimulating the predatory instinct of the worst portion of the masses and making himself the ally of their misleaders. 'You,' he said, when on his death-bed, to an English nobleman, 'have some influence with the Vatican. For God's sake 'get the Pope to appoint good bishops, or Ireland is lost 'to the faith.'

It is pleasant to note that as Manning grew older he grew much more amiable, and the excellent doctrine of invincible ignorance was stretched by him very far, to the

Digitized by Google

advantage of those of his countrymen who were outside the Roman pale. This must be borne in mind by those who estimate either the man or the movement with which he is connected. Then, too, it should be remembered that by bringing the Roman branch of it into connexion with the lives of multitudes who belonged to entirely different schools of religious or irreligious thought he probably made them, as well as himself, more tolerant. He effected likewise some good by his constant endeavour to raise the standard of the secular or—as he would have preferred to call them—the pastoral clergy under his charge. At the same time it is far from certain that he would not have done better, both for his own fame and for many of the ideas which he most cherished, if he had become an Anglican bishop or archbishop, and worked on the same lines as he worked on at Chichester, with just so much concession to wiser and more liberal views as the increasing enlightenment amongst the Anglican clergy would have forced upon him. For, after all, the real work of the Oxford movement has been done within the Church of England. None of those who went over—not even Newman—has produced, or will produce, any very permanent effect on the mighty organisation which they joined. It has moved, and will move, by its own laws, little affected by anything they have brought to it; whereas those who did not go over (although personally far less able and interesting than some who did) have by their united efforts produced immense effects—effects to which Manning himself bore very generous testimony.

His criticism is creditable to all concerned; but we, looking at the matter, so to speak, at a different angle, attach more importance to a remark made by Jowett to the late Lord Arthur Russell: 'We Liberals must admit,' he said, as they came together out of a church in Oxford, 'that if it 'had not been for the High Church movement English life 'would have lost a great deal of beauty and richness.' There is, of course, no denying that many of the men, whose memories are most cherished in High Church circles, were exceedingly narrow and exceedingly ignorant of many things which they ought to have known. It is enough to say that they looked rather askance at Thirlwall, distrusted Milman, and persecuted both Stanley and Jowett—the four greatest ornaments of the Anglican Communion during the thirty years after Newman left it. But, when we have made all deductions, just compare the English churches of

Digitized by Google

the present day and the society which takes much of its tone from them with the English churches and the society of even fifty years ago, not to say before the publication of the 'Christian Year'—the first dawn of the new morning. Go to such a place as 'St. Peter's in the docks,' and see what an island of civilisation has been created by a Ritualist clergyman in the very roughest part of London. And what has been done there has been done in hundreds and hundreds of places up and down the land. If the 1833 movement did nothing else, it rescued the country districts of England from the sort of society which is described by Miss Austen, in reading whose works we are often seduced by the marvellous skill of the artist to forget the ghastly dreariness of the world in which she lived. Other influences have aided the work which Oriel began, and aided it most powerfully; but honour to whom honour is due—Oriel did begin it. Let us be grateful to it for all the good it has brought about, and forget as much as possible its errors. But let us by no means forget that if either the Anglican or the Roman Church is to keep its place in the world it must not lose its hold over the educated. No wise man will ask either of these great organisations to unsay what they have said. 'L'Eglise Catholique,' said Voltaire, 'est infaillible, et 'l'Eglise Anglicane n'a jamais tort;' but there is all the difference in the world between conserving old formulas and applying them in a consequent and rigorous manner. The Catholic Church is by way of being very unbending in matters of doctrine; but have none of us ever assisted at a Catholic funeral where, when they sang 'In Paradisum 'deducant,' we have felt that the religious opinions of the deceased were as wide and as wise as the most latitudinarian of mortals could desire? Both Rome and England must take account of the vast number of facts which have been acquired for humanity since their dogmatic statements were called into existence. Both must give ever-increasing heed to the results which have been arrived at chiefly by the scholarship of Germany. We in England are specially bound to so so; for the whole movement, which culminated in the labours of the Tübingen school in connexion with the new, as of Wellhausen and so many others in connexion with the Old Testament, began in this country. The first to move in that direction was the group of men who sprang out of the school of Locke. All German theology and biblical criticism worth any attention descended either directly from them through Reimarus, or indirectly through the efforts that were

Digitized by Google

made, first by Semler and Ernesti, then by a whole legion of successors, to save the old Lutheran orthodoxy by giving up points which were no longer tenable. The views that have been returning to us during the last forty years from beyond the Rhine, immensely purified, had their origin in the very crude ideas of these Englishmen of the early eighteenth century. England, as we saw at the commencement of this paper, was the mother of Romanticism. England was also the mother of Free Thought. Both at Oxford and Cambridge there are now men in the high places of the Church who seem to understand that it is their mission to take a first step in fusing together the movement towards enlightenment and the movement towards holiness of life —the Catholic reaction and the desire to look facts in the face. Dean Stanley best represents, in the recent past, the mingling of the two streams in the Church of England; but he was, perhaps, too exclusively under the influence of the writings of Ewald abroad, and was thrown, by the circumstances of his life, too much into antagonism with the High Church party at home, to do more than foreshadow that union of two widely different tendencies which must come about in the fullness of time, if we are ever to imitate the wisdom of Owen, the epigrammatist, who wrote the line:

'Seu vetus est verum diligo sive novum;'

which was taken, by the way, as its motto by the 'Home 'and Foreign Review.' A curious letter has been published from Jowett to Stanley, in which the former advised his friend to write no more short books, but one great final book on theology, reconciling the old and the new. It was well-meant but bad advice; the time had not come, nor was Stanley the man to do it. Another friend of the illustrious Dean's wrote more wisely:—

'Ay me! 'Tis deaf, that ear
Which joy'd my voice to hear;
Yet would I not disturb thee from thy tomb,
Thus sleeping in thine Abbey's friendly shade,
And the rough waves of life for ever laid!
I would not break thy rest, nor change thy doom.
Even as my father, thou—
Even as that loved, that well-recorded friend—
Hast thy commission done; ye both may now
Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end.

Digitized by Google

'And thou, O Abbey grey!
Predestined to the ray
By this dear guest over thy precinct shed—
Fear not but that thy light once more shall burn,
Once more thy immemorial gleam return,
Though sunk be now this bright, this gracious head!
Let but the light appear
And thy transfigured walls be touch'd with flame—
Our Arthur will again be present here,
Again from lip to lip will pass his name.'

The light will be long in returning if the fatuous advice which is sometimes tendered to the Anglican Church is ever taken, and she is tempted to exclude from her pale either those who love all too much the Lion of Rome or those who love all too much the Bear of Geneva.

Her strength is to sit still; her chief business is to say in all controversies, 'I don't know.' Church establishments have many drawbacks, and will doubtless eventually disappear; but the English Establishment has two immense, though accidental, advantages—first, that it is impossible to make her formularies consistent with each other; secondly, that her supreme tribunal consists mainly of elderly lawyers, whose attitude towards most ecclesiastical disputes will usually be one of slightly cynical impartiality.

It may well be hoped that English scholarship and English good sense, when once allowed free play on these subjects, may produce even better results than have been produced beyond the Rhine. It will be a long process. To sift the true from the false opinions, the wise from the unwise practices of nineteen hundred years, is no small undertaking. Oxford and Cambridge, with their long habits of reverence, and with the new accession of light which has characterised their history in the last four decades, may well be destined to complete the work which was begun in Leipzig and Halle a hundred and fifty years ago. The only sustained and serious attempt hitherto made to bring the two streams of thought into connexion was made in France by Ernest Renan, whose works are full of such passages as the following:—

'Jouissons de la liberté des fils de Dieu; mais prenons garde d'être complices de la diminution de vertu qui menacerait nos sociétés, si le Christianisme venait à s'affaiblir. Que serions-nous sans lui? Qui remplacera ces grandes écoles de sérieux et de respect telle que Saint-Sulpice, ce ministère de dévouement des Filles de la Charité? Comment n'être pas effrayé de la sécheresse de cœur et de la petitesse qui envahissent le monde? Notre dissidence avec les personnes qui croient

Digitized by Google

aux religions positives est, après tout, uniquement scientifique; par le cœur nous sommes avec elles; nous n'avons qu'un ennemi, et c'est aussi le leur, je veux dire le matérialisme vulgaire, la bassesse de l'homme intéressé.

Renan would, if the influence of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet had been the only one to which his youth was subjected, have become, in virtue of his strong poetical feeling, one of those very neo-Catholics, 'cent fois hérétiques 'sans le savoir,' whose position he so much criticised. If he had been destined for a lay career, he might easily have imbibed a great deal of German learning about the Bible and the early Christian centuries without finding it necessary to break with the Church. It was quite another matter to become a priest and to teach, year out and year in, as things which it was absolutely necessary to believe, doctrines which had become to him merely interesting products of the human mind working upon facts, the bearing of which it had only imperfectly understood. The Catholicism which he had learnt from the Breton priests was a system from which nothing could be removed without the whole edifice crashing down; and so it did crash down. But he retained a very strong affection for all that he had left, in so far as it could be disjoined from vain wisdom and false philosophy. Unfortunately, however, Renan inherited not only the Breton gravity and 'Nostalgie de 'l'Infini,' but also a large dose of Gaulois vivacity and more than mischievous gaiety. Nor did he debar himself from publishing to the world things which would have been much more in place in the works of a scholar of the seventeenth than of a religious teacher in the nineteenth century. It was not for nothing either that he had lived in the Paris which is described in the Journal of the Goncourts. This frequent want of seriousness and the excursions which he made into regions of speculation, where the ideas of the wisest are mere dream-shadows, sadly damaged his authority, and prevented his being able to exercise the influence which he might otherwise have done.

We are still very far away from the synthesis that must eventually bring together sane ideas about Jewish and early Christian history with the practice which has been evolved, mainly through the action of the Catholic Church, through so many centuries. When the time has come for it, Renan will be recognised, after making the fullest allowance for his mistakes, as one whose work was, in intention at least, mainly, if prematurely, constructive. Matthew Arnold wrote as follows:—

Digitized by Google

'Neither will the old forms of Christian worship be extinguished by the growth of a truer conception of their essential contents. Those forms, thrown out at dimly-grasped truth, approximative and provisional representations of it, and which are now surrounded with such an atmosphere of tender and profound sentiment, will not disappear. They will survive as poetry. Above all, among the Catholic nations will this be the case. And, indeed, one must wonder at the fatuity of the Roman Catholic Church, that she should not herself see what a future there is for her here. Will there never arise among Catholics some great soul, to perceive that the eternity and universality, which is vainly claimed for Catholic dogma and the Ultramontane system, might really be possible for Catholic worship? But to rule over the moment and the credulous has more attraction than to work for the future and the sane.'

What, then, may we say, has been the outcome of the Catholic reaction up to this time? It seems to have been this. In so far as it was directed towards bringing back under the sway of authority any portion of the territory that had been conquered by human reason, it has been an utter failure. History and science have entirely emancipated themselves. On the other hand, in so far as its efforts have been directed to conserve or to revive all that was good in the past, a high standard of conduct, a devotion to noble and unselfish ends, a keen appreciation of art, of poetry, of gentleness and beauty of life, it has been, and is destined to be, an ever-increasing success. The region of its real and permanent success, however, has been confined to the domain of private conduct. The civil power in all lands more and more resents any sort of ecclesiastical dictation; and in the times upon which we are entering, the Churches—at least, of the West—far from attempting to impose their will upon the State, will, we hope and believe, be content to deprecate all political interference in the concerns of the soul, maintaining their own freedom, but in no way interfering with that of others.

There will be, of course, many currents and counter-currents. Some writers—Professor Nitti, for example—attach great importance to the alliance between the Catholic Church and the Socialists, which they observe in various countries of Europe. That alliance, however, can hardly continue very long.

Priests who are thinking more of personal success than of principle, from Manning at one end of the scale to such of the Irish clergy as sympathised with the aims and means of the Land League, would be ready enough to ally themselves with Socialism; but a religion which is based

Digitized by Google

upon the proposition that everything ends here, and that the part of all wise men is to get, while they are here, at whatever cost, as much of the goods of this life as possible, cannot remain in indissoluble alliance with a religion which is based on the proposition that the present life is a mere state of probation, that death is the true *janua vitæ*, and that man will be judged in the next world according to his conformity to or divergence from the standard of living which it has enjoined through nineteen centuries.

Things have not moved in the direction hoped for by Döllinger. The reunion of Christendom will never come about on any dogmatic basis, however simple. It could only come about by all sects consenting to treat dogmas as things of minor importance, and to concentrate their attention upon good works. Persons who had come to very different dogmatic conclusions might surely accept a thousand practices, and treat with respect a thousand opinions which they did not share. A controversialist of the destructive school may prove irrefragably that this or that doctrine held by this or that section of the Christian world is without an historical basis. He may prove, for example, that we know next to nothing of the Mother of Christ; but in doing so he does not prove that the reverence paid to the Madonna in Catholic countries has been anything short of a gigantic boon to mankind. It is not the part of a wise man to denounce or ridicule any dogma unless it can be shown to have an evil effect. Some which are generally held both by Catholics and Protestants have such an effect; but the immense majority have not; and the tendency of things in the last generation, both amongst Protestants and Catholics, has been to let the more mischievous dogmas fall a good deal into the background. The appearance in England of such a phenomenon as the Metaphysical Society, at which all the questions lying at the root of religion and philosophy were considered absolutely open, and where authority had no voice, was a very significant circumstance. At its meetings anyone might have found himself sitting with Manning on one side and Huxley on the other; but from first to last there never was the shadow of a misunderstanding between the opposite poles of opinion, and when its meetings ceased everybody thought more kindly of the opinions of everybody else. That is the only kind of reunion of Christendom that is to be anticipated for generations—perhaps for centuries to come.

Digitized by Google

ART. II.—1. *Auld Licht Idylls.* By J. M. BARRIE. London: 1888.

2. *A Window in Thrums.* By J. M. BARRIE. London: 1889.

3. *When a Man's Single.* By J. M. BARRIE. London: 1888.

4. *The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men.* By S. R. CROCKETT. London: 1893.

5. *The Raiders.* By S. R. CROCKETT. London: 1894.

6. *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.* By IAN MACLAREN London: 1894.

7. *The Green Graves of Balgowrie.* By JANE HELEN FINDLATER. London: 1896.

WE hail the revival of the rural Scottish novel as a welcome sign of healthy reaction. In the multiplication of novel writers, we make much allowance for the intensity of competition at fever heat and the difficulty of finding attractive subjects. Sensation of every kind has been carried to excess, and it is the doom of the sensationalist who has made a popular hit to endeavour to surpass himself in successive productions. That inevitably leads to mad outrages on common sense, as he passes from the improbable to the incredible and impossible. Of the fashionable novels we get as *blasé* as of the insipid gaieties they affect to reproduce, and even the conventional domestic novel, with its trivial incidents and every-day characters, can only be indefinitely repeated so as to interest, by such masters of the art of weaving webs of gossamer as the author of 'The Chronicles of Barset.' If absurdities or insipidities were the worst, we should have the less to complain of. A book which is merely aggravating or wearisome may be tossed aside; it can do harm to none but those who consent to be bored by it. Infinitely more objectionable are the novels of the newest school, which outrage old-fashioned notions of decency. They are Mesdames Bovary without the psychological genius of Flaubert; 'Assommoirs' without the dramatic realism of Zola, and not infrequently in feminine hands they verge on licentious audacities. For we need hardly say that with one or two exceptions which will suggest themselves to everybody, the gravest offenders are of the gentler sex. And, to quote old Mr. Weller, 'very soft they must be' to fancy that these perverse and revolting fantasies will bring them either reputation or permanent profit. For assuredly we do these advanced

Digitized by Google

writers no injustice when we assume that it is the latter consideration which chiefly weighs with them. The book which seeks its subjects in a museum of moral monstrosities, which launches itself with the startling or shocking title that strikes the keynote to the offensive contents—even those which do nothing worse than reverse the relations of the sexes in imagining some ideal hermaphrodite of the future—may have an ephemeral and discreditable success. But the success is seldom repeated, and the sensational extravagance has a depressing effect even on those who profess to admire it. We believe that the surest test of a genuinely good novel is that it leaves a pleasant flavour behind. Novelists of what Southey styled the 'Satanic school' can have no touch on the chords to which our finer feelings will vibrate. The most vicious of men or the most frivolous of women have still susceptibilities for better things which it is the privilege of genius to awaken. World-worn, demoralised, or unsexed as they may be, they will be all the more grateful to the enchanter who transports them out of themselves and for the moment identifies them with ideals which had well-nigh faded from the memory.

For love of art or lust of lucre the provincial novel has always had a high place in English literature. Since the days of Fielding and Oliver Goldsmith, we have had a series of vivid pictures of English country life and scenery, and of life in the great industrial centres as well, from the dales of Yorkshire to the deans of the Southdowns. The Brontës in the bleak seclusion of Haworth; Mrs. Gaskell in Manchester; George Eliot in Stafford and the Eastern shires; the Kingsleys with their Devonshire worthies; Blackmore in Devon, Somerset, and Sussex; Hardy, who has made Dorsetshire his own; Mr. Baring Gould and Mrs. Humphry Ward—these are but a few of the names which suggest themselves in a host of others. Nor should we forget such old evergreens as Harrison Ainsworth, whose fertility was fatal to lasting fame, and whose inartistic abruptness is always irritating, but who, nevertheless, was as genuine an Englishman at heart, as passionate an admirer of English scenery, as the Romany Rye or William Howitt.

It seems strange that when novel-writers were everywhere on the search, like hungry trout in some highland tarn on the feed after a thunderstorm, that the Scotland of Scott was comparatively neglected. We have no such belief in the modesty of the modern *littérateur* as to believe that the lustre of Scott's fame scared imitators away. He had shown what a rich field lay open to those familiar with it, apart

Digitized by Google

from the thrilling historical romance of a country whose history was tragedy written in blood. Take the single scene of the funeral of Steenie Mucklebackit as an example of what may be made of unpromising materials. With the magic of a Shakespeare, with that instinctive gift of appreciating the innermost feelings of all ranks and conditions of men, Scott gives the bereavement of those prosaic Forfarshire fishing folk the pathetic sublimity of a drama by Æschylus. The speechless grief of the rugged fisherman, the softening of the termagant house-mother, the stupefaction of the children at the splendid festivities when the black ox had set his hoof on the humble threshold, are all presented with simple though exquisite skill which should have incited to imitation, for literary ambition makes light of difficulties. Yet since the wizard's wand was buried with him in Dryburgh, the Scottish novels of any mark might almost be counted on the fingers. Wilson, oddly enough for the versatile and rollicking author of the 'Noctes' and the 'Recreations,' sinned on the side of excessive sentimentalism in the 'Shadows of Scottish Life' and the 'Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.' His collaborator Lockhart audaciously ran counter to the prejudices of his countrymen when he gravely compromised a worthy Presbyterian minister in the brilliant 'Adam Blair.' Even Hogg, who had been brought up in the cottage ingle neuk, and nursed his poetic fancies when watching the sheep on the fells, though of course there are passages of tenderness and pathos, made a signal failure in his pastoral tales of the Borders. As for Miss Ferrier's novels, they are rather pseudo-fashionable than tales of lowly life. Does anyone now read the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' though in its day it had no little popularity? We fear we might ask the same question as to 'Mrs. Margaret Maitland' and 'Adam 'Graeme,' with which Mrs. Oliphant first gave the world assurance of her genius. They well deserve the honours of a reprint, which they will assuredly have sooner or later, but, like her 'Katie Stewart' and the admirable 'Minister's 'Wife,' they are studies less of the lowest orders than of well-to-do manse folk or the county aristocracy.

For the genuine paternity of the present-day novelists we must go back to Galt, the contemporary of Scott, who was criticised and discriminatingly commended by him. So it is but fair that Galt should have the tardy honour which is his due, in the form of new editions of his works, issued simultaneously by rival publishers. Galt was essentially the memorialist of the cottager, the small farmer, and the

Digitized by Google

struggling shopkeeper in the rural burgh who rises to local eminence and sometimes to wider notoriety and wealth. He is prolix and trivial, he is very frequently vulgar, and not unfrequently coarse. But, like Mr. Barrie and some of Barrie's ablest imitators, Galt has described and analysed with intimate knowledge and intense personal sympathy the joys, the troubles, and the aspirations of the poor. For intimate knowledge, born in no small degree of similarity in rank and lot, is essential to giving vivid effect to the pictures, unless, indeed, the novelist have the genius of a Shakespeare or a Scott. Equipped with the indispensable qualifications, the opportunities for microscopic observation are considerable, even within a necessarily limited horizon. The austere race of intelligent farmers have pronounced national virtues, with individual foibles or vices. To the casual observer they may resemble each other like so many sheep in a flock, but the shepherd in the habit of reading the faces can tell each from the others by significant signs. The mechanics of the towns differ as much from the men of the country as from the neighbouring fisherpeople, with whom they have never intermarried. Are those stolid and seemingly quiet-going souls insensible to the noble infirmity of ambition? Very far from it. There are few who do not struggle and save that they may win a step upwards on the social ladder. Hardly a farmsteading, as all those writers repeatedly remark, that does not hope to send a son to the college, with the expectation that he may wag his head in a pulpit or, at the worst, fall back upon a parish school. And, except for pride of kinship, it is an unselfish ambition, for as in Brittany a Scottish household will cheerfully stint its expenses that the *kloarec* may have the chance of taking holy orders. The very boy from the turf-roofed hovel, herding the cow or scaring crows from the potatoes, may be dreaming of winning favour in the eyes of the schoolmaster and being passed on from the master to the notice of the minister, and from the minister to the generous patronage of the laird.

So all save the hopeless dullards make a certain progress in letters, and rub up the intellectual faculties in a rude kind of intellectual controversy. A cheap press circulates a hundred journals, where a single paper a generation back served the community. All are profoundly versed in secular politics, and burning questions come up for fiery discussion. But it is religion that really underlies everything—that addresses itself to the best and the worst of their passions.

Digitized by Google

The ways of the Almighty are mysterious, leading either to acquiescence or revolt. The sullen, smouldering fires are ever ready to burst out. The Scotland of the persecution times and the covenanting martyrs—the Scotland of Knox and Henderson, of Peden and Cameron, of Lauderdale and Claverhouse—is still the battle-ground of creeds and conflicting sects. At this day, in Thrums, if Sydney Smith were to preach one of his sermons on toleration as a primary article of the Christian faith, he would probably be stoned like St. Stephen by a mob of honest-minded bigots. But to do the fanaticism justice we should in fairness remark that it is still the Scotland where, in the memorable disruption year, four hundred and sixty-four clergymen resigned their livings, to be followed by their flocks into the wilderness, and where two hundred probationers cast in their lot with the seceders, instead of making a rush for the vacant pulpits. Profound conviction of any kind is infinitely preferable to scepticism or indifference. Yet it must be admitted that Scottish conviction takes singularly unpleasing shapes. No wonder that the truthful irreverence of Burns's 'Holy Fair' excited a storm of indignation which has scarcely yet subsided. It touched the Calvinist in the most sensitive places—perhaps it awakened uneasy searchings of conscience; it outraged his principles and his cherished prejudices. For the thorough-paced Calvinist goes back for choice from the prayers of Gethsemane to the thunders of Sinai: he would rather listen to the curses from Ebal than to the blessings from Gerizim. Celtic or Lowland, what he revels in above all is an 'awaking' preacher, who deals boisterously in the terrors of the Mosaic dispensation with predestination and condemnation carried to extremes. Yet sect after sect has split away from the main body, on the ground that the most advanced of the evangelists were Erastians and time-serving Gallios. The inevitable tendency of such teaching, in theory, is to make each father of a household a Brutus or a Judge Jeffreys, to shut the door against the son who has heretical opinions on free will, and to make the mother cast off the child whom she has caught kissing in the gloaming. But, as Artemus Ward remarked when paying attentions to a fair southern in the heat of the struggle between North and South, there is always considerable human nature in a man; and Scotland with its fond family life is the favourite seat of the strongest domestic affection. The stern sense of principle or duty will be swayed by the deep-seated, passionate love which seeks excuses for its own

Digitized by Google

human tenderness. There these new novelists have rare opportunities of which the best have made admirable use, in scenes that are pathetically true to nature.

The monotony of the cottage tragedy or the humble melodrama may be overdone, and ecclesiastical plots reared on the shattered foundations of the Jewish temple may have too much of gravity for the ordinary reader. But there is another and a brighter side to these novels. Not a few of them, and notably Mr. Barrie's books, are exquisitely humorous. When Sydney Smith assumed that only a surgical operation could get a joke into a Scotchman, he did the nation serious injustice, though there was something of truth in the saying. As to the Scot being destitute of humour, we are content to call the author of the Waverley Novels, Christopher North, and Dean Ramsay as witnesses for the refutation. But, on the other hand, we must own that, with Mr. Barrie and others, the charm of the best drollery is in its being absolutely unconscious. The honest villagers commit themselves in the most delightful way, without an idea that they are making themselves ridiculous. In manse or in cot, on a solemn sacramental occasion, or in some gathering of the elect in a parlour of the village public, they are never, for example, more charmingly inconsistent than when the element of conviviality comes in. All creeds hold firmly in practice to the tenet that man does not live by bread alone; that the whisky is a necessity of existence and the climate. The preaching in the new minister and the victory at the curling pond are celebrated alike by libations of toddy. All classes are ready to imitate the examples of their betters in the measure of their means. So the whisky is a perennial source of sensation in the Scottish novel, which the artist does not neglect. In England the loaded ale stupefies the muddled drinker. In Scotland the swift flow of the fiery alcohol stirs the sluggish blood, gives life to long-smouldering resentment, and leads to the hasty blow which makes a murderer of some devout elder. Then we have the anguish of the despairing wife and the suffering of the deserted children; the broken-hearted daughter of the disgraced man taking back her plighted troth; the gaol; the trial; the evidence to character and the death sentence, to be followed by the gallows or the reprieve. Or over-indulgence, which may perhaps be extenuated on the score of the weather, leads to smothering in the snowdrift, to a miscarriage in the mist, or to being swept off the unsteady legs in the familiar ford when the

Digitized by Google

stream has come down in sudden spate. So the Scottish novelist can command every variety of dramatic situation in which the foibles of his countrymen may be used to advantage. Nor need we add a word as to the scenery from which he frames the setting of his pictures. There can be none of the pale uniformity of fens and flat farms and trim hedgerows. The mountains are mirrored in the lonely Highland loch; the surge of the cold North Sea is breaking on the red sandstone cliffs of Forfarshire; or you are among the trackless morasses and caverned glens of Galloway, where Sir Robert Redgauntlet hunted Whigs before the Revolution reduced him to hunting foxes. Even the comparatively tame inland parish has a character of its own, with its barn-like kirks, its 'purpose-like' steadings, sheltered by the groups of wind-blown ashes and the thickets of lush bourtree bushes, which come in the more effectively for the scarcity of timber.

The advent of Mr. Barrie may be compared to one of the 'Revivals' which stir souls from time to time alike in Highlands and Lowlands. He struck down to a deeper vein than any of his predecessors in 'Auld Licht Idylls.' The Auld Lichts were a section of godly professors who seceded from a secession. They prided themselves on the purity of their gospel faith, on the consistency of their walk and conversation, and above all on the stringency of their ceremonial observances. That they could keep a minister for themselves in the paltry townlet of Thrums was the crowning proof of their zeal and earnestness. They wrought, they pinched, they saved for the stipend; but when they had got the man, he was their common property. His was a very peculiar position. He had reverence and his high privileges, as an anointed Doge of Venice, but like the Doge he had his Secret Council of ten or more, who kept him up to the mark and were faithful in reproving and correcting. He was their spiritual master, but their paid pensioner, to whom at any time they might give summary warning to quit. That was doubtless an aggravation of the snares which beset him; for though he might lay down the law in the pulpit authoritatively, he dare not decline an invitation to tea. Moreover, he lived and moved under pious and observant eyes, and if he jumped a bush in his garden—which one minister did—in exuberance of boyish spirits, or if he broke out in an unseemly laugh on the Sabbath, sooner rather than later he was sure to hear of it. But if grave elders drove him on the curb, the victim of the oligarchy

Digitized by Google

had his revenge on the females of the flock, who, indeed, were encouraged to worship him by husbands and fathers. It was the prerogative of the father of the household to go behind the veil in the vestry and venture on blunt criticism or paternal remonstrance. For within certain well-understood limits, the right of private judgement was freely exercised, and book-learning—as to which the clergy gave small cause of complaint—was regarded as suspiciously unorthodox, if not positively sacrilegious. The mothers in Israel had their say, as we may be sure, and there were Deborahs who would often take the lead when Barak was inclined to hang back.

We regard the 'Auld Licht Idylls' as having paved the way for Mr. Barrie's subsequent books. If it has passed through many editions, it is because, after being attracted and deeply interested in some work, we naturally turn back with curiosity to the preface we had neglected. It is extremely clever, and admirably descriptive, especially where the author has already impressed us. The old schoolmaster of Glen Quharity makes us 'weel acquent' with the weavers of Kirriemuir and the rustics of the glen. But, after all, it is the mere setting and framework of 'The 'Window,' through which he has flashed a series of innermost photographs by a searching process of the Röntgen rays. The advance from one book to the other is marvellous, although, indeed, it is rather the swift progress of inevitable evolution. The genius is evident, in the germ as in the bloom, but we can see that the untried author gained confidence as he felt his feet and tested his strength. In 'The 'Window' there is the Shakespearian subtlety of humour, which, as it seeks its subjects in eternal types of humanity, is bound to survive. The Scotch is perhaps unnecessarily broad: possibly there is too much of it for purposes of effective art, although the extraordinary popularity of the book in the South appears to dispose of that criticism as captious. All the greater is the tribute to the analytical genius which has triumphed over obstacles of its own creating. But to the Scotchman born, and especially to the North-Eastern Scot, the realism is strangely striking and impressive. It is a story we should be sorry to read were we inclined to home-sickness, on the sun-baked plains of Australia or the waterless Karoo of South Africa. We should yearn to exchange the cloudless skies for the dripping heavens and driving mists of Glen Quharity. To the peasant-born emigrant the Dutch-like painting of cottage

Digitized by Google

interiors would come with an overpowering rush of fond associations; and the homely talk and ejaculations, with the local names for the familiar domestic objects, would bring a breath of the pungent peat-reek or a flavour of the sun-smoked haddocks.

The crippled Jess who sits in her window is eminently natural. Though ever ready for the flitting to a better world where she will soar on wings instead of hirpling on a staff, she is far from superior to mortal vanities. That she should make an idol of her only boy is a weakness for which the recording angel will make generous allowance; but none save the loving husband could surmise that she had set her heart so ardently on a cloak with beads. Moreover Jess, although her heart is set generally upon higher things, is a past mistress in gossip; and, as we remarked, Thrums is a town where the minister, like everybody else, lives under a microscope. The practice of gossip has trained Jess and her daughter Leeby to habits of the most ingenious deduction. There may sometimes be a false start, for science is no infallible safeguard against error; but the reasoning is characterised by Scottish reserve. There is no hasty jumping at conclusions; however erroneous they may prove, they have always been plausibly argued. There is no better example of that than the chapter in which it is a question who is to fill the pulpit of the absent minister. Leeby, always the most attentive of daughters, is never more dutiful than when she obeys her mother's behests and goes scouting for indications. And though Jess is somewhat apt to hurry off on a false scent, she is a candid and even cautious inquirer; for at a check she is always ready to try back. To show her methods we should quote the chapter, but we give a couple of sentences taken at random. Leeby has gone up to the watch-tower of the attic to take another look at the manse.

'Weel, I assure ye, it'll no be Mr. Skinner, for no only is the spare bedroom vent no gaen, but the blind's drawn down fra tap to fut, so they're no even airin' the room. Na, it canna be him, and what's mair, it'll be naebody 'at's to bide a' nicht at the manse.'

'I would'na say that; na, na. It may only be a student; an' Marget Dundas micht na think it necessary to put in a fire for him.'

Leeby, as a skilled detective, might have given points to any of Gaboriau's experts—to Lecocq or the Père Tabouret. The minister has married a fine Edinburgh lady, and brought her to the renovated manse. The bride kindly

Digitized by Google

patronises the shy girl, who dare scarcely lift her eyes or stir hand or foot. Leeby comes home to brighten the chair-ridden invalid with an exact inventory of all the furniture and critical remarks on the ingenious shifts which have been patching carpets and turning old gas-brackets into gasaliers. And it would be a mistake to fancy that the Lichts of Thrums did not punctiliously attend to their manners or regard social distinctions. When guests were entertained, it was always etiquette to let them chap at a door which generally stood open. Of course they professed they had no appetite before setting to work in all seriousness. A pudding for supper was the proof of high gentility, and when a milk jug was seen abroad at an unseasonable hour, it was a sign that the neighbour was receiving company. Jess never took more trouble with the best company manners of herself and her spouse than when expecting the bill-sticker of Tilliedrum and his lady. To be sure, Mrs. Bill-sticker carried *her* gentility so far that she cut her husband dead when she met him abroad with his paste-pot and brushes. A less lucky sister looked up to her with pride, though she recognised that 'Marget was grand by me,' as she had a bell and a bakehouse of her own; but yet the worm would turn at times, as when Tibbie was not bid to the laying out of the defunct bill-sticker. For the lower Scotch take a morbid pride and delight in the melancholy details of death and burial, witness the scenes in the 'Antiquary' and the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' Even Tammas, the professed humorist of the town—whose conceptions of humour are quaint and most delightfully original—must have owned he was mistaken in denying that humour might be found in anything or everything had he read Mr. Barrie's book. For some of the best of the dry fun is associated with the last offices of the death-chamber, with the sexton-bedral who howks the graves, and with the carpenter who makes the coffins.

No one who had not been brought up in the society could have reproduced the picturesque vulgarity of the homely speech with such inimitable fidelity. There may be a world of meaning in an ejaculation, and the meaning varies widely with the enunciation. Look at the eloquence of Tibbie Mealmaker's 'Ou!' when it punctuates the end of a plaint with a whole constellation of significant full stops. Or at Jess's 'Ay, I'm sure of *that*,' which clenches an argument or emphasises a point.

An exquisite tenderness of sympathy underlies the book,

Digitized by Google

so that it is difficult to distinguish the pathos from the drollery. The struggling weavers of Thrums, fighting the world from day to day on poor earnings, and living hardly from hand to mouth, have no leisure to indulge the finer sentiments. But the feelings are the more intense from the habit of repression. When hearts are breaking and the emotions are exceptionally overwrought, the habit of stolid endurance will give way, and even God may be forgotten or blasphemed in some uncontrollable outbreak. Yet, as Tammas complained that the drawback to his humorous vein was that he was sorely tempted to laugh aloud in church, so Mr. Barrie often provokes a smile when we are almost ready to weep. There is an under-current of solemn tragedy through the book, and the lights of the Window at the last are painfully extinguished. Jess's fond and jealous motherhood that even grudged a good wife to her darling; Leeby's sisterly devotion, the effusive demonstrations of which had scandalised her brother, and the fatherly pride of the self-contained Hendry, are all destined to lead up to a disastrous *dénouement*, with the moral that the unselfish may have to seek their recompense in the future life.

Mr. Barrie is at his best when his foot is on the cobble-paving of Thrums and when confining himself to the actualities of his experience. In 'When a Man's Single,' linking Thrums to London, he follows the fortunes of a speculative young journalist. But the magic transformation of the sturdy Glen Quharity saw-miller taxes credulity too far. It reminds us of the extravagance of Lever's 'Con Cregan,' where the untaught Irish boy leaves the brogue in his bogs, acquires the polish of an accomplished man of the world, and, talking French like a Parisian and Spanish like a Castilian, holds his own with diplomatists, and weds with a blue-blooded Countess. Mr. Barrie, as we suspect, rather wishes such things might be than believes that they are. The raw Angusshire material cannot be spun so easily into glossy broadcloth and cut into the fashionable frock which will pass muster in any society. Rob Angus wins the heart of a refined and sensitive girl of birth and breeding. That is possible, for Titania was enamoured of Bottom. But the lady's brother, the English public schoolboy, would be the least likely of all persons to welcome the *mésalliance*, even though the man who had victoriously tossed the caber at Thrums could make play, like Samson, with ponderous field-gates. Mr. Barrie knows his own world well: when he goes beyond it he is groping for fancies in a

Digitized by Google

Forfarshire mist. So it is that he spoiled his 'Little 'Minister' by gratuitously introducing the fantastic. The fair gipsy who is the minister's Delilah or Circe is a creature simply inconceivable. Had her eccentricities been credible, the catastrophe must have come off prematurely, and the novel been compressed into the shortest of stories, for the eyes of all the keen-sighted Auld Lichts were watching the minister's outgoings and incomings. As for Lord Rintoul, with his wild caprice and high-handed proceedings, he is a travestied survival of the feudal baron, crossed with an old Q. or a Marquis of Hertford. That he should have dreamed of marrying the feather-brained *feu-follet* is just as unlikely as that she should have settled down into the douce housewife of the manse. If we are provoked to a laugh in 'The Little Minister,' we are more inclined to laugh at the author than with him. Yet Mr. Barrie could not be himself were there not another side to the story. Few of his scenes are more impressive, or more true to the life, than that which depicts old Nanny's horror of the poor-house, when the gipsy comes to the rescue like a genius of the 'Arabian Nights.'

Not a few of the brief stories in the book Mr. Crockett published under the title of 'The Stickit Minister' might have been written by Mr. Barrie, as they were undoubtedly inspired by him. 'The Stickit Minister' is an exquisitely touching tale of heroic and unceasing self-sacrifice. He is not the victim of an unkindly fate. He has shown no shortcoming in godly gifts: he does not break down in his examinations: he does not prove a dumb dog, or speak, like the prophet, with a stammering tongue, for he never gets so far as the pulpit. He sacrifices his cherished spiritual ambitions for the sake of an ungrateful brother, and he is mercifully removed from the scenes of his earthly troubles by a galloping consumption before the waters of adversity have gone over his head. The noble nature which makes generous allowance is happily revealed in a single sentence, spoken to a friendly confidant. 'He' (the brother) 'was 'aye different to me, ye ken, Saunders, and he canna be 'judged by the same standard as you and me.' 'I ken,' said Saunders M'Quhin, a spark of light lying in the quiet of his eyes. And Saunders knows his friend too well to say another word. Nearly as pathetically tragic is 'The 'Heather Lintie,' in which an ungainly and essentially prosaic moorland maiden, who has nursed the conviction that she is a poetic genius, is sadly disabused of the delusion

Digitized by Google

as she lies on her deathbed. A coarse and venomous critique comes too late to kill, and it has but a short hour or two to torture. We recognise Mr. Barrie again in the close creed of the Marrow Kirk, which, as appears in a subsequent novel, when it met in solemn General Assembly, was represented by a couple of ministers, who constituted the whole of the clerical body, and by as many sanctimonious office-bearers who bore rule in a metropolitan congregation of some half-dozen. There is pleasant mockery in the ridicule of the proceedings, in which the members might have been legislating for a National Kirk. When they agree to differ or to 'twine' there are two more Scottish sects, each embodied in a single infallible representative. In 'Cleg Kelly,' again, we have the clever conception which pleased the creator so much that it was afterwards elaborated, to his misfortune, into a lengthy volume.

But, fortunately, Mr. Crockett was not content to trifle with his powers in slight sketches and tantalisingly short stories. Like Mr. Barrie, he launched out in the sensational novel, with greater dramatic gifts and more favourable opportunities. Mr. Barrie was a townsman of weaving Thrums, somewhat remotely connected with the Highlands and their romance by the glens that lead upwards to the Lower Grampians. It was the good fortune of Mr. Crockett to have been born in Galloway, the very home of wild legend, of fierce warfare, and daring adventure, and of the pious traditions kept sacred in many a memory. The Galwegians still made a stand against the legions when Agricola had carried the eagles into the far north. Galloway with its trackless morasses and its broken seaboard was a second fatherland to the roving Egyptians and the favourite resort of the smugglers from France and Holland, who ran their cargoes in the moonlight in its creeks and bays. But, above all, Galloway was a sanctuary for the persecuted West-country Whigs: the wanderers held their conventicles in the solitudes of the moorlands, where the moan of the lapwing and the scream of the curlew chimed in with their bursts of prayer and praise; and in its caves the apostles of the Covenant found safe retreat when Clavers and Lagg were beating the hills for them.

The sufferings and escapes of God's persecuted folk must have appealed most strongly to Mr. Crockett's Cameronian sympathies. Yet we place 'The Raiders' as by far the first of his works. There is no approach to rhapsody, cant, or rant in it, though we only use those strong expressions as

Digitized by Google

indicating the snares which more or less beset any Presbyterian writer on the times of the Trouble. Moreover, construction is not Mr. Crockett's forte, and in 'The Raiders' he is kept straight by stress of circumstances. The story follows the fortunes of two lives that are closely intertwined. It abounds in exciting episodes which arise naturally out of the situations: it is compact and logically sensational, for the setting is so picturesque that thrilling incidents evolve themselves spontaneously. The people in the fertile Gallwegian lowlands are literally living between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand they are subjected to the descents of the black or the white smugglers—that is, of men who shoot and slash only in self-defence, or of ruffians who, having forfeited their lives, are ready for any atrocity. These descents of the contrabandists are spasmodic or casual; besides most of the white smugglers are kenned folk who have kin all over the country. Even austere Cameronians look leniently on breaches of the excise laws, and if they find an anker of brandy at the back of a dyke, they thank the Almighty for His mercies, and convey it into a sure place of hiding. But, on the other hand, and in the hills, are the gipsy outlaws who neither fear God nor regard men, and have their fastnesses whither the sheriff dare not follow them. They are the Raiders who drive their creaghs like barbarous Highland caterans, who levy blackmail on all and sundry, and when the laird is at feud with them, or the tenant refuses their 'cess,' set the red cock crowing of a night in the stackyard and peaceful homestead. A lad of spirit, left to his own guardianship and devices, could hardly help being drawn into these broils, and Patrick Heron commits himself doubly by falling in love with the daughter of a fighting family to whom gipsies and black smugglers bear a deadly enmity. So the story, as we said, travels forward of itself. Like the amphibious hero of the siege of Acre, Mr. Crockett displays his warlike versatility—

> 'Alike to him the sea, the shore,
> The brand, the bridle, or the oar.'

We have a succession of highly illustrative pictures. There are surprises of slumbering farmers, and attacks in force on half-fortified feudal mansions. There are brawls and fierce single combats with rough and ready weapons; there are games of hide and seek in the moors where the penalty of discovery is death; and horrors come to a climax in the robbers' den above 'the murder hole' in the dark

Digitized by Google

loch, where the reluctant guest shudders at bed-clothes clotted with gore, and finds a corpse in the oaken chest which is the sole furniture of the chamber. It is superfluous to add that the hero's lady-love is ravished from him, and that, following her to what was literally the back of his world, he saves her by heroic audacity and superhuman endurance. But the most impressive of these brilliantly effective scenes is the raiding and driving of a great herd of Lowland cattle when the country has been roused and the passes occupied. The subject has been often treated by Scottish painters, but never, perhaps, with so much spirit. We see the cattle stampeded in the night, with the wild horsemen and footmen goading them forward. We see the overdriven beasts falling out before 'the hurrying pikeman's 'goad,' as the weaker become footsore, hungry and athirst. Finally, there is the demoniacal scene when the raiders with their droves are repeatedly repulsed from the narrow bridgeway that has been secured by their pursuers. The cries of jubilation are raised prematurely, for the Egyptians have an infernal device in reserve. The bellowing herd is besprinkled with tar, then matches are set to their shaggy hides; they are bestridden by the baffled demons who are herding them, and the defenders are swept away in the headlong rush. The catastrophe which metes out the long-deferred vengeance, now that the cup of iniquity has been filled to overflowing, is wrought out in the memorable storm of the fifteen days which buried these uplands in impenetrable snowdrift. And the elect are saved, as in the ill days of the Trouble, by sheltering in a commodious cave only known to the mysterious 'Silver Sand.'

Silver Sand is ingeniously introduced. We had read a full half of the volume before recollecting that we had heard nothing of John Faa, although it professes to relate certain passages in his life. Then of course we caught the clue to the mystery which it would have been morally impossible to maintain to the end. John Faa, a belted earl and hereditary prince and seer of the Faa clan, had from circumstances, adequately explained, a foot in either camp. As Baillie Jarvie's worthy father the deacon might have said, he had a conscience of a sort and drew the line at cold-blooded murder. But blood being thicker than water, and as, after all, he was a monarch by divine right, he continued relations with his kin and their more villanous allies, whose misdeeds he condemned and solemnly cursed.

Nor is Mr. Crockett anyways inferior to Mr. Barrie in dry

Digitized by Google

and subtle humour. We take at random a remark of the hero's father, when giving his son the mature fruit of his wisdom.

'Mind ye, Patrick,' he used to say, 'that the Good Book says, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Now keep your temper, laddie. Never quarrel wi' an angry person, specially a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer's aye best. It's commanded, and forbye, it makes them far madder than anything else ye could say.'

We should be sorry to aver that Mr. Crockett is a man of one book, or of two, and moreover it would be unjust. But, comparing him with himself, the 'Stickit 'Minister' and the 'Raiders,' in their respective manners, stand far above his other productions. Scott's critics were in the habit of objecting that a Meg Merrilees was always cropping up in his novels. With more reason we may say that in Mr. Crockett's mossland romances we are for ever renewing acquaintance with almost identical types, although in 'The Men of the Moss Hags' and 'The Grey Men 'of Auchindrane,' he may change the secular for the religious garb, and assimilate his ministers and lay saints to the tone of the Puritanism of the times. There is the outspoken Scotch lady of the olden school, who brings blushes to the cheeks of maidens by calling a spade a spade; there is the narrow-minded minister with a fanatical misconception of his mission, but a very warm human heart; there is the youth drawn by circumstances and godly education to the side of persecuted religion, though the blood of warm summer is flowing hotly in his veins and the old Adam is roused on slight provocation; there is the hen-pecked husband who is a man of action nevertheless, and, above all, there is the shrill-voiced motherly woman, whose bark is far worse than her bite, and whose heart and home are ever open as the day to melting charity. Sundry Scotch romancers have painted Claverhouse. The Clavers of 'Old Mortality,' though censured by McCrie, was limned with the vigorous realism of a Raeburn and can never be surpassed. The Ettrick Shepherd, from the point of view of the Cameronian hill-shepherd, gave a ludicrously burlesqued caricature in 'The Brownie of 'Bodbeck.' But it seems to us that Mr. Crockett, between Presbyterian sympathies and romantic admiration of chivalrous courage, has hit off a singularly happy mean and sketched a very probable personality. His Claverhouse is a gentleman, fanatical in his loyalty, as his victims were in their religious faith, but a soldier with a heart as hard as the temper of his sword, and with a constitutional indiffer-

Digitized by Google

ence to suffering, fostered by an exaggerated sense of duty. If the genial Scott could speak lightly in the beginning of this century of 'the beastly Covenanters,' who were only superior to the brutes inasmuch as they walked on two legs, we can, perhaps, appreciate the feelings with which Graham regarded the Calvinists who were the irreconcileable enemies of the throne and the administration in an age when the affairs of state were directed by a Queensberry or a Lauderdale.

We can only allude to the 'Lilac Sun Bonnet' and 'Cleg 'Kelly.' Yet 'The Sun Bonnet' is a pretty and delicate fancy, none the less piquant that it was written by a Scottish clergyman in orders. It is a romance of very charming love-making, and the delicate and insidious courtship of winsome Charteris is cleverly contrasted with the vulgar loves of the maids of the farm, with their business-like suitors and the rustic Lovelaces. There is the amorous poetic vein of a Moore and the gay verve of a De Grammont blending with the broadest farce. There have been few more startling conversions in the annals of Scottish Churches than the sudden transformation of the priggish probationer who has been a professed misogynist into a passionate admirer of the fairest of her sex. As for 'Cleg Kelly,' it sadly disappoints us. There is no sort of sequence in it, yet Mr. Crockett challenges criticism on that score, by heading his sixty chapters as Cleg's sixty successive adventures. In many of them the young street Samaritan is dropped out of the story, though we follow with no little interest and sympathy the fortunes of his family of small *protégés*. In that children's pilgrimage, as is his wont, Mr. Crockett brings out the kindly side of feminine nature, and among the children the patronising little Miss Briggs is as charming as his sweetheart daughter in his 'Sweetheart Travellers.' As for the mad doings and strange housekeeping of General Theophilus Raff, they are more idiotically extravagant than those of Miss Havisham, which are the most fatal blot in 'Great Expectations.' The General, like the melodramatic gipsy, in Mr. Barrie's 'Little Minister,' is forcibly dragged in by the head and shoulders, much to the injury of a far-fetched and disjointed story.

'Ian Maclaren' is, we believe, a clergyman like Mr. Crockett, and so we should judge from internal evidence. 'The Bonnie Briar Bush' blooms in the parish of Drumtochty, swept by breezes from the Moray Firth blowing over the Moor of Rannoch. Drumtochty is said to stand for

Digitized by Google

Logiealmond, but we may locate it on the borders of the Western Highlands, where the mystic Celt meets the dour Covenanting Calvinist in the services of the Free Kirk. The author has all the intelligent sympathies of Mr. Barrie, and he is more searching in subtle mental analysis, as perhaps he excels Mr. Crockett in striking and sensational, yet lifelike, portraiture. 'The Bonnie Briar Bush' is a sparkling book, though the weeping climate and the sombre scenery throw heavy shadows on the personalities of the struggling community. The hearts are sound and the affections warm, but it is *de rigueur* to restrain all signs of feeling, and to measure out language carefully after slow consideration. There is infinite humour underlying the solemn gravity, but there is no cleverer chapter than that on 'the cunning 'speech of Drumtochty.' No parishioner commits himself rashly to an assertion of the most self-evident truth; and even gratitude for a good harvest or any other temporal blessing is strictly guarded, apparently lest it should seem a wanton provoking of Providence to change the blessing for a curse. There is an admirably droll scene where the parish beadle, cited as a reluctant witness in a clerical court, baffles the counsel for the impeachment, over a frank definition of drunkenness. The Drumtochty folk only speak their minds like men—or women—when the surging of inexpressible mental anguish bursts the barriers of conventional restraint. So far as good neighbourship and friendly hearts go, Drumtochty, notwithstanding promiscuous dram-drinking, approaches the ideal Paradise. But 'Ian Maclaren' probes the infinite depths of pathos in those simple sequestered lives, when the Angel of Death flutters his pinions over the thatch of the shealing, or when sudden and unlooked-for bereavement has left some irreparable blank. The longest story tells how a gifted youth, the pride of his parents and the hope of his schoolmaster and generous patrons, is carried off by a decline in the flower of his years, and buried amid the lamentations of high and low. Some of the spirit-drinking mourners gave the best proof of the sincerity of their grief by leaving the glasses of whisky untasted. But the contrasts and inconsistencies of these plain and simple country-folk are brought out with great skill, and, as we are sure, with great truth. The rough, and almost brutal, parish doctor, indefatigable in his wretchedly remunerated labours, and fighting death with rude science and dogged determination, is the more beloved, as he is universally trusted, because no sympathy induces him to palliate the truth. Yet no

Digitized by Google

fashionable physician from Harley Street or Saville Row can surpass him in natural delicacy. The most touching of the tales is when the most self-glorious professor in the parish has his spiritual pride of orthodoxy humbled to the dust by the shame of an erring daughter. No one dreams, in the hour of his trouble, of taking revenge for Lachlan's domineering self-righteousness. He would fain play the Brutus by moving that the sinner be formally expelled from Church privileges. His fellow-elders take the matter summarily out of his hands; by the power of love and Christian charity his faults of pride are fully brought home to him, and Lachlan becomes an altered character. He fondles back to health the returned prodigal, whom he had vainly striven to banish from his heart, and he who had never unbent to his only daughter becomes the playmate and confidant of all the children. He may still hold theoretically to his decided views on original sin, but in practice they are scattered to the winds. Lachlan is painted as 'the Grand Inquisitor.' The self-absorbed shepherd had learned his stern religion in the brooding gloom of the mountain solitudes. There, it would appear, he had often mistaken the subtle whispering of the Evil One for the voice of God. His prayers and lay-preachings made it clear to all the parish that no one had more experience of the wiles of the Enemy. Yet we cannot help smiling—as the author means us to smile—at the story of Lachlan's desperate grapple with the Devil, carried on in prayer and in public. He is hurt and mortified when a candid friend, charged with the delicate mission by the Session, takes exception to the sonorous groanings which scandalised the feebler brethren. Lachlan makes a stubborn defence, but is fairly routed in controversy. We smile at the man; we laugh at his extravagances, and yet we cannot help respecting and even revering him. Perhaps even a more touching scene than the home-coming of the prodigal daughter is when Lachlan makes up a feud with the young minister, whose book-lore and sophistical theology he had denounced with the grim authority of patriarch and prophet. For, as both daughter and minister were brought to realise, the despot of the cottage and of the Elders' square pew had suffered more in doing what he deemed his imperative duty than the victims into whom he drove the sacrificial knife.

Two other stories are worth alluding to, because both show evidence of remarkable promise. Indeed, the 'Green 'Graves of Balgowrie' deserves more than a passing notice.

Digitized by Google

It is melancholy, as we might infer from the title, and the catastrophe is made gratuitously mournful, but the sombre colouring is artistically toned down, and the author has drawn three living portraits. The sisters who are laid to rest in the green graves after a sad though short experience of life's fitful fever, fall victims to the intensity of their mutual love, to the insane crotchets of a feather-brained mother, and to the caprice of a gay young cavalier, who courts, who conquers, and who rides away. But we feel more for the sufferings of the grave clergyman who, having petted the luckless children in the nursery, and won the love of the elder and more thoughtful, buries his affections in one of the graves, and is doomed to an old age unconsoled by oblivion. Yet really he has no cause for regret, since sorrow has sanctified a worldly nature. In 'Robert 'Urquhart' the canvas is rather overcrowded with such parochial worthies as flourished in Glen Quharity and Drumtochty, but though the author seeks his adventurous heroes among school teachers, he makes them human, impressionable, and inflammable. They make love with a spirit and gallantry which leaves little to desire, and their experiences among the Scottish Bohemianism of literary London are as exciting as those in Mr. Barrie's 'When a Man's Single.'

Whether the popularity of the new Scotch novel will endure is a question we hesitate to answer in the affirmative. A moderate amount of the semi-intelligible Scottish dialect must go a long way with Southern readers, and already we see signs that even the apostles of the new dispensation cannot repeat themselves with impunity, preserving freshness and originality. There is a certain picturesqueness in weaving Thrums, and there is the sublimity of Highland grandeur in Drumtochty; but, after all, a novelist must rely upon human interest for his effects, and even genius must sooner or later exhaust the materials in a back-of-the-world industrial townlet, or a secluded Highland glen. The variety of individual types is limited, and the general characteristics have been stereotyped by time and custom. It is as tacking and beating about in a land-locked Highland loch to launching out on the wide Atlantic or braving the storms of Cape Horn.

Digitized by Google

ART. III.—*Sheridan.* A Biography by W. FRASER RAE, with an Introduction by Sheridan's Great-Grandson, the Marquess of DUFFERIN AND AVA. 2 vols. London: 1886.

BY the universal consent of his contemporaries Sheridan was the most brilliant man of his day. A century has elapsed since he was at the summit of his fame, and the verdict of posterity is unanimous that, as orator, as dramatist, as wit, Sheridan stands out, not only as first amongst his contemporaries, but as second to none who since his time have added fresh lustre to English literature and eloquence. Sheridan died at the age of sixty-five, in 1816. As Byron wrote:—

> 'The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,
> The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,
> Set with their Sun—but still have left behind
> The enduring produce of Immortal Mind.' *

Yet, in spite of this immortality, his many biographers, from carelessness, from want of sympathy, or from want of material, have hitherto failed to present Sheridan's countrymen with a living portrait of the man who so greatly impressed his own age, and whose works still give so much delight to our own. As a matter of fact, the most brilliant of his oratorical achievements have not 'endured,' for no really authentic reports of them remain. They have been described, often with discriminating fulness, in contemporary letters and diaries; occasionally short passages have come down to us, probably in their original form; but the actual speeches as they were delivered, the *ipsissima verba*, by which his hearers were entertained, have perished for ever.

No fresh work was needed to establish the fame of Sheridan as dramatist or orator, and this is not the main object of the biography whose title we have placed at the head of our article. Lord Dufferin, two years ago, in a delightful sketch of his mother, Sheridan's grand-daughter, referred to the want of appreciation Sheridan's biographers had hitherto shown to the nobler side of his character: 'No famous man had been 'more unfortunate in his biographers.' And Lord Dufferin led us to look at an early date for the appearance of a 'Life' which would remove the unfortunate impressions left by the

* Monody on the Death of Sheridan.

Digitized by Google

works of Moore and Professor Smyth. Mr. Fraser Rae has had access to all the existing papers in possession of Sheridan's descendants, and has had recourse in the libraries of Devonshire House and at Stowe to documents bearing on his career, and he is thus able to bring before the public much material with which previous biographers were unacquainted. What sort of man, then, was 'the real Sheri-'dan'? Neither his biographers nor the world have sought to minimise the praise of Lord Byron so often quoted—viz., that Sheridan had written the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, the best address, 'and, to crown 'all, delivered the best oration ever conceived or heard in 'this country.' What kind of man, then, was this brilliant genius in his political, his social, his private life? Was his political career determined by high principle, patriotic aspiration, and enlightened views? Has he a claim to stand in the very front rank of English statesmen? To answer these questions in favour of Sheridan is the main object of this latest of the 'Lives,' and it is in this aspect that the chief importance of Mr. Fraser Rae's work lies.

Sheridan belonged to an old Irish family. His ancestors, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, were as princes in the land, and his own branch of the family were chiefs of the name. But, as has so often happened with Irish families, the grandeur of the ancient ancestry had passed away long before we reach modern times; and Mr. Rae is right not to take his readers further back than his hero's grandfather, a scholarly and, for a time, very successful schoolmaster in Dublin—Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift. As with his son and his grandson, the Doctor's career was a strange mixture of success and failure. His admirable school was ruined by a rival establishment, started by his former patrons; and we find him animadverting, in a letter to Swift, in 1736, on these quondam friends —'quon-dam them all!'—with as much severity as he thinks permissible to his clerical profession. He was subsequently appointed chaplain to the lord-lieutenant, but gave much offence, and lost his place, by chancing to preach a sermon, on the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover, on the unhappily chosen text, 'Sufficient unto the day is the 'evil thereof!' Later in life he became possessed of valuable property, but his income increased less fast than his expenditure, and he was always poor and in debt. His son, Thomas Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a man of some capacity and, perhaps, genius, whose vanities and

Digitized by Google

eccentricities ruined any prospect that he might have had of achieving permanent success. He was, for a time, a popular actor in Dublin; and it was whilst manager of the Theatre Royal there that he wrote to Garrick to ask him 'to divide 'his immortality with him, so that we may, like Castor and 'Pollux, appear always in different hemispheres—in plain 'English, what think you of dividing the kingdoms between 'us, to play one winter in Dublin and another in London?' The great purpose of his life was the cultivation of oratory, and the provision of a perpetual standard for the correct pronunciation of English. Sheridan's 'Pronouncing Dic-'tionary' was to follow at no great distance after the work of Johnson. He lectured on his favourite topics in the great towns of England, and amusing accounts are given how the bold Irishman became the fashion in Edinburgh, and, speaking with a strong brogue, set himself to teach Scotchmen English. Doubtless it was in consequence of his successful efforts in this direction that he secured the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. His wife—Sheridan's mother, the daughter of a Dublin clergyman—was possessed of considerable talent, and was much respected and admired by Richardson, and Johnson, and Garrick. On the recommendation of the first, she published her novel of 'Sidney 'Biddulph,' 'which took the town by storm.' Lord North delighted in it, and Fox declared it the best novel of the age. Garrick produced, at Drury Lane, her comedy called 'The Discovery,' which was received with the heartiest applause, and ran for some time; but her subsequent attempts, either at fiction or at the drama, were less successful. The pressure of debt compelled Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, in 1764, to betake themselves to France, where a couple of years later she died, at the early age of forty-two, leaving behind her an unpublished MS., in which her son found the prototype of the immortal 'Mrs. Malaprop.'

Sheridan, the second son of this marriage, was at the time a boy of thirteen and at school at Harrow, where, though it is probable that he neither gained nor sought school distinctions, he could not fail to establish a reputation for cleverness with all who knew him, whether masters or boys. A leader in school pranks and the favourite of his schoolfellows, he was by the masters often suspected of breaches of school discipline; but, it is said, was never found out—from which circumstances, perhaps, one can estimate the boy's character better than from the formal disquisition of school authorities. He left Harrow at eighteen,

Digitized by Google

and for a time lived at his father's house in London, where men of very varied distinction, such as Wedderburn, and Foote, and Boswell, and General Paoli were constant visitors.

At the end of 1770 his father set up his family house at Bath, then the most fashionable resort in England outside the metropolis; and here, before many months had passed, events occurred which moulded the future course of young Sheridan's life. Our author brings rapidly before us the glories of Bath as described from different points of view by Smollett, Miss Burney, Hannah More, and Jane Austen. 'It 'was a city of palaces, a town of hills, and a hill of towns.' Distinguished men and women of every kind sought its healing springs or mingled in its social life. Balls and ridottos, the theatre, music, cards, in never-ending succession, made the Bath season outrival that of London itself. 'Bath, happy Bath,' sighed Hannah More in 1792, 'is as 'gay as if there is no war, nor sin, nor misery in the 'world!' Even the staid Wilberforce, a few years earlier, had felt the attraction of its temptations. 'Too dissipated 'a place,' he writes in his journal, 'except the waters are 'necessary. Habits of idleness almost inseparable from it, 'and one grows insensibly fond of them.'

In this gay world young Sheridan, whose Harrow schoolfellows were now starting undergraduate life at Oxford and Cambridge, soon became a prime favourite, both with men and women. Singularly handsome, overflowing with spirits, with a ready wit, he would naturally shine in every social gathering. At this time, according to Miss Burney, 'there was nothing more tonish in Bath than to visit Lady 'Miller at Bath-Easton,' where the wits contended for prizes awarded to the best versifier, and where a high character for refined taste and cultured æstheticism was somewhat laboriously maintained. Young Sheridan attended frequently at the 'Parnassus Fair,' as Horace Walpole calls it, held weekly at Bath-Easton, where he must have seen much to delight his keen sense of humour, and where he must also have made acquaintance with many men and women of wider tastes than the mere pleasure-seekers of the city. Of his life and conduct at Bath almost nothing is known. 'His sisters always regarded him with a warm affection,' says the good-natured Mr. Fraser Rae, 'and a good brother 'is seldom a bad boy.' There is, however, more evidence as to his aspirations than as to his actions, and with young men character may often be better read in the former than in the latter. His greatest Harrow friend, young Halhed,

Digitized by Google

whilst an undergraduate at Oxford, maintained with Sheridan at Bath an elaborate correspondence on literary subjects. Sheridan's letters have perished, but their contents can often be gathered from Halhed's letters to Sheridan which have been preserved. They prove that Sheridan, if he did not carry off prizes at Harrow, must have studied the classics deeply and with enthusiasm. The two friends, whose united ages amounted to thirty-eight years, planned and prepared a metrical translation of the Greek prose of Aristænetus—a choice of author, it is suggested, due to the amorous disposition disclosed in the letters of Halhed. But their great scheme was to write a play which from the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden would take the town by storm, and at once place its authors on a pedestal of fame. There is something frank and modest in Halhed's letters to his friend. No doubt he was at heart as much devoted to pleasure as to study whilst nourishing great plans and greater expectations. He owns that he often obliterates the remembrance of a month of study by a month of riot and stupidity. Doubtless, says Mr. Rae, had Sheridan's letters been preserved, they would have shown that he was very unlike Halhed in the failings which the latter confessed and regretted. This would hardly have been our own inference. At that early age the parts and character of Halhed seem just those which would make him the friend and confidant of Sheridan. Yet how in their ultimate destinies the boy friends drifted apart! Halhed, at the age of twenty-one, goes to India to become a devoted admirer of Warren Hastings. He returns whilst Sheridan is filling the world with eloquent denunciations of the guilt of his friend, and they meet again in the House of Commons, where for seven years Halhed occupied a seat as Tory member for Lymington.

Much of young Sheridan's time at Bath was spent at the house of Mr. Linley, the composer, the fashionable music teacher of the city. When the Sheridans came to Bath Linley's eldest daughter Eliza was but sixteen years old. She assisted her father by singing at concerts, where her admirable voice and her transcendent beauty captivated the hearts of her audience. Sheridan's elder brother fell in love with her at Bath, and his friend Halhed fell in love with her at Oxford. Mr. Long, a wealthy gentleman of considerable means, and three times her own age, with the full approval of her father, was pressing his hand upon her. Samuel Foote made the story famous by dramatising the

Digitized by Google

adventures of Miss 'Linnet' in the 'Fair Maid of Bath,' a comedy which in June, 1771, was brought out at the Haymarket, with a prologue written by Garrick. Major Mathews, a man of wealth and dissolute habits, who lived a bachelor's life in Bath, whilst his wife remained in the country, persecuted the poor girl with his attentions, and the latter, in her distress, gave her confidences to her friends, young Sheridan's sisters, who again no less naturally turned to their spirited and quick-witted brother to get Miss Linley out of the difficulties that surrounded her. Sheridan, whose admiration for Miss Linley had been long felt by himself, but had not, it is said, been hitherto disclosed to the object of it, and was certainly not suspected by their friends, was equal to the occasion. A hundred and thirty years ago the world had not become hardened in the prosaic habits of our own time.

'A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—
And a chaise and four to Dover.'

These were the almost necessary romantic accompaniments of a love-match of the day. Chivalry was not yet at a discount, nor had wedlock become 'the sober thing' of a later age.

'A plain young man—a plain gold ring—
The curate—and St. George's.'

Sheridan's adventures might well have been sung by Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He ran away with his lady-love, the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her day, whom all the world wanted to marry. He married her twice. He fought two sanguinary duels on her account, and was very nearly engaged in a third. He rescued her from a mercenary father, and from the pursuit of a profession which her modesty made her detest; and then, with an entire absence of pecuniary resources, he at the age of one and twenty, she still in her nineteenth year, sit down to face the world and to win fame.

One March evening of 1772 a sedan-chair waited at Mr. Linley's house in the Crescent. Miss Linley steps into it and is forthwith carried to a postchaise, which straightway gallops off through the night to London, carrying Sheridan himself with the lady and her maid. They arrive early next morning in London, where he introduces her to a friend as an heiress whom he is carrying off to France. They embark at once on board a ship lying in the Thames, and are safely landed at Dunkirk. According to Sheridan's sister, Miss

Digitized by Google

Linley shared her own belief that Sheridan's object was to rescue the latter from the persecutions of unwelcome lovers; and, in order to make her secure against appearing professionally on the public stage—a life which she detested, but which made her services of great pecuniary value to her father—she was to be placed in a French convent at Lille. When landed in France Sheridan had no difficulty in persuading the beautiful 'Maid of Bath' that he would be most unwilling to leave her in a French convent unless he had first married her, and he indeed told her that such marriage had all along been the object of his hopes. We are not told of the reception by the lady of this change in the character of the hero of the story from guardian to husband; but we can hardly think that the shock of her surprise can have been very violent. Anyhow, duly married they were at the end of March, at a village near Calais, by a priest who was often employed in uniting runaway couples. Thus duly qualified, Miss Linley is lodged in a room in a convent at Lille, whence a few days later she removes to the house of an English doctor. In their letters home the convent is mentioned, but not the marriage, which, indeed, is kept a profound secret. Mr. Linley comes to Lille, and next day he, his daughter, and Sheridan return amicably together to England.

Amongst the many lovers of Miss Linley, the one who had least right most resented her flight—the profligate Mathews. The account of the proceedings, which appeared to satisfy the feelings of the Sheridan and Linley families, had no effect in assuaging his wrath, and before the fugitives returned—viz. on April 8—Mathews caused to be inserted in the 'Bath Chronicle' an announcement denouncing 'Mr. 'Richard S. as unworthy of the treatment of a gentleman,' and publicly posting him 'as a L. and a treacherous S.' What followed is somewhat differently described by the friends of the two combatants; but there is no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the story told by Sheridan himself and by his sister, though, in some details, the accounts do not tally. Mathews and Sheridan, accompanied by their seconds, proceeded to Hyde Park, which, however, on an April afternoon, was found to be a place inconveniently subject to observation, and the whole party consequently adjourned to the Castle Tavern, in Henrietta Street, where the two at once engage. Sheridan, after a few passes, disarms his antagonist and has him at his mercy, whereupon Mathews signs a written apology dictated by

Digitized by Google

Sheridan, and still in the possession of his descendants. Different accounts of what had happened on this occasion having been made public, Mathews, some months later, challenged Sheridan to a second combat, and in the early dawn of July 2 a furious engagement took place between them on Claverton Down, near Bath. Sheridan rushed upon his antagonist, the ground was uneven, and both fell to the ground simultaneously, both swords getting snapped in the fall. Mathews, the older and heavier man, was uppermost, and made use of the broken portion of his sword to stab his antagonist repeatedly in the body and the face. Again, as was almost inevitable, the story was differently related by the friends of the two combatants, and a third duel was very nearly brought about. Mathews, at the second duel, was at all events victorious, and drove off post-haste in his carriage and four, leaving Sheridan almost dead upon the field.

The news of this almost fatal encounter very nearly betrayed Miss Linley into a confession of her marriage. She had been singing professionally at Oxford, and it was on her journey back to Bath that the bad tidings were broken to her by a clergyman—a family friend—who, for that purpose, had taken a place beside her in her chaise. In her agitation she declared she was Sheridan's wife, and entitled to go to him and nurse him. Yet it does not appear that any real disclosure as to what had happened in France took place till long afterwards.

It is a curious circumstance that after their return from France Sheridan and Miss Linley, notwithstanding their private marriage, still regarded themselves as at the most engaged lovers, and not as husband and wife. They meet clandestinely, he sends her love poems, yet he forbids her corresponding with him, and even contemplates the possibility of her marrying someone else; whilst she, hearing rumours of his attentions to other ladies, at last adjures him 'to write no more,' and declares she can never be his wife! Whatever the object of the flight to France, it is clear that the attempt to save Miss Linley from the persecution of suitors, and from the necessity of appearing professionally in public, was not successful. Her father still saw in her services a chief source of his income, and was strongly urging her to accept a wealthy and respectable aspirant to her hand whom she could not love. It is not quite clear at what time Sheridan at last announced himself to Mr. Linley as his daughter's suitor. It is, however,

Digitized by Google

certain that in April, 1773, when she was still only nineteen, he was married to her in public, with the full consent of her father, and there is much probability in Mr. Fraser Rae's conjecture that this consent was purchased by Sheridan agreeing to waive his right to a portion of the little fortune possessed by the lady, which, till he had attained his majority, in October 1772, he was not in a position to do.

During the internuptial period some insight can be gained into the character and aspirations of Sheridan from the correspondence between him and his greatest friend, Thomas Grenville, the younger brother of Lord Buckingham and William Grenville. These letters from Sheridan now see the light for the first time. He writes much about Miss Linley in the language of a lover who has no expectations that their attachment will ever result in a happy union; indeed, even 'to hope for happiness from it, *is* and *must* be impossible.' Later he warns his friend against yielding to the same fatal charms that have overthrown his own happiness. He speculates occasionally on his own future career. Lord Townshend has promised to help him, and a diplomatic post is within the possibilities of his future. He will study French and Italian; he will give himself up to the study of the law, and be called to the Bar. Lord Townshend's fine promises, however, came to nothing; and long before Sheridan could have made a name at the Bar abilities of a different order from those of a successful lawyer were to make him famous throughout the English-speaking world of his own and future times. For the rest his letters are full of rather wordy and commonplace philosophising upon the instability of happiness and the delights of friendship. Though it is true, he says, that ambition may bring many dangers to private happiness, yet the quietest and most happy of private lives is hardly less exposed to disaster. Death may ruin domestic bliss, for in a life of retirement

'a man rests his happiness on persons, not things. . . . Could our natural stock of benevolence,' he continues, 'be intended to be thus circumscribed? Was it meant that we should shrink from the active principles of virtue, and consequently of true happiness, and indolently insure them both on others' lives? Nor can such a life be the sphere of true benevolence. He who retires to solitude (unless convinced that he is fit for no other station) and thinks that he does much in relieving the few objects of distress that groan within his hearing, does really but gratify himself in removing what must most annoy him, on the same principle that he does dunghills or ruins. True ambition can never be disappointed; it hopes most when most

Digitized by Google

oppressed, and the very scene which presents it with its misfortunes denies it time to feel or opportunity to indulge them. Then its object is as immortal as the source of it. Our enjoyments here will ever depend upon ourselves and our own abilities; in the other, they can exist but upon the verge of accident, and others' caprice. Death cannot touch the object of the one. The other must live a slave to the dread of his dart.' (Vol. i. p. 248.)

His correspondent, Thomas Grenville, who afterwards played such an important part on the political stage, is described by Mr. Fraser Rae as at that time 'a most estimable 'young man,' and the extraordinarily verbose and pedantic manner in which the two young men of twenty corresponded makes the reader almost long for the less pretentious effusions of the sanguine and happy-go-lucky Halhed.

'I am forced,' writes Grenville, 'in great measure to infringe the settled rules and forms of correspondence, which in general forbid a second letter till advice has come of the receipt of the first. But upon *extraordinary* events these ordinary rules must be dispensed with.'

To this letter young Sheridan replies with equal formality:—

'I thank you most sincerely for the interest you take in my welfare—I mean, in your wishes to recommend to me that tranquillity of mind which is indeed the health of the soul, and which ought to be to all a consideration as superior to bodily welfare as the soul is to the body. But I am afraid their well-being in a most essential degree depends on the original construction of our frames. We may diet and exercise the one to its advantage; so we may cultivate and improve the other,'

and so on, and so on. We need not pursue this correspondence further. Sheridan, whether convinced by his philosophy or impelled by the stronger forces of his nature, did not lead the life of public inaction and private domesticity, against which as the whole end of man he rightly argued. His marriage and his domestic bliss were the beginning of his public life. He, an unknown youth of one-and-twenty, had run away with and married the lady whose beauty and whose voice and whose adventures were the talk of England. They settle down with almost no money of their own in a little house at East Burnham. Sheridan sympathises with the strong feeling of his wife against her earning an income by singing in public, and he turned to literature with full confidence that there he would find both wealth and fame.

Of his political writings at this period Mr. Fraser Rae tells us no more than Moore. Undoubtedly Sheridan had already felt a strong interest in politics, and his earliest

Digitized by Google

public writing appears to have been a letter dated 1770, defending the then new ministry of Lord North. Whilst at East Burnham his mind was probably largely occupied with other thoughts, and during the honeymoon and subsequent months he was, appropriately enough, completely dominated by a passionate belief in the high mission of woman. 'He 'was madly in love, and regarded women as the representa- 'tives on earth of the Angels in Heaven.' Accordingly, in his 'Letter to the Queen' he advocates the foundation of a 'Royal Sanctuary.' Hampton Court, or some other palace, is to be converted into a kind of university for well-born but impecunious young ladies, Queen Charlotte to be chancellor, and aristocratic ladies to be sub-chancellors and professors. The instructors were all to be women, 'excepting for the 'languages. Latin and Greek should not be learned,' for 'the frown of pedantry destroys the blush of sensibility.' They should read 'romances,' which represent the effects of passions as they should be, rather than 'novels,' which represent them as they are. Depraved human nature is no fit study for the young. The ladies were to be well trained in various accomplishments, in dancing, music, poetry, and embroidery. They were to ride and walk, and in the winter 'the French petits jeux should entertain and quicken 'the genius.' Their moral training was to be the care of 'a clergyman of uncommon character.' 'They should be 'taken into life by degrees. Above all, a knowledge of 'economy and the management of a house should be 'inculcated as at the Nuns in France. They should in 'return regard the different offices. The want of this has 'hurt matrimony more than can be expressed. But let them 'have modesty. I hate women link-boy like.' Thus prepared, the ladies would come from their 'Sanctuary' to elevate society and improve the world.

It was in 1775 that Sheridan first made his mark, and realised the long-cherished hope that a drama from his pen would at once raise him to the pinnacle of fame. 'The 'Rivals' appeared at Covent Garden in the early part of the year. It ran for sixteen consecutive days, then considered an almost unexampled period. It was the rage in London, in Bath, at Southampton, and elsewhere in the provinces. In November of the same year 'The Duenna,' the most successful comic opera since the 'Beggar's Opera' —and owing much of its success to the musical talent of Linley—was performed amid the most enthusiastic plaudits. During its first season it was performed seventy-five times.

Digitized by Google

In the same summer the fame of Mrs. Sheridan's beauty was established for ever by the completion and exhibition of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of her as 'Saint Cecilia.'

Garrick was about to retire from the management and part-proprietorship of Drury Lane. In the summer of 1776 he conveyed his interest to Sheridan, who with his father-in-law became possessed of the greater part of the property, and late in September of that year Drury Lane opened under Sheridan's management. It was a bold speculation. Linley trembled at the risks of their venture, but the sanguine spirit of his son-in-law never quailed. Old Sheridan became his son's stage manager, but the soaring spirit of that most disagreeable and irreconcileable of parents, who in the past had measured himself with Garrick, whom he now ventured to snub, was not contented. An experience of three years proved the incompetence of the stage manager, and the intolerable old gentleman complained bitterly in his later days of how his career had been ruined by the jealousy of Garrick, and the harsh treatment he had received from an unnatural son. From the Linleys, father and son, Sheridan received much assistance; but his wife, whilst she was able to attend to the business, did far more than anyone else to maintain some sort of order and method in the management.

In May, 1777, appeared 'The School for Scandal.' The original cast for this, the most celebrated of all his plays, must, in the opinion of so competent a judge as Mr. Bancroft, 'have been perfect.'* The enthusiasm with which it was heard has never been dimmed. It is as popular on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. It was played, on the hundredth anniversary of its production in the capital of Canada, before the governor-general, Lord Dufferin, Sheridan's great-grandson. As we write, it is being performed at the first of London theatres, at the height of the London season. In 1779 appeared 'The Critic.'

'At the theatre,' says Mr. Fraser Rae, 'Sheridan had become a monarch; in society he shone as a star of the first magnitude. . . . He had risen within six eventful years from being noteworthy as the young husband of the accomplished and lovely Miss Linley to be the acknowledged chief amongst living dramatists. The cleverest and most beautiful women of the time eagerly sought his company, and were flattered by his notice. All men were glad to make his personal acquaintance. Thus, at the age of twenty-eight, he basked amid the smiles of fortune, and, as Bunyan might have phrased it, he walked in silver slippers in the sunshine and with applause.' (Vol. i. p. 344.)

* Life of Sheridan, vol. ii. p. 320.

Digitized by Google

Sheridan was as good a judge of players as of plays, and enlisted in his company the services of John Kemble, of Mrs. Siddons, and of Mrs. Jordan. For a time he must no doubt have been in receipt of an income of many thousands a year, which he freely spent. He lived as sumptuously as his grandfather had ever done. 'His guests censured his recklessness and accepted his invitations. His wife made these entertainments doubly attractive with song. Their lavish hospitality was freely reciprocated. Every person of note was glad to welcome, in return, the great dramatist and his fascinating wife.' He was proposed by Dr. Johnson as a member of the exclusive 'Literary Club,' and elected when Charles Fox was presiding, and Adam Smith and Burke, Garrick, Gibbon, and Reynolds were present. Before he had been two months a member of Parliament he was elected to Brooks's, 'still noteworthy among clubs for having as members those who hold a good position in society and aristocratic views in politics.' Assuredly no charge can be made against the London of that day that it was slow to welcome the brilliant young Irishman, on the ground that he had nothing but his wits to recommend him.

It was at the general election in the autumn of 1780 that Sheridan, supported by the Spencer and Cavendish interest, and with the active help of Lady Spencer and the Duchess of Devonshire, was elected for Stafford. It was the commencement of a quarter of a century universally recognised as the most brilliant period that the House of Commons has ever known. When Parliament met, Sheridan and his colleague were attacked, with ample warrant, for having secured their seats by bribery and treating. Five pounds was, it seems, the customary price then demanded for a vote by the free and independent electors of Stafford; and Mr. Rae inserts in his book facsimiles of the free tickets issued by the candidates entitling the holder to a dinner and six quarts of ale. At that time a man in Sheridan's position, without local connexion, could only enter Parliament by means such as these or through the patronage of the owner of a pocket borough. He chose the readiest means available. He acted no worse than others, and his conduct gave no offence to the political morality of his day, when in the few popular constituencies bribery, though absolutely illegal, was almost universally practised. In the close boroughs, on the other hand, the parliamentary representation was bought and sold in simpler fashion for hard cash, without

Digitized by Google

any concealment, and the public conscience was no more shocked then than it is apparently in our own day by the sale of 'a cure of souls.' When, therefore, Sheridan was attacked in the House of Commons for malpractices at his election, it was recognised that party spirit much more than outraged virtue influenced his assailants; and the first speech of the young member was made in vigorously repelling the charges brought against him. The speech was listened to with the greatest attention, as indeed was sure to be the case when a new member was for the first time addressing the House on a personal question affecting himself, even where that member's fame had not already run through the land. For the gossip repeated by Moore that Sheridan's first speech was a positive fiasco there appears to be no kind of foundation; nor can we discover, on the other hand, from any contemporary mention that it was a very marked success. The proceedings against him were dropped, and he maintained his seat at Stafford, no doubt at very considerable cost, till the death of Charles Fox, whom he succeeded at Westminster in 1806.

From the first Sheridan was identified with the Whig party, and with that special section of it which in 1780 looked to the leadership of Charles Fox. At the time when he entered Parliament that party was full of hope at the evidently impending fall of the long ministry of Lord North, upon which the ever-increasing disasters of the war with America were continually heaping fresh discredit. It was against the continuance of the war that the main attacks of the Whigs were directed. With Fox and with Pitt Sheridan heartily supported Burke's Measure of Economical Reform; with Burke and with Dunning he protested against the growing subserviency of Parliament to the insidious power of the Crown; and with Pitt's projects for a reform of the representation of the people he was in keen sympathy. In 1782 Lord North's Ministry, which had lasted twelve years, fell. Lord Rockingham took his place, and Sheridan at the age of thirty-one, and with only two years' experience of the House of Commons, became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, his immediate superior being his friend and chief, Charles Fox, the new Secretary of State.

'It was a grave misfortune,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'for 'Sheridan, at his date, to be an Irishman.'* Surely no

* The Nineteenth Century, June, 1896.

Digitized by Google

Englishman and no Scotchman ever rose faster into fame! The world of London—political, literary, social—had taken the brilliant young Irishman to its arms, and an English constituency gave him its confidence for nearly a quarter of a century. He seemed in 1782 to have the ball at his feet. What was the reason that, having gone so far, he did not go much further, and that history was not to number him amongst those to whose guidance Parliament and the country were willing to entrust the interests of the nation?

It is Mr. Rae's object to represent Sheridan, almost from his boyhood, as a wise and far-seeing statesman, whose political virtue was of a more rigid type than that of most of his contemporaries—one whose career was to a great extent blighted by the mean calumnies invented and spread abroad by jealous rivals and greedily welcomed by the vulgar prejudices of social caste. We are less impressed than his biographer by these evidences of early statesmanship. It appears that, when very young, Sheridan had intended to write a pamphlet in reply to Dr. Johnson's 'Taxation—No 'Tyranny,' and the notes made by him for this purpose remain; but in the dozen or so of sententious lines which are all that Mr. Rae quotes, it is too much to ask the reader to join in his recognition of the 'Statesman in Embryo.' Again, Sheridan's fourth speech in the House of Commons, attacking the magistrates of Middlesex for their utter incompetency on the occasion of the Gordon riots, we are told, 'at 'once stamped him as a statesman,' and thus when he enters the Ministry in 'a subordinate position,' we are invited to think that undue recognition was made of his merits, and that Sheridan, had he had his deserts, would have at once found a place in the Cabinet. William Pitt, we are reminded, was the second son of the great Earl of Chatham; whilst the young Irishman was only 'the second son of plain 'Thomas Sheridan.' True! But any one who has taken the pains to study impartially the characters of the two 'second sons' will recognise that the difference of the circumstances under which they entered Parliament in 1780 was but a small matter as compared with the deep differences in character and nature between the men themselves. Sheridan had by means of his transcendent abilities, and to his infinite credit, won his way to a front place in the political world. He had shown that he possessed the qualities which make men rise quickly. Did he also possess those which make men trusted when they hold positions of responsibility and power? To us it seems that Sheridan

Digitized by Google

was throughout the architect of his own fortunes. Not merely in his rise to fame, but in the comparative failure of his later days, his own character and qualities were the factors which decided his fate.

On Lord Rockingham's death the hardly slumbering feud between Shelburne and Fox broke into open war; and when the former became Prime Minister, supported by that section of the Whigs who had been specially connected with Chatham, Fox, accompanied by Burke, the Duke of Portland, Lord John Cavendish, Sheridan and others, at once left the Ministry, carrying with them the approval and support of the larger portion of the old Whig aristocracy. Sheridan's first period of office lasted therefore only from April to July. Lord Shelburne, who had brought William Pitt at the age of twenty-three into his Ministry as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the lead of the House of Commons, was overthrown by the coalition between the Whigs led by Fox and the followers of Lord North; and thus Sheridan, in April, 1783, again found himself in office under the nominal headship of the Duke of Portland—this time as Secretary to the Treasury, in those days of patronage a much more important office than at present. The Coalition Ministry was turned out by the king in December of the same year, and Pitt, trusted alike by the sovereign and the people, commenced his ministry of seventeen years. It was not till 1806 that Fox and Sheridan again found themselves on the right hand of the Speaker's chair, and once more in office with 'All the Talents.' Even then Sheridan's late return to office brought far more disappointment than satisfaction. He became Treasurer to the Navy and a Privy Councillor; but he was excluded from the Cabinet. Lord Grenville's Ministry fell, after a life of only nine months, on the Catholic question, and Sheridan lost his seat as well as his place, the electors of Westminster who had elected him just before, on the death of Charles Fox, now repudiating him. His exclusion from Parliament was, however, of short duration, as he was almost immediately afterwards brought in for Ilchester, the Prince of Wales in all probability paying his expenses.

Sheridan acted throughout with Fox. With Fox, on his first entering Parliament, he condemned the American and Continental war. With Fox he condemned Lord Shelburne's proposals for a peace. With Fox he joined Lord North in the unhappy 'Coalition' Ministry. He shared Fox's views on the question of the Regency. With Fox he opposed the war with the French Republic and the union with Ireland.

Digitized by Google

With Pitt's wise commercial policy he had no sympathy. With projects of democratic reforms he always sympathised, and he steadily supported the claims to all civil rights of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. He was a thoroughgoing partisan of his chief, and we see little room to suppose that his influence or advice ever tended to keep his leader from the mistakes into which on several occasions that eminent statesman fell. Indeed, it would have been well for Fox had his principal colleague possessed qualities which would have operated as a makeweight against his own failings. Rightly or wrongly, the public held that the great Whig leader, with all his generous qualities, genuine popular sympathies, and splendid abilities, carried into political life some of that gambling spirit which had ruined his private fortunes. After the fall of the coalition, Sheridan stated in the House of Commons that he had advised Fox against it, 'for the middling classes of the people . . . who were not 'the best qualified to judge of nice and refined points of 'politics,' were likely to be prejudiced against it. Lord John Russell and Lord Macaulay, Lord Stanhope and Lord Rosebery, have in later times fully concurred in the general condemnation, not indeed as involving any nice or refined distinctions difficult of apprehension, but on the broad ground that the coalition between statesmen who had denounced each other as unworthy the respect of good citizens and honest men was made on no ground of public principle whatever, and justly entailed the censure of all who valued political morality.

Sheridan's highest distinction as an orator was won by his speeches against Warren Hastings. It is true that in recent years thorough and impartial researches have been made into the history of the conduct of Hastings and Impey, with the result of greatly mitigating (to say the least) not merely the denunciations of Fox, of Burke, and of Sheridan, but the censures of historians such as James Mill and Macaulay. Still, when all has been said, it is impossible not to appreciate the great and useful lesson which that impeachment taught. Our relations as a nation to subject provinces and to neighbouring potentates were not to be regulated solely by the financial interests of trading companies and greedy speculators. The nation had a duty to perform towards the people of India; and as a nation we should stand disgraced, in our own conscience and before the world, were our national power, regardless of all moral considerations, directed to serve the pecuniary ends of un-

Digitized by Google

scrupulous shareholders. Burke was undoubtedly partially blinded by his passionate sense of the wrongs he believed to have been inflicted by the brute power of his countrymen upon defenceless populations and their rulers. His passion rendered him unfair to Hastings. But let it never be forgotten that the fervour and the eloquence of Burke, of Fox, and of Sheridan raised the moral tone of their countrymen under circumstances in which there has often been danger of its falling very low.

On February 7, 1787, Sheridan, in the House of Commons, brought forward the charge against Hastings relating to the Begums of Oude, and made the speech which enjoys the reputation of being the most brilliant display of eloquence ever heard in Parliament. According to Burke, 'the speech 'was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, 'and wit united, of which there was any record or tradi-'tion.' Fox said of it, 'All that he had ever heard, all that 'he had ever read, when compared with it dwindled into 'nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun;' and Pitt acknowledged 'that it surpassed all the eloquence of 'ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that 'genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the 'human mind.' These tributes of praise from the greatest of Sheridan's contemporaries have been quoted again and again, and are given by Moore. Mr. Rae adds the testimony of Lord Chatham, who thought the oration not merely the best speech he had ever heard, but 'almost the 'greatest imaginable creation of the human mind,' and that of Sir Gilbert Elliot, who, writing to his wife the day after the speech, describes it as lasting five hours and a half, yet so packed with matter, and delivered with so much fluency, that it would take double the time to read.

'It was by many degrees the most excellent and astonishing performance I ever heard, and surpasses all I ever imagined possible in eloquence and ability. This is the *universal* sense of all who heard it. . . . It is impossible to describe the feelings he excited. . . . The conclusion in which the whole force of the case was collected and where his whole powers were exerted to their utmost stretch, and indeed his own feelings wound to the utmost pitch, worked the House up into such a paroxysm of passionate enthusiasm on the subject and of admiration for him that the moment he sat down there was a universal shout, nay even clapping for half a second; every man was on the floor, and all his friends throwing themselves on his neck in raptures of joy and exultation. This account is not at all exaggerated, and hardly does justice to, I dare say, the most remarkable scene ever exhibited, either there or in any other popular assembly.'

Digitized by Google

No wonder when Sheridan, on June 3 in the following year, brought forward, on behalf of the House of Commons, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, before the Peers assembled in Westminster Hall, that public expectation was raised to the highest pitch. Ladies and gentlemen in full dress crowded all the approaches at six o'clock in the morning, and as much as 50*l.* was paid for a single ticket of admission. Sheridan spoke for three days, astounding his hearers with the power and brilliancy of his eloquence. When he finished there was hardly a dry eye in the assembly. Burke caught him in his arms, as he sat down, apparently exhausted. 'A good actor!' said the cynical Gibbon, who was present; and Macaulay, to the disgust of Mr. Fraser Rae, has ventured to comment 'on the know-'ledge of stage effect, which Sheridan's father might have 'envied,' and to which the historian attributed the contrivance of the final scene.

Whilst Sheridan was at the very summit of his fame, the hopes of Fox and his friends were suddenly raised to the highest pitch by the alarming illness of George III. In November, 1788, the King was known to be completely out of his mind. The Prince of Wales was closely allied with Fox and Sheridan; and it was universally anticipated that when the Prince assumed the Regency he would at once dismiss Pitt, and call upon the Whig leaders to form a government. Sheridan was supposed to wish for the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was certainly talked of for that office, though many people ridiculed such a selection, and thought that Sheridan's appointment would shock public confidence. The Prince of Wales stood very low in public estimation, and Sheridan, in a special degree, seems to have fought the battle of the Prince. He was mixed up in a very disagreeable intrigue, by which, a good deal to the disgust of Fox, the Lord Chancellor Thurlow was won to the support of the Prince's party, in consideration of his being allowed to retain the Great Seal in the Cabinet that was to be. In the Regency debates that ensued Sheridan took a very prominent part, and, instead of mitigating, positively emphasised and exaggerated the great mistake of his leader in claiming the Regency for the Prince of Wales as of right, and in denying the competence of Parliament to intervene after it had once been satisfied of the incompetence of the King. It was then that Pitt, slapping his thigh, muttered to his friend his famous comment on Fox's speech, 'I will unwhig 'him for the rest of his life.' So the battle raged, the Whigs

Digitized by Google

finding themselves on the side of prerogative, the Tories on that of the Parliament. As William Grenville wrote at the time, Fox was irritating every Whig sentiment by his high Tory doctrine, and Sheridan positively caps his leader by

'committing such a blunder as I never knew any man of the meanest talent guilty of before. During the whole time I have sat in Parliament—a pretty warm time—I never remember such an uproar as was raised by Sheridan's threatening us "with the danger of provoking the Prince to assert his right," which were the exact words he used. You may conceive what advantage all this gives us, especially when coupled with the strong hopes of the King's recovery.'

Pitt's Regency Bill passed the House of Commons, but whilst it was still in committee in the House of Lords the King recovered his health, and the hopes of Fox and his friends were dashed to the ground. As Mr. Rae says, 'the 'Whigs had played the party game in a blundering fashion.' The King was immensely popular, the rejoicings upon his recovery were thoroughly national, and those who had been calculating upon the continuance of his incapacity naturally suffered in the popular esteem. 'Fox and Sheridan were as 'great losers by their conduct during the debates on the 'Regency as they had been by coalescing with Lord North,' and when several years later they advocated the cause of France and the Revolution their conduct was watched by a public already prepared to view it with suspicion. In the Regency debates we find Sheridan outdoing even Fox in his enthusiasm for what he contended were the rights of the Prince of Wales.

When the great crisis of the French Revolution came Sheridan, as a matter of course, held with Fox. No statesman ever loved peace more than Pitt, and, as appears from his own letters, no one more fully held that the French had a right to reconstitute their internal system as they chose. But to represent that the question of peace or war with France in 1793 turned upon the views held in the abstract for or against a Republican system of government is to mistake fundamentally the facts of the time. The French, when war was declared between the two countries, were not merely engaged in internal revolution or reconstruction. They were already in armed occupation of Belgium and Antwerp, and of the line of the Scheldt, of the Palatinate and Mayence, of Savoy, Nice, and Geneva; and Lord Rosebery has recently pointed out in his admirable little 'Life 'of Pitt' that every consideration of national interest, of national honour, and of direct national obligation com-

Digitized by Google

pelled Pitt, as they would have compelled any other British minister, to resist the aggressions of the French Republic. Mr. Rae, as many others have done before him, forgets the change that four years had worked in the position of France. In 1789 and 1790 British public opinion—certainly that of the Whig party—looked with sympathy and hope towards the growth of French liberties. At first Burke's passionate eloquence shot far beyond the temper of the time, and his anti-Gallican zeal was condemned by many who ultimately recognised that the safety of their own country depended upon their power of defeating the French Republic. That Pitt was at war with France was itself almost enough to throw the sympathies of Fox on the other side. Sheridan went with him, but almost all the responsible statesmen who in 1789 had looked upon Fox as their leader—such men as Windham, Lord Spencer, the Duke of Portland, and Thomas Grenville—rallied to the cause of Pitt, and did much in a terrible time of trial to save their country. Mr. Fraser Rae asks his readers to remember that Fox and Sheridan 'kept their heads cool and their armour bright, 'knowing that they were fighting for the cause of freedom, 'which, though often imperilled, has always prevailed.' Fox and Sheridan possessed great qualities, and in many respects will always deserve the admiration of their countrymen; but we are not prepared to count calmness of judgement amongst their most conspicuous virtues, nor to identify the cause of liberty with the advance of the conquering armies of revolutionary France.

Mr. Rae treats very cursorily Sheridan's political career between 1793 and 1806. In 1798 he spoke in favour of continuing the war, and he was, on that account perhaps, supposed to have had some sort of understanding with the ministry; whilst during the government of Addington he was certainly more or less in friendly communication with that most inefficient of the governments of George III. In 1801 he opposed the union with Ireland. In 1806 Pitt died, and Lord Grenville's 'Ministry of All the Talents' was formed, with Fox as its real chief. And now surely was the time when after so many years of party service Sheridan would have his reward, and would take his place amongst the Cabinet ministers of the Crown. He was once more disappointed, and expressed in a letter to Fox his dissatisfaction at receiving no more important a place than that of Treasurer to the Navy. Even this lasted but a short time, as Lord Grenville's Ministry fell on the Catholic

Digitized by Google

question after a life of only nine months. Thus Sheridan's official life consisted of three periods, amounting altogether to about two years out of the thirty-one years of his parliamentary career. In 1807 he was returned for Ilchester. In 1812 he stood again for Stafford, but was defeated. His relations were now no longer friendly with the Whig leaders, and he never stood again. He died in 1816, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Fraser Rae, we cannot help thinking, would have given us a more lifelike portrait of the 'real Sheridan' had his advocacy of his hero's virtues been less vehement and more discriminating. No doubt Sheridan, like many another public man, was the victim of much calumny; but, unless previous biographers and most of his contemporaries were in a conspiracy to defame him, Sheridan cannot be truly regarded as standing on a higher level either in his public or his private life than other men of his day. We are told that in his public life 'had Sheridan been less 'scrupulous he would have received higher praise, and that 'his contemporaries and their successors have accused him of 'failings from which he was free, because he practised 'virtues which they regarded as utterly Quixotic.'* Again, in his private life, we are assured that he was devoted to his wife to the point of uxoriousness, a bold statement, having regard to what is narrated even in these volumes! We are told that if there was one vice he detested it was that of gambling. He was prepared to legislate against it. He denounced it in the House of Commons. Surely, then, he must have suffered much in spirit from the wicked ways of his chief associates and patrons, Charles Fox and the Prince of Wales! Stories have been told of his irregular hours, of when he went to bed and when he got up in the morning. 'Probably the truth was that, suffering from insomnia for 'many years of his life, and finding his eyelids heavy in the 'morning, he may have often remained in bed longer than 'he would have done if refreshed with balmy sleep during 'the night.'

Again, it has been calumniously said that he drank more and ran into debt more than other men, and Sir Gilbert Elliot is quoted to the effect that 'Fox drinks a great deal . . . 'Sheridan excessively, and Grey more than any of them,' from which degrees of comparison we are asked to infer the moderation, on the whole, of Sheridan's potations. In later

* Vol. ii. p. 244.

Digitized by Google

years, at all events, Sheridan had a very red face, and the story is told that when he first met Miss Ogle (his second wife) at Devonshire House, she, frightened by his rubicund countenance, exclaimed, 'Keep away, you terrible creature!' But it was a most unwarrantable inference on the part of Sheridan's contemporaries to attribute a red face to a want of temperance, for Mr. Fraser Rae has laid all the facts of the case before Mr. Malcolm Morris, the distinguished doctor and dermatologist, and has obtained an opinion, which he has been allowed to make public, 'that Sheridan 'may have suffered, as even water-drinkers do, from a 'disease of the skin called *acne rosacea*.' On a later page Mr. Fraser Rae boldly states as a fact, on the strength of this hypothetical opinion, that Sheridan suffered from an affection of the skin!

Sheridan, in 1786, had been travelling in the West of England with his wife, her sister and her husband. From Plymouth he writes to a lady correspondent of the ungodly habits of his fellow-travellers, which had prevented him going to church as often as he could wish, and he breaks off his letter in order to rush off to 'garrison prayers.'

We cannot help rejoicing that we now have it on unimpeachable authority that Sheridan was at least no teetotaler. The delightful, and surely characteristic, story of how he was brought home by the night-watchman is now vouched for, not by the humbug Whigs or still more calumnious Tories, but by his own sister, who, truth to tell, appears to be little shocked by her brother's late hours and unsteady condition. Sheridan had asked the watchman did he know him, and on the latter's replying in the negative, 'Why,' said Sheridan, 'it is odd you should not know *me*. I am Mr. 'Wilberforce.' The watchman, his sister continues, dropped his pole and lantern with astonishment at finding, at four o'clock in the morning, in no very sober condition, the greatest saint in England. 'This,' says his biographer, 'was Sheridan's last practical joke,' and his readers will deplore that it is almost the only one recorded in these pages.

The author has warned his readers in his preface not to expect to find in his book any of the stories of the wit and humour, the scrapes and frolics, which have clustered so abundantly round the name of Sheridan. Yet we doubt whether the severe method in which Mr. Rae has delineated his hero has quite brought the true portrait of his striking personality before us. Would his contemporaries

Digitized by Google

here find the 'real Sheridan'? Far better than this laborious white-washing we like the tone of Byron's advice to Moore, when he was preparing the 'Life of Sheridan' —we quote from Mr. Rae—'Never mind the angry lies of 'the humbug Whigs. Recollect that he was an Irishman 'and a clever fellow; and that we have had some very plea-'sant days with him. Don't forget he was at school at 'Harrow.'

In the opinion of Wraxall, Sheridan's whole political life showed far more real public spirit and love of his country than was shown by Fox, and his pages abound with frequent praise of his brilliant qualities. It was his private life and conduct, says Wraxall, that prevented his rising to the highest places in the service of the State. It was not his poverty that kept him back, for neither Pitt nor Fox had any patrimony remaining when they occupied the highest offices. But Sheridan's expedients for 'raising the wind' and his ingenious evasions of his creditors would have discredited any public man. These stories were current in every society and would fill a volume. This is Wraxall's account, and we cannot doubt that, whether or not Wraxall's belief in Sheridan's want of character was well founded, this belief was almost universally current in his own day.

The death of his first wife, whose virtues and charms are admirably sketched by Mr. Rae, was to Sheridan an irreparable loss. His second wife, a daughter of the Dean of Winchester, was a lady of a different stamp. Though she probably hardly understood her husband's great endowments, she was deeply interested in his success, and on one occasion actually appeared under the gallery of the House of Commons in male attire in order to hear him speak. The end of his career did not fulfil the brilliant promise of earlier days. Whatever the reason, Fox, in 1806, appears not to have pressed the claims of the brother-in-arms who had fought by his side for five and twenty years. The close connexion with the Prince of Wales had not raised him in the public estimation, and his intimacy with the Addington Ministry may have done him harm with strong party-men amongst the Whigs.

Sheridan's was a brilliant career, but it is a mistake to rank him amongst the greatest of English statesmen. Amongst the very first of our dramatists, our orators, and our wits he will always stand. And when we are considering his character, it should not be forgotten that his plays, so remarkable for brilliant cleverness and wit, are marked by a

Digitized by Google

healthy, manly morality, very unlike the coarseness of preceding and the morbid prurience of later days. The chivalry of his disposition is proved by his earnest support, in the days of their greatest poverty, of his wife's unwillingness to perform professionally, though her doing so would have enabled them to live in comfort. His political career showed that he possessed great and generous qualities. He adhered through thick and thin to Charles Fox; but such a man cannot, like a mere 'party item,' in our own day cast off his responsibility for his own actions upon his leader. Mr. Rae talks a little too often of 'mere mistakes' in political tactics, of 'blunders in the party game,' and so forth. The statesman who does not rise above questions of the 'ins' and the 'outs,' and the contemplation of politics as a 'party game,' will never get to quite the front rank in the contemplation of history, and Sheridan was too prominent a man to take the benefit of some of his biographer's excuses or apologies.

Mr. Rae has done excellent work in preventing the many noble qualities of his hero from being smothered under 'good stories,' often preposterously exaggerated or entirely untrue. Sheridan was a great deal more than a reckless adventurer on the political stage, and we rejoice that at last to the nobler side of a great man ample justice has been done.

Digitized by Google

ART. IV.—1. *Die Entstehung der Universitäten des Mittelalters bis* 1400. Von P. HEINRICH DENIFLE. Berlin: 1885.

2. *The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages.* By HASTINGS RASHDALL. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1895.

'THE Papacy, the Empire, and the University,' wrote Jordan of Osnabrück, in the thirteenth century, 'are 'the three powers whereby the Catholic Church, regarded 'as a spiritual body, is ennobled, enriched, and controlled.' It is with this dictum that Mr. Rashdall, in the three elaborate volumes before us, ushers in his subject, in order to illustrate the point of view from which he proposes to treat it; and the justice of his observation, that Jordan looked upon each one of the above-named triad as an *institution*, can hardly be gainsaid. The Empire, to him, was the august, but menaced, institution ruled by Rudolph of Habsburg and his electors; the Papacy, the formidable and encroaching institution which the genius of successive pontiffs, of Hildebrand and Innocent III., had developed and armed with new pretensions; his University was Bologna or Padua, Paris or Prague—all alike visible, organised institutions which, however much they might become changed or modified as time rolled on, or the individualities of which they were composed pass and disappear, would still preserve their continuity unbroken. It was in harmony with this conception, as well as under the limitations therein involved, that Mr. Rashdall originally proposed to treat his subject.

'A complete history,' he writes, 'of the universities of the Middle Ages would be in fact a history of mediæval thought—of the fortunes, during four centuries, of literary culture, of the whole of the scholastic philosophy and scholastic theology, of the revived study of the civil law, of the formation and developement of the canon law, of the faint, murky, cloud-wrapped dawn of modern mathematics, modern science, and modern medicine.'

Into the strict accuracy of such a conception of the possible scope of his researches it is not here necessary to inquire; it is more relevant to our immediate purpose to note the broad fact that, in the actual performance of his task, Mr. Rashdall has certainly not confined himself within the limits of his original plan. In his first chapter he altogether disclaims any intention of undertaking the treatment of these vast and important collateral branches of the inquiry.

'Hardly more than a glance,' he says, 'can be given at many of these

Digitized by Google

subjects in the present work. Its paramount object will be to study the growth of the university as an institution, to trace the origin of the various universities, and to sketch the most important changes which passed over their form and their spirit during the period before us.'

In his actual treatment, however, he has prosecuted his investigations of nearly all these subjects at considerable length, and that the temptation to which he has yielded was a strong one may be readily conceded. The transition from institutions to studies, and from studies to men, was easy—at times it may well have appeared inevitable. In his preface, indeed, written when his labours had reached their termination, he half apologises for the extent to which he has deviated from his original design:—

'The point of view,' he writes, 'from which I have approached the subject has been primarily that of constitutional history, but I could hardly have hoped to interest any but a few specialists in my subject had I not endeavoured to give some account of the intellectual history of the period. I have, however, touched upon the growth of the scholastic philosophy and theology and the developement of legal and medical science just sufficiently to make intelligible my account of the educational organisation of the Middle Ages, and to suggest its historical significance.'

The perfect reasonableness of this view will scarcely be called in question; but 'to make intelligible' is precisely that consummation of the historian's labours which calls for the most patient and careful consideration, and the demands thus made on our author's time and energies can be fully estimated only by those who have themselves attempted a like task. As it is, a mere glance at the pages devoted to these collateral subjects will suffice to show that the symmetry of the entire work as an account of 'the Universities of Europe' has suffered seriously in consequence; and while seventy-three mediæval universities are dismissed in 315 pages (which, in order to make up a volume, it has been found necessary to supplement by eighty pages of advertisements), the five universities of Salerno, Bologna, Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge occupy conjointly no less than 740 pages, of which 223, it is to be noted, are allotted to Oxford and only 36 to Cambridge. Now, although, regarded as institutions, the two great typical universities, Bologna and Paris, undoubtedly demand an amount of attention much beyond that to which any other mediæval university can lay claim, it becomes evident, as we trace the onward progress of the movement, that not a few others are to be found

Digitized by Google

successively assuming distinctive features and acting and reacting on each other in a manner which, if set forth in a connected history, would have added greatly to the interest and value of the work. Mr. Rashdall himself cannot but pause occasionally to note those influences exerted, whether as regards institutions, learning, or speculation, by one centre upon another, which illustrate their natural historical relationship; and the glimpses thus vouchsafed only make us all the more regret that he has preferred to leave so large a proportion of these different centres, grouped simply according to their nationalities, each, indeed, with its special bibliography, but with its separate history recorded only in briefest fashion. In relation to these, indeed, the present volumes are little more than a work of reference; while we too often miss those generalisations on some of the most important questions belonging to universities as institutions which would throw no little light on the aspects of university organisation in the present day. Of the difficulties, the protracted investigation involved in such studies, we are reminded by the fact that, although it is already eleven years since Father Denifle published the first of his five projected volumes on the 'Universities of the Middle Ages down to 'the year 1400'—this first volume being occupied entirely by the 'Origines'—no second volume has yet appeared. This instalment, however, a volume of more than 800 pages, Mr. Rashdall tells us, has amply sufficed to fill him with admiration for the immensity of Denifle's learning, the thoroughness of his work, and the general soundness of his conclusions. Of his own indebtedness to these labours he makes frank and grateful acknowledgement. The Dominican Father, however, himself required an interpreter. He gives us the results, so laboriously brought together, without attempting to impart to them any literary attractiveness; his German is rough and inelegant, and it may be questioned whether, if the *Entstehung der Universitäten* had been simply translated as it stands into English, it would have found a score of readers in the British Isles. Even in Mr. Rashdall's hands, the history of the mediæval university as an institution cannot be said to be light reading, and many of the details which fill his pages on Bologna and Paris belong rather to the province of the antiquary than of the historian.

The experience, so common to the student of the history of institutions, that the history of *things* is often best approached through the history of *words*, is one to which university history offers no exception. The term 'Univer-

Digitized by Google

'sitas,' originally applied to collective bodies in no way associated with study or learning, was for a long time represented in its modern sense by the term *studium generale*—words which, as Mr. Rashdall concisely expresses it, meant 'not a place where all subjects are studied, but a 'place where students from all parts are received.'

'As a matter of fact,' he observes, 'very few mediæval studia possessed all the faculties. Even Paris in the days of her highest renown possessed no faculty of civil law; while throughout the thirteenth century graduation in theology was in practice the almost exclusive privilege of Paris and the English universities.' (P. 8.)

It would seem, however, that to the term *studium generale* a certain vagueness often attached, the words not necessarily implying anything more than a centre of higher education which attracted students from distant parts by its reputation as a school of one or other of the three professional studies of law, theology, and medicine. In endeavouring to distinguish betwen *universitas* and *studium*, it may, however, be safely affirmed that the former generally denoted the corporate body, the latter the place of its residence. In the twelfth century three centres, especially representative of these studies, are already to be discerned: Salerno, of medicine, Bologna, of law, and Paris, of theology; but the first named, which had existed from the tenth century, was wanting, Mr. Rashdall holds, in the essential characteristics of a university, exercised no influence on the developement of academic institutions, and was 'a completely isolated 'factor in the academic polity of the middle ages.' * Always bearing in mind the fact that the term *studium* was itself, to use Mr. Rashdall's expression, 'in a fluid state,' and would probably have somewhat taxed the ingenuity of the ablest contemporary lexicographer aiming at its definition, we may yet so far generalise its meaning as to picture to ourselves an assemblage of students and teachers (the latter known either as 'doctors' or 'masters') forming themselves into a gild at some common centre for mutual protection in the prosecution of one or more of the great branches of learning known as the Superior Faculties. In order to resort thither it was necessary for the student, whether a canon of some cathedral, the member of a monastery, or the priest of a parish, to obtain a dispensation from his obligation of residence at home, and such a dispensation would only be granted when the place to which he proposed to

* Vol. i. pp. 82, 83.

Digitized by Google

resort was known as an organised centre for the prosecution of definite study. A special reputation as a centre of instruction, habitually recognised by high authority elsewhere, was consequently the primary stage in the developement of the mediæval university. A second stage was reached when the numbers of those capable of giving instruction began to multiply; when the taught aspired to become the teacher, and, being admitted to the magisterial gild, acquired a formal qualification for the office. Of this element the supply gradually exceeded the local demand. It became necessary to seek employment elsewhere. And the *magister* at Paris or Bologna would consequently set forth for some centre already known as a *studium*, where his credentials would be certain to secure for him ready recognition. If possessed of more than ordinary ability as an instructor, he would soon, in turn, acquire a reputation which would enable him to attract learners, and the presence of one or more such teachers would, in a few years, suffice to raise an ordinary *studium* to the dignity of a *studium generale*. In this manner are to be found rising up throughout the thirteenth century new centres of learning which confidently proclaimed to the surrounding world a capacity to give instruction in theology, law, or medicine, not less authoritative than that given in Paris or at Bologna or Salerno.

The two supreme authorities in the Holy Roman Empire, ever jealously watchful for the maintenance of the two great contending principles which they represented, soon discerned the importance of these rising centres. Actuated mainly by hatred of the Lombard League and the spirit of freedom which gathered round academic Bologna, Frederic II. founded, in 1224, the University of Naples; in a spirit of like aversion to the speculative spirit which found expression in the Albigensian movement, Gregory IX. founded, six years later, the University of Toulouse. The prestige thus acquired by these two foundations from their commencement naturally led the subsequently created studia of the thirteenth century to seek for like recognition. The permission to resort to such centres was, for the most part, readily accorded by abbot or bishop, and the ecclesiatic could repair thither for a lengthened period of study, still retaining the fruits of his benefice, while the *jus ubique docendi*—the right to teach in any other recognised centre throughout Christendom conferred by the title of *magister*—acquired a new sanction when emanating from centres of instruction instituted and carrying on their work under the highest patronage.

Digitized by Google

Yet earlier than either Naples or Toulouse, the University of Palencia was founded in 1214 in Spain, the first university created by charter, a charter which Alfonso of Castile, distrustful alike of Pope and Emperor, himself assumed the power to grant. Six years later Alfonso IX. of Leon, following his royal brother's example, founded by charter the University of Salamanca. Such centres were known as *studia generalia respectu regni*—that is to say, their 'ubique' extended no further than the limits of the kingdom until a papal bull gave it a wider catholicity. In connexion with Salamanca, it is to be noted we get one of the earliest items of evidence which serve to show what a *studium generale* at this time necessarily implied—viz. a separate instructor (*magister*) in each of the subjects of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*—the course of the seven arts—besides, at least, one master of laws and one of decrees. As regards the terms 'master,' 'doctor,' and 'professor,' their significance was absolutely the same, although *magister* appears to be the term generally used in connexion with the chairs of theology, medicine, and arts, while 'doctor' is almost invariably employed when a teacher of the canon law is intended.

In the powerful stimulus imported by the *jus ubique docendi* we can clearly discern one of the mainsprings of university growth and activity in mediæval Europe. The *magister*, conscious of superior abilities and with life still before him, found his ambition roused by the consciousness that the prospects of his future career were bounded only by the limits of Western Christendom itself. He might not, indeed, possess the genius or the daring which could embolden an Abélard to confront his own teacher in argument and emerge victorious from the contest, but in some other and less famous school of learning he could always picture to himself a field of honourable activity and the possibility of achieving a permanent reputation. In choosing his new sphere of labour he often took others with him, and, as at Arezzo, might be the leader of an exodus which would alone suffice for the creation of a new centre. Of truth as an objective reality, to be sought out by the student in a spirit of dispassionate inquiry untrammelled either by tradition or self-interest, these early universities had no conception. All knowledge, divine or secular, lay enshrined in books, in utterances either inspired or sanctioned by a long acceptance which it would be scarcely less dangerous to challenge. The only difficulty lay in deciding

Digitized by Google

what such utterances meant, and how they were to be brought to bear upon questions and ambiguities for which they appeared but imperfectly to provide. Hence the scholastic disputation; hence, again, the incessant strife for the laurel of seeming intellectual superiority; and hence, yet again, the ferment and the warfare which, by no means restricted to mere logomachies, gave rise to actual secessions from the body academic—to *migrations*, a feature on which Mr. Rashdall dwells with special emphasis, as favouring his theory with regard to the origins of Oxford and Cambridge —nearly all the secondary *studia generalia* being the outcome of secessions from Paris or Bologna.

At each successive stage in the developement of these two famous centres the superficial resemblance and the essential difference arrest alike the attention. Each rose to eminence amid the decay of an earlier culture. Ravenna, with traditions of empire and learning to which Bologna could make no pretence, saw nevertheless her great school of Roman law die out, unable to compete with that more practical developement which the study assumed in 'the most Roman 'of the Lombard towns;' while Bologna, in turn, well nigh forgot her rhetoric and dialectic in the concentration of her intellectual force on legal studies. Chartres, famed for the humanities, might long have reigned supreme among the schools of France had not Paris taken up the *rôle* which Bologna had discarded. If there were great teachers at Bologna before Irnerius, it was he, in all probability, who first placed the 'Digest' before his audience in its entirety; if dialectic, in the hands of William of Champeaux, had already stirred the student mind of Paris, it was Abélard who first revealed its unfathomable abysses to the awestruck gaze of his followers. In Bologna the practical importance of the leading study, standing in direct relation to life without and to a professional career, drew together maturer minds to ponder over the resolutions of vexed questions set forth in the 'Decretum' of Gratian—questions certain to recur in a concrete form and under conditions useful and profitable. In Paris the exposition of the 'Sentences' of Peter Lombard by experienced teachers was the method whereby the mind of the youthful theologian was to be diverted from speculation which might prove not only useless but dangerous. On Bologna it devolved to uphold the imperial theory against all comers; on Paris, first to head the movement in favour of free thought, then herself to stem the torrent, and eventually to take her place

Digitized by Google

before the world as 'the first school of the Church' and, as the theological arbiter of Europe, always in the confidence of Rome.

Comparing the two universities as institutions, the contrast becomes yet further accentuated. At Bologna the original Gild of Masters gave place to the Student University, the latter itself a gild of foreign elements, and standing, as regarded the civic gilds, in a relation of mutual exclusion. At Paris the vaguely constituted Society of Masters developes into 'nations,' with their proctors to represent them in the law courts and with a common rector, but maintaining as a body a distinctly hostile attitude alike towards the bishop of the city and the chancellor of the cathedral. At Bologna the earliest professors, being citizens, appear as outside the gild; at Paris the superior faculties appear as outside the 'nations.' In the fourteenth century Bologna had become resolved into two great universities—the Ultramontane and the Cismontane—each subdivided into numerous 'nations,' and each with its own rector, but both with a common code of statutes. At Paris, somewhat earlier, the rector appears as the paramount authority; he is the head of the whole university of the four faculties, while the chancellor has lost all his power, with the exception of the conferring of licences. By degrees the two universities at Bologna acquire what they had before altogether lacked—the control over academical affairs; the professors themselves become the creatures of their pleasure; while, what is especially noteworthy, the papal influence is nearly always to be found ranged on the side of the scholars—the nascent canonists of the future. At last the rectorial power dwindles to a nullity, the supreme authority being vested in the congregation of the two universities. At Paris at nearly the same time the rector achieves his final triumph by ousting the dean of theology from the chair of state in the choir of St. Germain-des-Prés. Henceforth there is none to dispute with him the pre-eminence, save when on some State occasion—a royal funeral or like public procession—he finds himself contesting the precedence with some high ecclesiastical dignitary.

To the student of the history of learning and education the appearance of the new centres—rising up as offshoots or cells generated by the influence and example of one or other of these two primal universities—represents a movement of singular interest, an interest which is by no means lessened when we observe how the movement becomes modified in

Digitized by Google

turn by the genius and character of the different races among whom it spread. In Italy, as we expect to find, the universities modelled themselves mainly on Bologna; in France, north of the Loire, on Paris; while south of the Loire we find their constitution mostly determined by the special study in which they originated. The whole movement is characterised by Mr. Rashdall as merely 'a wave of that 'great movement towards association which began to sweep 'over the cities of Europe in the course of the eleventh 'century.' 'The university,' he says, 'was only a particular 'kind of guild.' But, in reality, a far broader principle underlies alike the earlier and later history of these institutions, the intimate connexion which is always to be found between wealth and civilisation. The Church herself could never have carried on her long struggle with mediæval barbarism, had she not been aided and strengthened by the bounty of the monarch, the prince, or the noble. The university, in like manner, always rested on the centralised support of the crown, or, where of democratic origin, on its recognition as a civic institution. In France, in the United Provinces, and in England, the College reproduced and emphasised this feature, and the unrivalled stability of Oxford and Cambridge must be largely attributed to the wealth and dignity of their colleges. To the absence of such material support, on the other hand, we can unhesitatingly attribute the short-lived existence of other centres, and especially in Italy: hence it was that the gleam which, for a brief period of five years, shone so brightly at Vicenza, afterwards went out altogether; that Arezzo, after flourishing for half a century, and reanimated by a second immigration from Bologna, ultimately sank and could not again be galvanised into life, either by brief of foundation or by imperial privilege; that Vercelli, although borne into apparently vigorous and enduring activity on a great wave of immigration from Padua, soon dwindled, and ultimately expired after a protracted struggle for existence extending over nearly a century. To such experiences Padua, with the wealth of Venice at her back, and representing, as Renan happily expressed it, the 'quartier Latin' of the great Republic, offers a conspicuous contrast. Originating in a migration from Bologna, Padua steadily throve on the misfortunes of her parent, whom, indeed, she at length completely supplanted as the leading university of Italy. The subjection of the city to the House of Carrara did the university no harm, and it was from Francesco Carrara

Digitized by Google

that, in 1399, the academic community received for the first time a building of its own. Gradually the Venetian Republic came to look upon its own reputation as in a manner involved in the prosperity of Padua; and before the fifteenth century closed it was forbidden to Venetian subjects to study anywhere else, while a course of such study was made an essential qualification for official appointments in Venice.

Within two years after the migration from Bologna in which Padua had its origin (that is to say, in the year 1224) the University of Naples received its charter at the hands of Frederic II.—a characteristic measure which it is somewhat remarkable that Freeman, in his appreciative study of the 'Stupor Mundi,' should have altogether passed by. With the one already noted exception of Palencia, in Spain, Naples was the first university in Europe that was thus created at a 'definite time by a definite charter,' and the penetrating genius of the Emperor dictated the outlines of its constitution. It is a singularly noteworthy event in the annals of the mediæval universities, and it is to be regretted that of this university Mr. Rashdall's very brief account, taken entirely from Denifle, omits altogether some of the most interesting questions connected with its history. The chief suggestion which he ventures to make, for which he is not indebted to his guide and predecessor, is that Frederic founded the university out of aversion to Bologna as 'a Guelphic city,' and himself 'the 'mortal enemy of the Church and the Papal See.' But in the year 1224 the relations of Pope and Emperor were certainly not hostile: Honorius and Frederic were then, and for some time after, intent on preparing in concert a new Crusade. The Emperor's hostility to the Lombard League (above referred to) supplies, in short, a very adequate motive, and, as regards his enmity to the Church, it is certain that all the faculties were included in his scheme, although theology was handed over to the friars. Ten years later Frederic expelled the Mendicants (but here, again, probably not in consequence of his dispute with the Pope, with whom he had for a time come to an understanding), whereupon the university applied to Monte Cassino for a teacher in theology. In Denifle's opinion* Frederic's anxiety to concentrate the academic teaching of the Two Sicilies in one chief centre led him actually to suppress the school at

* *Die Entstehung* &c. p. 235.

Digitized by Google

Salerno. But if we bear in mind that the teaching of the new Arabic school of medicine had been introduced at Salerno by Constantinus Africanus half a century before, and also remember, in connexion with this fact, Frederic's well-known Mahometan sympathies, his knowledge of Arabic, his admiration alike of the science and the philosophy cultivated by his Saracen subjects, together with those translations from Arabic versions of Aristotle's writings which he caused to be undertaken, it seems in the highest degree improbable that the Emperor could have looked with anything like disfavour on the great school of medicine which had so long shed lustre on his southern realm. In bringing Salerno to Naples his design can only have been to raise to the highest point of efficiency the medical school in the newly created centre. Mr. Rashdall, although he passes by unnoticed the existence of these imperial predilections and sympathies, differs from Denifle in supposing that Salerno was *not* actually suppressed, and thus describes Frederic's action in the matter:—

'It was not (so far as appears) till 1231 that Salerno obtained any official recognition, whether from Church or State. In that year Frederick II., as King of Sicily, forbade either the practice or teaching of medicine within his dominions without the royal license, which was to be given after examination in the King's Court by the Masters of Salerno and certain other royal officers. These provisions show how far the Faculty of Medicine at Salerno was from enjoying the position and privileges of the medical faculties elsewhere.' (Vol. i. p. 83.)

In reality, however, this dictatorial interference had no special significance, and was simply part of the Emperor's general policy—a policy which led him to persecute even heresy with almost as much rigour as any Spanish inquisitor. After Frederic's death the University of Naples seems to have altogether collapsed for a time, and his son, Conrad IV., found it necessary not only to order the medical faculty to return to Salerno, but even sought to transfer thither the whole university. He refers to Salerno as 'antiqua mater 'et domus studii,' and speaks of its reputation as a health resort, and the fertility of its soil. But six years later, in 1258, King Manfred recalled the university to Naples, with a separate medical faculty of its own, which afterwards enjoyed considerable celebrity. It is from this time, and not before, that the star of Salerno began to wane; but all the evidence appears to point to the conclusion that its diminished lustre is to be attributed not to the influence of the Arabian school of medicine, but simply to the superior

Digitized by Google

attracting power of the neighbouring capital. As it was, it is clear that Salerno and Naples acted and reacted on each other in a manner which certainly does not lend support to the view that the former centre 'remained without influence 'in the developement of academic institutions.' *

The University of the Roman Court, which rose some twenty years later, possessed the unique feature of being itself a migratory body, following the Supreme Pontiff wherever he went, much like the famous Court school of Charles the Great and his successors. It was founded in 1244 by Innocent IV., during his stay at Lyons, as a school of theology and also of civil and canon law.† The idea was undoubtedly an excellent one. Innocent, fully aware that the crowd of benefice-hunters and other idlers about his court devoted their leisure to amusements rather than the acquisition of knowledge, sought to place before them the opportunity of returning to their homes wiser, if not richer, men. In his still delayed second volume, Father Denifle promises us a picture of this great Curial school, which he regards with a complacency that contrasts in a marked manner with Mr. Rashdall's somewhat depreciatory criticisms. The latter appears to be of opinion that theology only came in later, and that the two faculties of law absorbed by far the larger share of attention, just as the Popes themselves, he observes, were first lawyers and then theologians. Regarded as an institution, the school must have gained a certain measure of popularity and credit; for when the Great Schism arose the pontiff at Avignon and his rival in Rome both maintained their school. We hear of degrees being given in philosophy and medicine, but of all the secular studies the civil law appears to have obtained the suffrages. The Pope, of course, exercised an uncontrolled authority; and, in fact, from the time of Honorius III. the papal see had been asserting and gradually extending that claim to interfere in the affairs of every university, which, in England, afterwards formed the precedent for the Lambeth degrees. The pontiff claimed also the power to dispense with the whole or any part of the preliminaries required for the doctorate in any university, as well as that of demanding the admission of the candidate, either immediately or after a certain limited period of residence—a practice which eventually became a lucrative source of revenue, as the degrees were frequently sold.

* Rashdall, vol. i. p. 83. † Denifle, p. 302.

Digitized by Google

Denifle, who dwells with emphasis on the princely munificence of the pontiffs of these times in the cause of higher education, tells us also of a 'studium Domini nostri Papæ' founded by Urban V., with respect to which Mr. Rashdall is silent; a studium with its rector, its *magister* for each subject of the trivium and quadrivium, and 180 scholars drawn mainly from the cities of Provence. The good Father is also careful to point out how entirely different was the school of the Roman Curia from the School of the City, founded in Rome by Boniface VIII. in 1303, as a university for all the faculties, those of law and arts being the most important. During the Great Schism this civic foundation did not survive, but went out altogether, until refounded by Eugenius IV. in 1431. But, in truth, prior to the Renaissance, learning can hardly be said to have flourished in Rome; and the contrast thus presented to the universities of Northern Italy brings home to us the broad fact that intellectual like commercial activity is generally to be found most marked in association with free institutions. The spontaneous growth of the University of Siena, which rose under the auspices of the civic community, and flourished mainly on successive secessions from Bologna, and the brief importance of Vercelli, the outcome of a considerable migration from Padua, are features which we can here but glance at in order to complete the list of Italian universities which date back to the thirteenth century.

Reverting now to France, we soon become aware how closely the history of her universities is interwoven with her history at large:

> 'That the older French studia,' says Mr. Rashdall, 'even those so near Paris as Orleans or Angers, were little influenced, either in their original constitution or in their subsequent developement, by the example of that university, is undoubtedly true. They cannot, however, with any propriety, be regarded as imitations of Bologna. In their original form they represent on the whole a distinct type of University organisation: the oldest of them must be numbered among the Universities which grew and were not made.' (Vol. ii. p. 112.)

He, however, admits that the universities of southern France were, in their subsequent developement, 'powerfully influ-
'enced by the Bologna model,' and became universities of students like Bologna rather than universities of masters like Paris, a general feature which he attributes to the fact 'that they were mainly universities of law,' and in 'the 'south of France there was the same demand for law that 'there was in Italy.' And hence the broad distinction

Digitized by Google

between the University of Paris and these southern universities of France—that while the great proportion of the students in the former came from the north and east of Europe, the majority in the latter were 'from the most 'Romanised part of France, the region whose social and 'political condition most resembled the original home of the 'great Law Revival of the twelfth century.' It was the edict of Honorius III., in the year 1219, which drove the study of the civil law permanently from the French capital. The pontiff, as Savigny and other writers long ago pointed out, was jealous for the supremacy of theology, and Mr. Rashdall inclines to the belief that this feeling was 'seconded 'by the French king's suspicion of a legal system which 'endangered the supremacy of the customary law of his 'country.' The view of M. Péries that lectures in civil law continued to be given in Paris after the year 1219 is not sanctioned by Mr. Rashdall, and it may be observed that the evidence contained in the newly published third volume of the 'Chartularium Universitatis Parisiensis' confirms his opinion.* At the same time it is not less clear that the civil law itself was far from being undervalued or regarded with aversion in the capital. The documentary evidence which the above volume for the first time places clearly before us shows that the study of the civil law *elsewhere* was considered as the necessary basis on which the study of the canon law was afterwards to be pursued in Paris itself. 'Et en vérité,' say the faculty of the Decretists in 1386, in a dispute with Amelius de Brolio, afterwards Archbishop of Tours, 'un legiste scet et entant trop mieuls les Decretales, 'que un simple canoniste, car toutes les bonnes questions 'sont decidées par les loys.' † In the rolls sent to the Pope at Rome of the names of members of the university recommended to his Holiness for appointments to benefices and preferments, we find such entries as the following:—'Johanni de Londinghen, presb. Morinens. dioc., mag. in 'art. et licentiato in leg. Aurelianis, studenti Parisius in 'decretis,' ‡ clearly showing that the teacher who had obtained at Orleans his licence to teach in civil law often went to Paris with the design of proceeding in canon law. This broad distinction, however, between Paris and the other universities of what we now call France serves only to start us on the path of further inquiry into their essential and distinctive features. Of the legal instruction which

* See Pref. p. 19. † Ibid. p. 436. ‡ Ibid. p. 455.

Digitized by Google

Paris abjured, two notable centres appear rising up in the first half of the thirteenth century, afterwards to become the chief law schools of France, and both of them the result, more or less direct, of the decree of Honorius. These were Orleans, long famed for its legal lore, and Angers, scarcely less famous, but frequented rather by the student aiming at a practical career. In 1235 we have satisfactory proof of the existence of a law school at Orleans, partly the outcome of a great dispersion from Paris six years before. The commencement of the school at Angers cannot be assigned with equal precision; like Paris, it was a developement from the cathedral school of the city, and is regarded by Denifle as one of the universities which grew up without any definite act of foundation. In their early constitution Orleans and Angers strongly resembled each other, with features, however, which differ alike from those of Paris and those of Bologna. Mr. Rashdall concludes that they were stunted in their growth, and remaining stationary, crystallised in the imperfect organisation which Paris, in the early years of the thirteenth century, had already outgrown; in both, the *scholasticus*, like the Chancellor of Oxford, discharged for a long time a twofold function, as the representative of the bishop and also the head of the magisterial gild; but eventually the institution of a rectorship gave Orleans a head whose authority, in conjunction with that of the proctors of the 'student nation,' was supreme, although he was himself elected by the 'nations.' At Angers we find no rector—

'the statutes of 1373 being made by the *Scholasticus* "with the consent" of the doctors. There are, indeed, as at Orleans, certain Nations of Students—probably dating from the thirteenth century—side by side with the College of Doctors; but neither the University of Students nor its constituent nations or their proctors are recognised by the magisterial college as sharing the supreme legislative power, though their statutes do recognise the authority of the proctors over the students.' (Vol. ii. p. 153.)

From law and from theology it now becomes necessary to turn again to medicine; and here the evidence which has come before us in connexion with Salerno and Naples will be found by no means irrelevant. But in order to make intelligible the conditions under which Montpellier became thus celebrated, it will be necessary to resume the thread which connects the university era with that remoter age, in which the *Civitas Hippocratica* first won its European fame.

So far as the universities of Europe are concerned, the

Digitized by Google

study of the healing art would seem to have taken precedence of either that of law or theology. In Mr. Rashdall's opinion, however, it is by courtesy rather than by right that Salerno finds any place in his pages, for he holds that 'nothing approaching a regular university ever existed 'there.' It was, in fact, like the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore at the present time, a school for teachers rather than learners, and for his special purpose—the study of the university as an *institution*—the little we know about it is of no value whatever. But as institutions are, after all, made for men, and not men for institutions, and as it is undeniable that Salerno was long, not only a great name, but a great influence in Europe, and as, again, the traditions that survive of that influence appear to stand in close relation to certain important facts in the general history both of Eastern and Western civilisation, as well as to the relations of Greek and Latin Christendom, we shall venture very briefly to recall these facts and these relations to mind before we pass on to the consideration of Mr. Rashdall's conclusions.

There are few more interesting episodes in the history of learning than those which exhibit a great and warlike race, intent on wide dominion, devoted to arms, and scornful of every other art, suddenly itself subdued to admiration and imitation of the genius of the peoples whom it subjugates. Such is the phenomenon presented to our notice in the second century before Christ, when the Latin literature began to fashion itself on those Greek models with which Rome became familiarised through her intercourse with conquered Achaia. Seven centuries later the same phenomenon recurs, as the Frankish victor is to be seen embracing the creed and the culture of the Gallic populations whom he has subdued. And yet again, another six centuries later, a like reaction arrests our attention, when the Norman, supreme alike at Rouen and Palermo, patronised, adopted, and diffused the arts invented by the more civilised races over whom his triumph on the battlefield was complete. But never has this phenomenon presented itself in more striking fashion than when the fierce followers of the Ommiades, after subjugating Byzantine Africa and establishing themselves in Spain, appear laying aside their barbarism and their ferocity, and devoting their wealth and leisure to the revival of the arts, the encouragement of learning, and the founding of great schools in the plains of Iberia. At Cordova and at Seville, at Granada and at Toledo, at Valencia,

Digitized by Google

Murcia, and Almeria—in fact, in nearly every Spanish city south the Ebro, learning, revived or refounded, entered upon a new and, in some instances, a very notable departure. What Cordova became, and what the greater part of the Peninsula became, under Abderrahman and his successors, is a familiar story. In the meantime the Mussulman population, intermingling and intermarrying with the Christian, became naturalised on the soil. In some provinces, indeed, their idiom prevailed to such an extent that it became necessary to translate the canons of the Church itself into Arabic for the use of the Christian Spaniard. In the south the native population, although subjugated, were not enslaved. They retained undisturbed their native customs and their religious faith, while in the north the early history of the princes of Castile and Leon suffices to prove that political expediency often completely prevailed over religious antipathies. Most remarkable of all, however, is the manner in which the Saracen retaught to Europe what he had himself learned from her, but what Europe had forgotten. The history of Greek learning during these centuries had very materially affected the developement of intellectual culture throughout Western Europe. Since the time of Gregory the Great, a knowledge of Greek in Rome had been becoming rarer and rarer. Ever since the Great Schism between the Eastern and Western Churches on the question of image-worship, in the eighth century, the Greek language and the Greek literature alike had lain under the ban of the Church. In proportion, accordingly, as the influence of Rome extended, we find the study of Greek steadily declining in the West, until at last it almost died out or was pursued only by some solitary scholar in the Irish monasteries; the Greek learning of John Scotus Erigena when he appeared at the Court of Charles the Bald was regarded as something phenomenal. Neglected in Christian schools, Greek took, however, deep root among the sons of Islam. It has been observed that, although neither the Arab nor the Norman was distinguished in the arts of peace by the inventive faculty, his power of appropriating and adapting what he had learned from others was marvellous. And to this Greek literature the victorious Saracen, as he sheathed his scimitar on the shores of Southern Italy or in the cities of Spain and became familiarised with their lore, turned with instinctive ardour as to a newly discovered mine of intellectual wealth. A great example had already been held up to Western Islam by their more fortunate brethren in the East.

Digitized by Google

Long before Cordova rose to fame, Bagdad had become a great centre of science and of learning, and early in the ninth century one Honein Ibn Isschák, a Christian Arab of Syria, had already made accessible to his race some of the philosophic writings of Aristotle and the works of Galen. Such was the example followed at a later period by the Saracen in the West:—

'The treasures of Grecian medicine,' says Gibbon, 'had been communicated to the Arabian colonies of Africa, Spain, and Sicily; and in the intercourse of peace and war a spark of knowledge had been kindled and cherished at Salerno.' (C. lvi.)

These words embody the theory which a succession of writers since Gibbon's time have adopted and allowed to pass unchallenged. Within the last ten years, however, it has been called in question on grounds which, if not altogether satisfactory, are at least highly plausible. Dr. J. F. Payne, a recognised authority on the history of medical science, has pronounced Gibbon's view incompatible with more recent evidence, and especially with his own interpretations of this evidence as embodied in an article on 'Medicine' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and subsequently set forth in the 'Academy' (January 8, 1887). It was Dr. Payne's interpretation which led Mr. Rashdall, carrying it to its extremest conclusion, to assert that the Saracens had 'as 'little to do with the revival of medical science at Salerno as 'with the revival of legal science at Bologna.'*

Both writers, however, it appears to us, have somewhat misinterpreted Gibbon's language, and have certainly passed over important historical evidence which militates against their own construction of a somewhat limited range of facts. The broad ground on which from the *internal* evidence Dr. Payne rejected the theory of a revival of medical science brought about by Saracen influences was the fact that existing medical works, proceeding from the School of Salerno and written early in the eleventh century, exhibit 'no trace of Arabic influence, Galen, Hippocrates, and 'other ancient writers being frequently quoted, probably from 'old Latin versions.' As regards the *historical* evidence, which Dr. Payne admitted he felt himself 'quite incompetent 'to criticise,' he thus wrote:—

'It is certain that there were physicians at Salerno even in the ninth century, and that in the tenth they had a considerable reputation. But it is affirmed that the relations of Southern Italy with the Saracens

* 'Academy,' January 1, 1887.

Digitized by Google

were at this period entirely hostile; that the latter, unlike the learned Arabs of Bagdad and the later Cordova, were then, so far as Italy was concerned, mere pirates, much more in the habit of destroying the homes of learning and burning libraries than of assisting to found medical schools and universities; also that the Italian never thought of learning Arabic.' ('Acad.' January 8, 1887.)

A little consideration, however, suffices to show that these criticisms really leave Gibbon's view almost untouched. Neither he nor any later writer, so far as we are aware, has asserted that the Saracens created, *in the first instance*, a new school of medicine. All that is contended for is that they translated Galen and Hippocrates and revived the study of medical science. They possessed that knowledge of Greek which had died out in the monasteries of Italy, and their Arabic translations became in turn the basis of Latin versions which diffused the knowledge of these writers in Western Europe. Precisely the same took place in the thirteenth century, as the researches of the two Jourdains long ago made clear, when the knowledge of Aristotle for a long time rested mainly on Latin versions from the Arabic, the chief difference being that the text of Aristotle was strained through a much larger number of versions. However, to take the facts as Mr. Rashdall himself represents them, if it was 'through the use of new Latin translations 'of Greek authors *made through the Arabic* that Oriental 'influences first established themselves at Salerno,' it is certain that we have here evidence of the presence and literary activity of a considerable Saracenic element. Whether he is right in assuming that these Oriental influences had no existence *before* the appearance of these new translations is a distinct question—a question which makes it necessary to turn to that historical evidence to which Dr. Payne refers with the modesty of the true scholar, but which Mr. Rashdall so summarily rejects.

Probably no historical writer, if we except Thucydides, surpasses Gibbon in power of condensed expression, and even the brief sentence above quoted suffices in a great measure to guide us to the right conclusion. The Saracens, it is true, were first known in Italy as invaders, but they were not barbarians, and history has frequently illustrated the fact that 'the intercourse of peace *and war*' is favourable to the dissemination of knowledge. The mental activity evoked by actual warfare not unfrequently extends itself to the arts of peace. What Europe learned from intercourse with the East during the Crusades is known to every scholar.

Digitized by Google

The Universities of Leyden and Franeker, in the United Provinces, both rose amid the din of arms. And it is undeniable that, however much the Popes of Rome in the ninth century might anathematise the Infidel, the rulers of the principalities of Southern Italy were not only in frequent intercourse with the Saracen, but sometimes in actual league with him. In the last quarter of that century Salerno, Naples, Gaëta, and Amalfi are all to be found leaguing with the Saracen, and, much to the mortification of Pope John VIII. (872–882), even Athanasius, the Bishop of Naples, joined his forces with those of the Infidel for a raid on the States of the Church. Half a century later Pope John X. (914–928) succeeded in rallying Southern Italy to a campaign against the foe, and the defeat of the Saracens on the banks of the Garigliano drove them from the stronghold which they had possessed for more than a generation. And when, again, Gregory VII., in 1085, was compelled to quit Rome to die at Salerno (whither, it may be noted, Constantinus Africanus, the translator of Hippocrates, had not long preceded him), the Saracen element in the army which conducted him thither vied with the Norman. It is facts such as these, and they might easily be multiplied, which attest not merely the widespread presence and activity of the Saracen in Southern Italy in the tenth and eleventh centuries, but the existence of friendly relations and frequent intercourse between him and the Christian occupier of the soil, whether Roman, Lombard, Greek, or Norman—facts which, taken in conjunction with the widespread reputation of the race for its knowledge of the healing art, make it difficult to believe that the fresh impulses which built up the renown of the *Civitas Hippocratica* were derived not from the Saracen but from the Lombard or the Greek.

Turning now to the rise of the great medical school at Montpellier, we become aware that the foregoing facts are here also not without a certain relevance and value. Of the school at Montpellier, Mr. Rashdall observes, as of Salerno, that its origin is 'wrapped in obscurity,' but the only argument entitled to any consideration which he is able to bring forward in contravention of the traditional belief that its medicine was immediately derived from Jewish or Arabic sources is 'the markedly ecclesiastical character of the 'school.' When we bear in mind the broad catholicity of Bishop Athanasius of Naples, such an objection will not appear to carry much weight; but it is singular that Mr.

Digitized by Google

Rashdall passes by altogether unnoticed the observation of Germain, who, struck by the anomaly, observes that the bishops of Montpellier, while they forbade the Saracen to appear as a public functionary, nevertheless

'ne se faisaient pas scrupule de laisser subsister l'effigie de Mahomet sur les monnaies melgoriennes. . . . La ville de Montpellier, pour son école de médecine, a été, au moyen-âge, directement tributaire des universités juives et arabes, de même qu'elle l'a été, pour son école de droit, de l'université de Bologne.' ('Histoire de la Commune de Montpellier,' vol. i. pp. lxix–lxx.)

'Fondée par les Arabes' is also the expression of Le Bas concerning Montpellier, a writer whose researches certainly entitle him to be heard on the question. Mr. Rashdall himself falters somewhat in the presence of the evidence with which he now finds himself confronted. In material qualification of his assertion in his first volume (p. 83), that 'the 'school of Salerno remained without influence on the de-'velopement of academic institutions' (a statement which, as we have already seen, calls for some qualification in connexion with Naples), he now reluctantly admits that Montpellier 'may have been an offshoot from Salerno.' He even concedes, though somewhat contemptuously, that those 'who are fond of seeing "Saracenic" influence at work 'in all the intellectual movements of the Middle Ages may 'here indulge their *penchant* with some plausibility.' Most important of all, however, is the distinction which further research has ultimately brought home to him, that 'we must 'carefully distinguish between the influence of Arabs and 'Jews as transmitters and translators of medical works, and 'the influence of their own somewhat over-estimated con-'tributions to medical science.'

'To suppose,' he goes on to say, 'that the medical school at Montpellier was founded by disciples of Avicenna or Razes is quite inconsistent with what we know of the early traditions of the school. But it is quite conceivable that the earliest copies of Hippocrates and Galen studied at Montpellier may have been brought there by Saracens, or more probably Jews, and it is practically certain that they were (with very few exceptions) translated from Arabic versions.' (Vol. ii. p. 118.)

We have only to apply the distinction which he here enforces to his own treatment of the question of Saracenic influences in connexion with Salerno, and we at once perceive that it, to a great extent, cuts the ground from under his feet.

Toulouse, founded in 1230, was the papal counterpart to the foundation of the University of Naples by the Emperor six

Digitized by Google

years before, and from this time a vague but general theory seems to have prevailed that no *studium generale* could be regarded as legitimate which rose unsanctioned as an institution by either of the joint rulers of the Holy Roman Empire. Toulouse was at this time a great centre of the Albigensian heresy, and here Pope Gregory IX. determined to build 'up a seminary of ecclesiastical learning upon the 'ruins of the vernacular and secular culture of Languedoc.'*

In its organisation he dexterously availed himself of the guidance afforded by the painfully acquired experience of Paris, while the theological teaching was placed in the vigorous hands of the newly founded order of the Dominicans. Count Raymond of Toulouse, whom Louis IX. had vanquished, was compelled largely to endow the entire professoriate, and the ablest professors that could be spared from Paris were induced to transfer their activity to the new centre. Paris had forbidden the teaching of the new natural philosophy of Aristotle; Toulouse decided to admit it. The astute Dominicans, like the Jesuits of later times, made their curriculum as wide and attractive as possible. They extended ready recognition to all the faculties, simply taking good care that the instruction itself should be in the right hands. The tragic incidents in the history of the university during the suppression of the Albigensian heresy and the fierce struggle of the spiritual authorities with the Counts of the city are very briefly touched upon by Mr. Rashdall. From that time Toulouse stood out in strong contrast to Paris as a centre of unflinching Ultramontanism, and in 1361 Innocent VI., himself an alumnus of the university, raised it to complete equality with the university of the capital as a school of theology with plenary power in the matter of conferment of degrees—'cum tot et consimilibus privilegiis, quot 'et que habet Universitas Parisiensis.'† This mark of high favour was regarded, as the new volume of the *Chartularium* shows, with no little jealousy at Paris, as breaking down her monopoly and conferring what (to quote the language of her Rector) 'no preceding pontiff had ever granted either 'to Toulouse or any other centre for anybody in the world.' Amid not a few other features of special interest, it is to be noted that Toulouse was singularly rich in colleges. Before the year 1500 no fewer than fourteen such foundations had arisen, mostly well endowed—so well, indeed, that even the

* Vol. ii. p. 159.

† Chart. Univ. Parisiens. vol. iii. p. 75.

Digitized by Google

sons of the wealthy were attracted thither, and, as too often elsewhere, usurped the revenues of bursaries which certainly had not been designed by the founders for their benefit.

Of the remaining universities which France saw founded in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Avignon, Poitiers, and Nantes offer perhaps the most noteworthy features. They are all, however, dismissed by Mr. Rashdall with, for the most part, but very brief notice, and, if we except Prague and Vienna, the same must be said of his treatment of the universities of Germany, Bohemia, and the Low Countries. Similar limitations, not self-imposed, compel us altogether to pass them by, along with the remaining foundations of continental Europe, and to hasten on to a few brief comments on his account of the foundation of the University of Oxford and of the University of Cambridge.

'The schools which existed at Oxford before the reign of King John are so seldom and so briefly noticed in contemporary records, that it would be difficult to show how they developed into a great university, if it were not for the analogy of kindred institutions in other countries.' (Hist. of the Univ. of Oxford, p. 4.)

The question, as it was thus left by Mr. Maxwell Lyte ten years ago, is the one which Mr. Rashdall, in his own treatment of the subject, first essays to answer, and after having concisely expressed his view that the links are altogether wanting which associate the origin of the university with any of the three pre-existing religious foundations at Oxford, St. Frideswyde's, Oseney Abbey, or the collegiate church of St. George-within-the-Castle, and that the site offered no peculiar natural advantages, he finds a certain but only partial explanation in the situation of the town itself, 'on 'the border between Wessex and Mercia, not inaccessible 'from London, not too distant from the Continent, and on 'the great water-way of the Thames.' But the chief explanation, according to his view, is to be found in 'an 'analogy' of the kind indicated, but not discovered, by Mr. Lyte:—

'In ascribing the origin of Oxford to an academic migration,' he writes, 'I am at least ascribing it to a *vera causa*, which is known to have produced the Universities of Reggio, Vicenza, Vercelli, Padua, Leipsic, and other permanent universities, to say nothing of the enormous number of merely temporary migrations.'

It is to be observed that this view of the origin, whether of Oxford or Cambridge, is by no means in itself original.

Digitized by Google

Meiners,* in summing up the evidence as he found it in Bulæus nearly a century and a half ago, wrote:—

'So wie die Zerstreuung der hohen Schule zu Paris die Universität zu Oxford, wenn auch nicht schuf, wenigstens fester gründete; so scheint eine grosse Zerrüttung der hohen Schule zu Oxford im 1239, den ersten Anlass zur Entstehung der Universität zu Cambridge gegeben zu haben.'

But while Meiners thought the beginning of the thirteenth century about the date of the commencement of Oxford, Mr. Rashdall ventures to put the migration which, as he holds, converted its schools into a university, as early as the year 1167, a trifle earlier, that is to say, than the University of Paris itself! In support of this theory he puts before us some circumstantial evidence which, to his mind, is conclusive. Whether it will appear so to any unprejudiced critic is doubtful; and we must frankly admit that the manner in which he conducts his argument, taken in conjunction with his treatment of facts in certain other questions, suggests that his powers lie in the investigation of details rather than in the formation of sound generalisations, while his observations on the connexion of his subject with European history at large do not convey the impression that his knowledge of the wider field of investigation is by any means commensurate with his knowledge of the former.

Mr. Rashdall's theory rests for support mainly on two allusions in contemporary writers, which he considers 'establish a high probability that the University of Oxford 'owes its origin to the quarrel of Becket with Henry II.'† Of these the first is the following:—

'In 1167 the exiled John of Salisbury, in a letter to one Peter the Writer, speaks of certain ominous events which had gone far to fulfil an astrological prediction about the issues of the current year. This prophecy contained the enigmatic statement that the votaries of Mercury (*Mercuriales*) should be depressed; and in that year, the writer continues, "the *Mercuriales* were so depressed that France, the mildest and most civil of nations, has expelled her alien scholars."' (Ibid.)

Now leaving out of account the fact that 'Francia,' as a geographical expression, probably meant at this time simply the domain of central France ruled by Louis le Jeune—expulsion from thence involving nothing more than removal to some part of the English possessions in what we now

* Geschichte der hohen Schulen, vol. ii. p. 94.

† Vol. ii. p. 329.

Digitized by Google

call France, to Angers, for example, or Poitiers, or Rouen—we have to note that the scholars are said to have been 'expelled,' and also that the semi-jocose language of John of Salisbury refers to the year 1167. Bearing in mind these facts we pass on to the next item of evidence:—

'Among a series of ordinances directed against the partisans of Becket by Henry II. occurs a provision, that henceforth no clerk shall cross from the Continent to England or from England to the Continent without leave of the king or his justiciar in England. Moreover, at the same time all clerks who possessed "revenues" in England were to be summoned by the sheriffs to return within three months "as they loved their revenues." There can be no doubt that in the middle of the twelfth century scores, in fact hundreds, of masters and scholars beneficed in England must have been studying in the schools of Paris. Equally little doubt can there be that a large proportion of them "loved" their benefices. Hence we are absolutely bound to infer the return to England in obedience to the royal command of a large body of Parisian masters and scholars. At all events, all communication with the Continent would have been cut off for the Parisian students passing a vacation in England, and for the intending freshmen of the year, at the time when probably some hundreds of young Englishmen annually left the shores of England for the schools of Paris.' (Vol. ii. p. 331.)

'The date of these ordinances,' Mr. Rashdall goes on to say, 'is not quite certain . . . The best authorities agree in 'referring them to 1169.' That there were 'hundreds of 'scholars beneficed in England' studying in Paris in 1167 at one and the same time, is at least highly questionable; but on comparing the passage in the Ordinances with that in John of Salisbury's letter, we observe that the latter makes no reference to the nationality of the expelled scholars, and that, if he meant his *own countrymen*, 'alienigenas' is not the word we should have expected him to employ without some further qualification; still less should we look to find him speaking in so jaunty a tone of the return of a large body of his compatriots to that fatherland in exile from which he himself was at that very time passing through a depressing and anxious experience. But, even assuming that only a large proportion of these scholars were English, the broad fact to be noted is that Mr. Rashdall finds no difficulty in supposing that a body of students *expelled* by the French monarch in 1167 is the same with a body of clerics *recalled* by the English monarch in 1169. The term 'migration' itself also becomes something of a misnomer; for if the English students in Paris held benefices in England, their return thither can hardly be termed a 'migration;' and

Digitized by Google

how again, we would venture to ask, are we to explain the fact that when the royal mandate ordered that they should be summoned to return within three months *to their benefices* ('Ut omnes clerici qui reditus habent in Anglia sint sub-'moniti per omnes comitatus ut infra tres menses veniant in 'Angliam *ad reditus suos*'), *they went to Oxford instead*? Is it not something like tampering with the evidence, when Mr. Rashdall omits all notice in his text of the expression 'ad reditus suos,' although he prints it in the note as the reading of the most authoritative MSS.? In short, if historical material is to be thus dealt with in order to reduce it to conformity with a preconceived theory, we cannot but feel that we are, to say the least, on somewhat uncertain ground. Such, however, are the chief data on the strength of which Mr. Rashdall calls us to accept his conclusion that Oxford, about the year 1167, from being a mere aggregation of schools associated with its different churches, was suddenly lifted to the rank of a *studium generale*.

'The case,' he says, 'is not proven, but the evidence for it is as strong as circumstantial evidence can well be. . . . All we can show is that the prohibition to study at Paris would naturally tend, sooner or later, to the formation of a *studium generale* in England; that we hear nothing of a *studium generale* for half a century after 1167 except at Oxford; that at Oxford there is no evidence of a *studium generale* before 1167.' (Vol. ii. p. 339.)

His confidence in his theory is, however, so complete that he assumes it as proven, and refers subsequently (p. 360) to 'the immigrants of 1167–8' as an historic body. The question next arises whether there was any necessity whatever for the construction of such a theory, and whether the evidence is not perfectly compatible with a theory of gradual developement. We must confess that, to ourselves, it seems perfectly easy to accept the evidence for schools of some celebrity at Oxford, in the days of Archbishop Theobald and Robert Pullen, together with that for a considerable intercourse with the Continent and for the developement into a *studium generale* in the latter years of Henry's reign, without postulating any such phenomenal event as a wholesale migration of English students from Paris within a few weeks. And, finally, we must remember that, against all Mr. Rashdall's ingenious conjectures there is to be placed in the opposite scale the weighty fact that all the English chroniclers of the time—William of Newbury, the author of the *Gesta Regis Henrici*, Hoveden in the North (from whence Northumbrian students resorted to Oxford), the well-

Digitized by Google

informed Archdeacon of Middlesex, Ralph of Diceto, through whose diocese the migrators must have passed—are all alike silent respecting the event. As for the frequency of the allusions to the schools of Oxford *after* 1170, and the rapid growth of those schools in size and importance, on which Mr. Rashdall lays so much stress, these appear to us as features which may be adequately accounted for by the great change which followed upon the suppression of the barons' revolt in 1175; to quote Miss Norgate's description,

'the unbroken tranquillity, the uninterrupted developement of reform in law and administration, the unchecked growth of the material and social prosperity of England during the last fifteen years of Henry's reign.' (England under the Angevin Kings, vol. ii. p. 168.)

By the time that we reach the reign of Richard I., the evidence for a considerable academic body at Oxford is, of course, incontrovertible; but even here Mr. Rashdall's prepossessions seem to incapacitate him for dealing with such evidence in a candid spirit. 'In 1192,' he says, 'Richard of 'Devizes speaks of the *clerks* of Oxford as so numerous that 'the city could hardly feed them.' This extraordinary perversion of an original passage must not be allowed to pass unchallenged. In the first place, the passage as it stands in the text of Richard, edited for the Rolls Series by Mr. Howlett, runs thus: 'Oxonia vix suos *homines*, non dico 'satiat, sed sustentat.'* And it is probable that this is a better reading than that of the MS. used by Mr. Stevenson in his edition of 1838. But whether we read 'clericos' or 'homines' is really of very little importance, for the passage cannot be taken seriously. It occurs in an amusing and purely imaginary speech attributed to a Jew at Paris who has suggested to a French lad in his employ that he will do far better in England, and advises him to betake himself to that country, where the Jew has friends of his own nationality, to whom he gives him letters of introduction. The boy acts upon the suggestion, and is murdered by the Jews in Winchester — the whole story being, of course, a pure invention. But before the lad leaves Paris, his master advises him with respect to the place which he should choose as a residence, and here Richard of Devizes, the gibing Benedictine of St. Swithun's, Winchester, seizes the opportunity of depreciating not only London (of which he gives a worse account than can be found in any other mediæval writer), but all the other principal cities and towns of the

* Chronicles of the Reigns of Stephen &c. p. 437.

Digitized by Google

England of that day, in order to enhance the merits of his own cathedral city; and in referring to Oxford he describes it, in the words quoted by Mr. Rashdall, as an excellent reason why the lad should *not* go there. And, lastly, whether the passage be taken as serious or simply humorous, it is quite certain that Mr. Rashdall has altogether misrepresented its meaning. The Jew runs down every city and town in succession, because he knows that at Winchester the boy will be certain to meet his fate. In Canterbury the pilgrims die in the streets for lack of bread; Rochester and Chichester are mere villages dignified with the names of cities only because they are cathedral sees; Exeter feeds its men and its mules on the same coarse fare; Oxford is such a poor place that its inhabitants are not able to get enough to eat and are only just able to keep body and soul together. And so on. But there is not a word to imply over-population at Oxford, whether of 'homines' or 'clerici.' And yet in his anxiety to prove the overflowing numbers of his university, Mr. Rashdall unintentionally but completely misrepresents the spirit and meaning of a passage which, in reality, is of no value whatever for his purpose. We cannot follow him in his further researches into the constitutional developement of his Alma Mater, her relations with the town and the Church, her studies and her colleges. Here his industry and his command of the facts are unrivalled, and we can do little more than follow his guidance with grateful, if not altogether trustful, spirit. Oxford, in its primitive form, was 'an unconscious reproduction of the Parisian Society of 'Masters;' and further intercourse throughout the thirteenth century only served to develope the imitation in a highly conscious manner, although the process was modified by the different position of the Oxford Chancellor.

'The constitution of Oxford may be said to represent an arrested developement of the Parisian constitution modified by the totally different relation of the chancellor to the masters. It is the Parisian constitution transplanted to Oxford after the establishment of the nations and national officers, but before the final establishment of the single common rectorship and before the organisation of the superior faculties into distinct colleges or corporations, with officers, statutes, and seals of their own. At Oxford the need of a distinct head of the university was never felt, because the chancellor, here on friendly terms with the university, served the turn. The need of a common head of the Faculty of Arts was unfelt, because there were only two nations, and those less sharply divided either by nationality or organisation than the nations of Paris.' (Vol. ii. p. 371.)

Digitized by Google

As regards the civic element Mr. Rashdall considers that after the middle of the fifteenth century 'the burghers lived 'in their own town almost as the helots or subjects of 'a conquering people.'* The chapter on 'The Place 'of Oxford in Mediæval Thought' is one of much interest, and the names of Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, William of Ockham, Bradwardine, Fitzralph and Wycliffe form a galaxy which shines in singular contrast to the few and comparatively obscure names which adorn the Cambridge of the corresponding era.

True to his migration theory, Mr. Rashdall refuses to recognise any evidence for the existence of anything like a university at Cambridge before the year 1209, when the Oxford scholars, in fierce resentment at the hanging of two of their number by the town authorities, dispersed in every direction, some to Reading, some to Paris, and others to Cambridge. To this immigration, he considers, the *studium generale* of Cambridge must refer back its origin, his only difficulty being to understand how it was that the Oxford scholars went there: 'what attracted them to that distant 'marsh town we know not.'

We are almost surprised to find that, as it appears to Mr. Rashdall an almost conclusive objection to the theory of any connexion between the school at Salerno and Monte Cassino that the one place is eighty miles distant from the other, he fails to suggest that Cambridge is more than eighty miles distant from Oxford. Here, however, we have another example of his capriciousness in dealing with historical evidence:

> 'It may be hoped,' he says, 'that those who decline to accept the Parisian migration as the real source of the Oxford *studium generale* because it is not recorded in black and white that the English students recalled to England by Henry II. repaired to Oxford, and because we do hear of schools at Oxford before this date, will not have recourse to the gratuitous hypothesis of schools at Cambridge before 1209.' (Vol. ii. pp. 545–6.)

Now, clever as this device is, and admirable as a piece of special pleading, it really altogether mispresents the comparative merits of the evidence in connexion with the two questions. There is no record in any writer of a migration from Paris to Oxford in 1167, nor is it really necessary to postulate such an event in order to account for the rapid growth of the university after 1170. But Mr. Rashdall

* Vol. ii. p. 411.

Digitized by Google

thinks it is probable that such an event took place, and consequently assumes that it *did* take place. On the other hand, we have it on the authority of Matthew Paris that in the year 1209 a large body of students transferred themselves from Oxford to Cambridge, and Mr. Rashdall finds himself sorely perplexed to understand the reason of their going there. In order to enhance the antiquity of his own university, he assumes the occurrence of a migration of which we have no evidence; in order to postpone the origin of the university at Cambridge, he ignores conditions the absence of which, by his own confession, renders a recorded migration thither unintelligible. In order to make an imaginary migration probable, he minimises the pre-existing culture of his own university; in order to make a migration, respecting which there can be no question, the first beginning of all culture at Cambridge, he ignores altogether the pre-existing conditions there. Again, his scornful epithet of 'marsh town' shows how completely he misapprehends the natural features which invited residence in those remote times. If Hugh, the historian of Peterborough, who is said to have visited Oxford in the same year as Archbishop Theobald, had been asked *his* opinion of the Fenland, his account might have induced Oxford to forestall its migration by half a century. To him this 'marsh land' seemed an eminently attractive region. Let us listen to his description. He declares it to be 'very necessary for men; for there are found wood and 'brushwood for fires, hay for the fodder of cattle, thatch for 'covering houses, and many other useful things. It is, 'moreover, productive of birds and fishes. For there are 'there various rivers, and very many waters and ponds 'abounding in fish. In all these things the district is most 'fertile.' St. Guthlac, in fact, according to his biographer, was much troubled to find in this region a retreat sufficiently gloomy for his ascetic notions. As for Cambridge itself, it was practically a seaport. All around Ely stretched a vast but shallow bay of the sea, six times larger than the Wash, amid which rose islands prolific in all the chief essentials for the life that now is and themselves centres of worship for the life to come. 'God,' says Hugh, 'had raised those 'islands for the special purpose that they should be the 'habitation of His servants.' The great monasteries of Ramsay, Thorney and Ely, more especially, were centres of learning. Of the services which Peterborough, on the western confines of the bay, rendered to history it is not here necessary to tell. What Cambridge was, before the Oxford

Digitized by Google

migration or the 'coming of the Friars,' we may, however, briefly venture to recall. Situated on the southern borders of the waters, guarded by the Norman castle on the hill, with its priory of Augustinian Canons at Barnwell and its Hospital of St. John, a community of regular canons, on the site where St. John's College now stands, with its great Roman road stretching north and south and ensuring constant intercourse with the world without, it must have seemed no unfit centre to which to invite the seekers after learning to repair. Within a few miles, and easily reached by boat, stood Ely, described by Henry III. himself as 'the best 'fortress in our realm,' from whence the learned and discerning Bishop Eustace watched with paternal care over the fortunes of the poorly endowed Hospital at Cambridge—the foundation on which he bestowed that same living of Horningsea which still remains in the gift of St. John's College. Altogether it would be difficult to show that if it were the design of the migrators to found a new university in some centre *commanding an altogether different area from Oxford*, they could have selected a site which had more to recommend it than Cambridge; while if we suppose them to have been seeking a sphere of labour where local and neighbouring foundations, together with the proximity of an important cathedral city, had already prepared the way, it is certain that Cambridge offered advantages which might well seem to outvie those of any other town east of Watling Street.

But here it is necessary to bring to a termination our notice of Mr. Rashdall's volumes. We have ventured upon a few strictures, but these, it need hardly be said, leave the main value of his labours unaffected; and every student desirous of becoming familiar with the institutions and fortunes of the greatest universities of mediæval times will find in these pages an amount of information afforded by no other writer on the subject.

Digitized by Google

ART. V.—*The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great-Grandmother of Victor Emanuel.* Translated from the Polish by KASIMIR DZIEKONSKA. Chicago: 1896.

THIS curious little volume, the authenticity of which we have been at some pains to verify, comes to us from America, the only other translation being in French. In this, which is free and fluent, occasional expressions betray that Mr. Kasimir Dziekonska, if indeed a Pole, has lived and learned in the United States. But the task of rendering into another language the frank outspoken utterances of a young girl—as frank in some instances as Marie Bashkirtseff herself—has been done, as it seems to us, with great success.

The diary of a Polish lady of high degree, written a hundred and fifty years ago, could hardly fail to be instructive, as throwing light on the customs and prejudices existing in her country at that time. Poland may be said to have been still two hundred years behind the rest of Europe; the mirror we look into is of steel, not Venice glass, polished as is the surface presented by the upper classes. In the pages before us we see the almost feudal barbarism in which the great nobles lived, combined with the grace and charm distinguishing their social intercourse. This book, therefore, has a double value. It is, first, a 'human document,' delineating with extraordinary frankness the vanity, the ambition, the passion, but also the unselfishness and tenderness that go to make up the remarkable character of the young writer. Secondly, it is a picture, Holbeinesque in its fidelity, of the feudal state in which a great Polish nobleman lived in the last century, when elsewhere such conditions of life had long since become impossible.

Before we begin this curious narrative, which touches one of the historical characters of the time, it may be well to refresh the reader's memory as to the actual condition of Poland before its dismemberment. The country, with its elective crown, held an unique, but by no means happy, position, being a prey to secret intrigues from foreign Courts —notably those of France and Russia—each advancing a different candidate for the throne, each striving to obtain ascendency in its counsels. The father-in-law of Louis XV., Stanislas Leczinski, after first being supported and then abandoned by the French arms, had fled the country in order

Digitized by Google

to save his head, upon which the Russians had set a price. His successor, Augustus III., Elector of Saxony, was the father of the Dauphine of France, a lady universally beloved and respected. His illegitimate brother, Maurice of Saxony, was the first general and favourite hero of the French people. Now, the Saxon party in Poland desired that Augustus's son, the Duke of Courland—a prominent figure in this diary—should succeed his father. His interests were, therefore, naturally supported, in outward appearance, by the French Court. But the King's cousin, the Prince de Conti, at the instigation of certain Polish magnates, and with Louis's secret approval, had enrolled himself among the aspirants for the throne, at the next election. These complicated and antagonistic interests involved a tortuous policy on Louis's part, whose secret correspondence on the subject is a curious revelation of double-dealing. That Augustus, whose declining health rendered it probable that the throne would shortly be vacant, was partially aware of these intrigues is probable. But there was another and, as the event proved, more formidable candidate in Stanislas Poniatowski, who had spent four years in Russia as Polish envoy, and had there been one of the Empress Catherine's favourites—a partiality which stood him later in good stead. Thus the position of the Saxon party was insecure; a false step might destroy all chance of the Duke of Courland ever reaching that throne on which his father was seated. It is well to bear this in mind when judging the young man's subsequent conduct.

The Countess Françoise Krasinska, the second daughter of Count Korvin Krasinski, was born in 1742, at the castle of Maleszow, the ruins of which are still standing. She begins her diary on January 1, 1759, impelled thereto by her father's having read aloud to his family extracts from a huge tome, in which he has written down all that has occurred 'of importance' as it happened throughout his life. Fortunately for us, the facts, sentiments, and reflections of his sixteen-year-old daughter are not always such as would have appeared 'of importance' to the respectable but pompous gentleman whose acquaintance we make in these pages. Her 'honoured Parents'—she never speaks of them otherwise—were both so deeply imbued with the grandeur of their family, which was not only of great antiquity but illustrious for valour, that they never ceased talking of their ancestry. It would have been regarded as a disgrace had the children not known the names and

Digitized by Google

exploits of every Krasinski and every Korvin in past history, the latter house being descended from the Roman family of Corvinus, who came from Hungary to Poland in the eleventh century. 'I can recite the genealogy of the Krasinskis, 'and the history of each of them, as perfectly as my morning 'prayer,' she writes, 'and I think that I should have more 'difficulty in telling the names of our Polish kings in chro-'nological order than in telling those of my ancestors. 'The pictures of the most illustrious are in our hall'—and they may still be seen in Count Adam Krasinski's palace in Warsaw.

After regretting that her father has no son to inherit the family honours—only four daughters—Françoise, who is the second of the sisters, proceeds, quite naturally, to discuss her good looks, her manners, her proficiency in accomplishments:—

'The courtiers tell me often that I am the handsomest, but I am sure I do not see it; we all have the bearing becoming young ladies of high station, daughters of a Staroste; we are straight as poplars, with complexions white as snow, and cheeks pink as roses; our waists, especially when Madame ties us fast in our stays, can be, as they say, "clasped with one hand." In the parlor, before guests, we know how to make our courtesy, low or *dégagé*, according to their importance; we have been taught to sit quiet on the very edge of a stool, with our eyes cast down and our hands folded, so that one might think we were not able to count three, or were too prim even to walk out of the room easily. But people would think differently if they saw us on a summer morning, when we are allowed to go to the woods in morning gowns, without stays, puffs, coiffures, or high-heeled shoes. Oh! how we climb the steep hill-sides, and run and shout and sing till our poor Madame is quite out of breath from running and calling after us.'

The girl has scarcely ever left home, except twice a year to visit one of her aunts. But the 'honoured Parents' are now thinking of sending her to finish her education at a convent in Warsaw, where her elder sister, Basia, has, of course, learnt 'more than any of us; her courtesies are the 'lowest, and her manners the most stately.' Françoise half dreads, half longs for the convent. 'I am perfectly happy 'at home; but there I shall improve in the French lan-'guage, which is now indispensable for a lady, also in music 'and in dancing, and besides that, I shall see a great town, 'our capital.'

The Castle of Maleszow must have been a formidable home, one would think, little suggestive of youthful jollity, with its 'four bastions, surrounded by a moat full of water, 'crossed by a drawbridge, and situated amidst forests in a

Digitized by Google

'rocky country.' But Françoise declares herself to be so happy here that she would like to sing and dance all the day long. The 'honoured Parents' complain sometimes that they are not quite comfortable; it fatigues them to go up and down so many steps; but then they are no longer young. 'For me,' adds the girl, 'these stairs are just my 'delight; often, when I have not yet all my puffs on, I 'grasp the handrail, and I am down in one second, without 'my foot touching the steps. . . . It is true our many 'guests may sometimes be crowded a little in their sleeping 'rooms,' but she doubts if they could amuse themselves more if the castle were three times as large. 'We are 'especially gay when winter comes; then the captain of our 'dragoons does not lift up the drawbridge till night, so 'many people are continually driving in and out, and our 'Court band has enough to do, playing every day for us to 'dance.'

She then goes on, with evident pride, to give an account of the retinue, which, in accordance with his rank, the Count keeps at the castle:—'There are two classes of cour-'tiers, the honorary and the salaried ones, all alike nobles, 'with swords at their sides. The first are about twenty in 'number,' and their duties seem to be to escort, to defend, and to amuse their lord. In this latter capacity, Mathias, the Court Jester, is naturally supreme, and more privileged than the rest, being not only witty but wise. Françoise considers it unjust that he should be called 'a fool.' Throughout the diary, reference is constantly made to his intuition, his perspicacity, and his warm loving nature. In reading of him one feels that the world, in its advancement, has lost something by discarding its Court fools. Six girls of good family, and two dwarfs (one of whom is forty, but the size of a four-year-old child, and is dressed like a Turk) belong to the category of the unpaid, and live on the same floor as the daughters of the house, under Madame's supervision. The other and still smaller dwarf is sometimes put by the 'honoured Mother' for sport on the dinner-table, 'where he walks about among bottles and plates, as easily 'as if he were in a garden.' The domestic details that follow are diverting. We are told that there is no special dinner provided for the servants of these courtiers, who stand behind their masters' chairs at meals, and must be satisfied with what is left on the plates, and 'follow with 'a covetous eye each morsel on its way to the master's 'mouth.' Poor servants, and poor courtiers! The process

Digitized by Google

must have been almost as distressing to the watched as to the watchers.

The only salaried courtiers who are allowed to come to the Count's table are the chaplain, the physician, and the secretary. A delightful little detail of thrift is provided for us by the mention that, while on ordinary days the glasses of guests are always constantly replenished, only on feast days are those of the courtiers kept filled; and 'to tell the 'truth, those who sit at our table have more honour than 'profit, for they do not always have the same kind of food 'that we have. . . . The last man served gets often but 'scanty bits of meat, and whether there are four courses, as 'on week days, or seven, as on Sundays, or twelve, as on 'festivals, I do not remember ever having seen anything 'left on our table.'

The Count pays his salaried retinue from three hundred to a thousand florins annually, provides provender for their horses, and livery for their valets; but then he expects them to present themselves always well dressed. Young boys of noble family perform a kind of novitiate in the service, accompanying the carriages on horseback, fetching and carrying letters, and always ready for every kind of errand. The musicians, cooks, link boys, cossacks, ostlers, valets, and maids are innumerable. There are five different dinner tables; two stewards are busy from morning till night giving out the provisions; and when fresh stores are brought in, the 'honoured Mother' superintends, keeping also herself the keys of the medicine closet, where spices, dainties, and sweet liquors are kept. The mixture of sumptuousness and frugality in this record of domestic life is extremely curious.

The young Countess then proceeds to describe how her day is passed:—'We rise at six in summer and seven in 'winter. All four of us sleep in the same room with 'Madame, and each of us has an iron bedstead with cur-'tains. Basia, as the eldest, has two pillows and a silk 'coverlet; we have but one pillow and a woollen blanket.' They say a French prayer with Madame, and begin their lessons at once, learning vocabularies, dialogues, and anecdotes by heart, until eight o'clock, when they go downstairs to the 'honoured Parents' and to breakfast. Then there is chapel and more lessons—'and Madame dictates to us the 'verses of a French poet, Malesherbes'—and they are taught to play on the spinet by a German teacher.

'When our lessons are over we put on wrappers, and the coiffeur

Digitized by Google

comes to dress our hair, beginning with the eldest. This is a long and often painful operation, especially when he is inventing some new coiffure. As my hair is the thickest and longest (it drags upon the floor when I am sitting before the dressing table) it is on my head that he generally makes his experiments. It is true that he does make very beautiful and wonderful coiffures; for instance, the one I have to-day is so pretty, having a *laissez-aller* effect; all my hair is lifted up very high, half of it arranged in puffs on the top of the head, the other half falling in loose curls on the neck and shoulders; there must have been at least half a pound of powder used in it. One dressing takes two or three hours, during which Madame reads to us a new French book, the "Magasin des Enfants" by Madame Beaumont.'

At noon they go down to dinner, where they sit two hours, and the 'honoured Parents' allow their daughters to remain with them for the rest of the day. If the weather is fine, they take a walk; if not, they sit at their embroidery frames as long as they can see, when lights are brought in—'many wax tapers burning in silver candelabra '. . . rather yellow, being made from our own wax.' They sup at seven, and the evening is given to amusement—most generally cards. Once a week a messenger goes to Warsaw for letters and newspapers, and then the chaplain reads aloud the 'Gazette' and the 'Courier.' Occasionally, the Count, faithful to his duty of impressing the family importance on his children, reads the old chronicles, which Françoise finds 'sometimes very dull, sometimes very in-'teresting.' During carnival the evenings are given up to games, music, and dancing. 'I cannot imagine,' she says, 'how they can amuse themselves better at the Court in 'Warsaw. How can it be gayer anywhere than in our 'Maleszow? Still, I should like, if only out of curiosity, 'to have just a taste of that Court-life.'

She will have a taste of it later, poor child! a taste which will poison all her after-life, and cause her to look back, no doubt, with sorrowful wonder on the innocent enjoyments of her early youth, before ambition and disappointment had stained the golden horizon of her future.

The next entry in Françoise's diary contains the first mention of the King, and of his son, the Duke of Courland. Augustus III., a kind, but weak, pleasure-loving man, had been elected to the throne on the death of his father, Augustus II. He never cared for Poland; his heart was always with Saxony. But he had been persuaded to become a candidate for the Polish crown by his wife, a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II. and an admirable woman, greatly beloved by the Poles. She was dead; her

Digitized by Google

wholesome influence over the King was gone, and the minister Brühl now ruled everything—and everything seemed going wrong, not only in Poland, but in Saxony. How much of this was due to foreign machinations Françoise has evidently no idea. She only knows that people say, 'We need a Frederick the Great, with a strong head 'and an iron will.'

Duke Charles was twenty-six, and the best beloved of the King's sons. This is how she introduces her future hero: 'People say he has a real gift for attracting all hearts 'to him: he is very handsome, very stately in figure, and 'very courteous in manner: and, having spent almost his 'whole life in Poland, he knows our language perfectly. 'I have heard so much of his good qualities that my best 'wishes are for him, though Poniatowski is my countryman.' Of the Prince di Conti, the other candidate for the throne, secretly advanced by Louis XV., she has apparently never heard. Duke Charles has just been elected Duke of Courland, and the investiture is to take place on the day Françoise writes; but while they are drinking his health at Maleszow comes a messenger from Warsaw with the news that the ceremony has had to be postponed, owing to the Duke's indisposition. Whereupon the Court fool says, 'As the 'mitre slips, so the crown will slip,' and the enthusiastic young Countess feels inclined to cry. But there are too many great people present to indulge this luxury—the Woivode of Craclaw and others. The Woivode's two sons, who have been educated at the Court of Stanislas Leczinski* in Luneville, arrive the following day, and disappoint Françoise's expectations, which have been raised by hearing that every young man who has enjoyed this advantage is sure to be refined, and to dance the minuet gracefully. The elder is especially annoying: he is stout and not fond of dancing. 'As to his Parisian accent, I 'cannot judge about that, as he did not say one French 'word, but mixes his Polish and Latin quite as the old 'gentlemen do. His brother, who is a colonel in the King's 'army, pleased me a little more; he has, at least, a fine 'uniform.'

However, as neither gentleman shows any symptoms of being captivated by the young Françoise, it is just as well

* The father of Marie Leczinska, after his dethronement, had Lorraine allotted to him, where he lived universally beloved. It was held to be a great privilege to have been trained at his Court.

Digitized by Google

that she is disappointed in them. The elder, whose title is the Staroste of Radom, provokes her more and more. 'He 'never looks at us girls, nor speaks a word to one of us'; and yet, only two days later, he asks the 'honoured Parents' to bestow on him the hand of their eldest daughter. Basia is sent for, and comes back to the schoolroom in tears, saying that she dreads the marriage, and will always regret her old home, but that it is not possible to refuse such a match, as the 'honoured Parents' wish it, telling her the Staroste is 'an honourable man, religious, and of a kind 'disposition . . . his family is also old and very wealthy '. . . I am sorry,' adds Françoise, 'to have written what I 'did about the Staroste; but then it is not I that am to 'marry him, and if he pleases Basia, that is enough. Our 'honoured Mother tells her that serious young men make 'the best husbands. Perhaps so, but as for me . . . well, 'it is of no use to think about it at present.' Which proves that she thinks about it a good deal.

The betrothal takes place two days later, and is described at much length. Basia is given a skein of silk to wind—an old Polish custom—which was to prove whether the girl was patient enough to meet the trials of married life. The Staroste comes up to her winding-frame, and asks, in a voice loud enough for all to hear, whether she will be his wife. She replies that the will of her honoured Parents has ever been a sacred law to her; and that is all the conversation that passes between the two. Then there are speeches, and an exchange of precious rings, which are blessed by the priest, and the Staroste falls at the feet of his future father-in-law, calling God to witness that he will do all in his power to make their daughter happy. The Count drinks a bumper of old Hungarian wine to the young couple's health, and all the gentlemen do the same. 'My honoured Parents 'kissed Basia on the cheek when she wished them good-'night, and all the people are recommending themselves to 'her, as many wish that she would take them to her new 'Court.' A bag of a thousand ducats and a big trunk of silver plate are handed over for Madame Starostine's trousseau and use; and letters announcing the approaching marriage are sent by messengers to every part of Poland.

For more than a week Françoise is too busy to write. There are the guests to be attended to, and a *déshabille* to be embroidered for her sister, and then there is a great hunting party, in which the Staroste distinguishes himself, by riding a fiery horse, to such good purpose as to cause

Digitized by Google

the bride-elect some visible emotion, and even to win the favour of Françoise, who thinks so brave and strong a cavalier 'can be pardoned, even if he does not like to dance 'the minuet.' Besides all this, there is the division of the Countess mother's treasures into four equal parts. She is so anxious to do justice to each daughter that she calls in not only Françoise, but the Count and the chaplain, to give their opinion as to the equal value of the shares. Basia will be provided with feather beds, for to each daughter has been allotted for many years a certain number of geese and swans; and each has a separate barrel for feathers and a bag for down. Basia will therefore carry away with her two feather beds, eight big pillows of goose down, and four smaller ones of swan's down.

We have not space to linger over all the curious preparations for the marriage, which takes place a month later. The sentiments of the bride-elect during what, for want of a better term, we must call the courtship, are thus expressed. 'Basia's friendship and esteem for the Staroste 'grow every day, although he never speaks to her; all his 'conversation is with my honoured Parents, and all his atten-'tions are paid to them. They say it ought to be so in an 'honourable courtship.' One sees that it does not quite satisfy Françoise, and no wonder; but she concludes with the moral aphorism that has been dropped into her sixteen-year-old brain; 'for is there a better way of gaining the 'heart of the daughter than by pleasing the Parents?'

The account of the wedding is amusing, but too long to quote. The bride wore a rosemary wreath, into which was fastened a ducat, with the date of Basia's birth year and a bit of bread for good luck; also a lump of sugar, 'in order 'to sweeten the married life, which they say has many 'difficulties. No jewels were allowed, for it is said that for 'every precious stone worn on the wedding day one has to 'pay afterwards with a vial of tears.' At the end of the banquet,

'the Count gave a sign to the marshal, who brought in a black leather box with brass ornaments which I had never seen before. My honoured father opened it and took out a golden cup embossed with precious stones and shaped like a raven; then, rising, he announced with great solemnity that this cup was a souvenir from the time of the Corvins of Rome, and it had not been taken from its box since the day of his own wedding. The butler placed before him a bottle covered with mould containing wine a hundred years old. The Count poured the whole into the cup, and, lifting it, cried, "Good luck to the young pair." . . .'

Digitized by Google

After this, cannons fired, bands played, there were hurrahs, and the breaking of glasses, and such a general uproar that Françoise thinks there cannot be a greater tumult on the Day of Resurrection!

The ball begins at eight, and is opened by the bride and the King's envoy, who dance the 'drabant' together. Then follow the more lively mazourkas and crocoviaks, Françoise dancing chiefly with the Duke of Courland's envoy, the Castellanic Kochowski, who performs the crocoviaks 'like 'an angel,' and sings impromptu verses, 'very witty and 'à *propos*,' while he is prancing about. But, better than all, he talks to her, and talks highly of his master. 'Judging 'from the confidant,' she adds, 'the other must be a 'wonder.' Her imagination has already been fired. From this time forward he becomes her one and only hero.

At midnight the 'cap' ceremony takes place. The bride is placed on a stool in the middle of the room, and the bridesmaids begin to undo her hair, singing in plaintive voices the old song, 'Ah! we are losing you, Basia!' Then the honoured Mother removes the rosemary wreath, and in its place is put a big lace cap. 'I should have 'laughed, had not Basia's eyes overflowed with tears. The 'cap is very becoming to her, which they say is a sign that 'her husband will love her very much. . . . He could not 'help it; she is so good.'

The departure is thus described:—

'When we were finishing breakfast we heard loud crackings of the whip, and a chamberlain entered announcing that everything was ready for the journey. The Staroste looked at his wife, and whispered that it was time to set out. She fell then sobbing at the feet of my honoured Parents, thanking them for all their favours during the eighteen years of her life, asking pardon for all the offences she might have committed, and telling them that she wished nothing more than to be henceforth as happy as she had been. . . . There was not a person in the room whose eyes were dry. . . . We went to the bridge, but the captain ordered it to be lifted, and refused to let the bride go until the Staroste gave him a ring as a token that he would bring her back again. The carriages were splendid . . . the horses beautiful, especially six white ones drawing the yellow carriage in which the young couple sat.'

The whole of the Krasinski family accompany them to their home—a two days' journey—where, on the frontier of the property, the peasants offer the Staroste and his bride bread and salt. In the palace Françoise tastes coffee for the first time, the new fashionable beverage, which 'they 'say spoils the complexion, so it is never served in our

Digitized by Google

'house.' The young Castellanic, who has escorted them on this visit, rides beside Françoise's carriage all the way back, and tries, with indifferent success, to dissipate her sadness at parting with Basia. 'They call him in society "a '"charmer,"' she says—'and really he deserves the title. 'What, then, must be the Duke, his master!'

After this, we are not surprised to learn that on their return to Maleszow the young man proposes to the Count for the hand of Françoise. That acute young person observes the Castellanic talking eagerly with her father, and when a goose with black gravy is brought to table later,* she guesses what has been the purport of his communication, and the answer he has received. He had not set the right way to work, as the Count informs his daughter. 'He asked 'no notable person to speak for him: he came by himself, 'made his declaration at once, and wanted an immediate 'reply.' Moreover, he is very young, and has no position of his own: therefore, in spite of his ancient lineage and large fortune, he has been dismissed. And Françoise concurs in this decision. She admires the youth, she likes him, she admits his 'charm.' But—'A Castellanic? *That is not* '*enough for me.*' One sees at once what imagination and ambition are driving at. With less entire frankness, perhaps, or with more self-deception than is usual with her, she adds:—

'In any case, I have not the slightest desire to be married yet: I am happy as I am. . . . Marriage puts an end to all expectations . . . and I like so much to dream. When I sit at my embroidery frame my thoughts are travelling far and fast: all the things I have ever read come back to my mind; I share the fate of all the heroines of Madame de Beaumont, Madame de la Fayette, and Madame de Scudéry, and it seems to me that I am destined to adventures similar to theirs.'

Not similar, poor young lady, but infinitely more pathetic, were the 'adventures' that troubled a great part of her after-life.

The visit of her aunt, the Princess Woivodine of Lublin, and her husband, a little later this spring is destined to have a great influence on her future. Their admiration ministers to the girl's vanity, for she says, with her usual naïveté, 'I never was aware that I was so handsome;' and

* The serving of a goose with dark gravy was held to be a polite indication that a proposal was refused. A pumpkin put in the carriage on the young man's leaving had the same signification.

Digitized by Google

they talk not only of Warsaw, its Court, and its festivities, but of the Duke of Courland—her hero: so Françoise is supremely happy. 'I am sure he will be a great man,' she says. 'Shall I ever meet him?'

The immediate result of this visit is that, by the advice of these important relations, Françoise is taken to a French school at Warsaw, and left there for a year. She is pleased at this—'for here I shall become an accomplished woman. 'I want to be distinguished. . . . I will not think of the 'future, or dream of it, but will study hard and learn all 'that I can.' The arrangements of the school are of conventional rigidity: not a man is allowed inside its doors, on any pretext—except a few old professors. From them she learns French, German, dancing, drawing, artistic embroidery, and music. 'There is a beautiful harpsichord; 'not a spinet, as at Maleszow—it has five and a half 'octaves!' Her teacher assures her that in a few months she will be able to play polonaises, like some of the young ladies, 'not only by ear, but from a music-book.' This almost miraculous performance is to be balanced in the sister art, by her being able 'to paint with colours a dead 'tree, on one branch of which is a wreath of flowers, with 'the initials of my honoured Parents, to whom I shall offer 'my work, as a token of gratitude for the education I have 'received. . . . What a fine effect it will have, when hung 'in our parlour-hall!'

Madame carries the key in her own pocket; nobody can come in or go out without her knowledge. The dancing-master teaches Françoise that there are several varieties of courtesying—one before the king; another before the royal princes; still another for lesser dignitaries and their wives. Then comes the admission, full of significance: 'I asked to 'be taught first the courtesy for the Duke. Some day 'perhaps I shall salute my hero.' Her aunt visits her, and finds that she has much grown, and has a good carriage. 'Really I am the tallest of all the girls in the school, and 'my waistband does not measure quite an ell.' Still, in spite of the self-satisfaction begotten by this fact, and the consciousness that she is making great progress in her studies, when June comes the girl feels sad, and longs to spread her wings, and fly far away into the woods and fields. But the days pass quickly—even in Bednarska Street, the ugliest in Warsaw—when one is constantly employed: and at the end of July she receives a present of four golden ducats from her sister, the Starostine, which is

Digitized by Google

the first money Françoise has ever owned, and the sum appears inexhaustible. She devises all manner of ways of employing her vast capital; and it is noteworthy that her schemes are only to benefit others, never for herself. Finally, she divides three ducats between the servants, and a little surprise-feast for her schoolfellows, while one ducat is devoted to a mass that her Parents' affairs may prosper, and her schoolmistress continue as happy as she now is! Probably few pupils have ever paid money to secure their teacher's temporal or spiritual welfare.

In December a new life begins for Françoise. She leaves school, and instead of returning home the 'honoured 'Parents' consent to her passing the winter with Prince Woivode and her aunt, and being introduced into society. Things at first are not quite as cheerful as she expects: the Princess inspires her niece with awe, the Duke of Courland is absent, the visits of ceremony she has to pay with her aunt are wearisome, though the only son of one stately lady pays her 'many agreeable compliments, and I think I 'enjoyed that visit most.' But, indeed, of compliments there is no lack, either openly expressed or overheard. She thinks it may be owing to her beautiful clothes, the like of which she has never yet worn. Her vanity is gratified, but she is disappointed in not seeing Prince Charles, who has now returned after his long absence, but spends his days with his father. 'It is quite natural,' she says; 'I myself 'have been so often home-sick for my honoured Parents. '. . . But soon the carnival will begin. . . . The Duke 'goes everywhere. He likes dancing very much, so I am 'sure to meet him.' At Madame Poniatowska's she sees her son Stanislaus, the rival aspirant of Prince Charles for the throne of Poland. 'I cannot say that he pleased me,' she says—(no wonder!); 'although I acknowledge that he 'is handsome and has grand manners—I should say royal.' She observes that the more fashionable the house, and the younger the hostess, the more one hears French spoken; it is only the older people who talk Polish, the men interlarding their conversation with Latin.

On January 1, exactly a year from the day on which she began her diary, occurs the great event of her life, moulding all her subsequent career. She meets Prince Charles, Duke of Courland, at a *ridotto*, or masked ball, to which her aunt takes her dressed as the Goddess of the Sun. She is in

'a costume quite different from usual, being without powder or hoops. . . . My dress of white gauze was clasped with a golden band

Digitized by Google

at the waist; on my breast I wore a golden sun, and on my head a long flowing veil, which enveloped me like a cloud. The Princess told me very earnestly that, although such a dress was not decent at all, and that a woman would lose her reputation if she wore it on any other occasion, still she hoped that by the expression of my face and my demeanour I would make up for the deficiency of my costume.'

However odd the remark may strike one now, the Princess's evident desire was gained: her niece was the object of universal admiration, and of something more from the fascinating Duke. This is how she writes:—

'My wishes have been fulfilled, how much fulfilled! . . . but will it not be too bold to write down that which I would not dare to whisper to anybody—what I do not dare believe myself—what perhaps I only dreamed? Well, no! I did not dream, I am sure of that. . . . And then, is there anything extraordinary, since God has made me handsome, and everyone acknowledges it, that the Duke looked at me with the same eyes as other people? The same eyes? Was there not in his eyes something more than in others?'

When presented to him she writes:—

'I do not know at all how I bowed, but I fear it was not that special courtesy which the dancing-master taught me. Neither do I know what the Duke said to me. I only remember that he opened the ball with the Princess [her aunt] and danced the second polonaise with me.'

From that moment onwards the Royal lady-killer devotes himself to the Goddess of the Sun, inviting her for nearly every dance, and when at midnight the cannon fires he says to her, 'I shall for ever remember this night. It is not 'only the beginning of a new year, it is the beginning of a 'new life to me.' She asks herself if this can be only courtly civility, but her unwise uncle tells her the next day that at the new year's reception the Duke has declared to him 'he never saw anybody like her,' which feeds the spark being now rapidly blown into a flame.

And so this human comedy—which has more than the usual touch of tragedy in it—begins. The Duke calls twice, sits by the young Countess's embroidery frame, and pursues successfully what is apparently the main object of his life—to fascinate women. Her aunt tells her that the last one he sees always seems to him the most beautiful; but it is to no purpose that she is warned. She does not wonder that the Empress Catherine of Russia was charmed with him—that he carries away all hearts wherever he goes. It seems to her natural; almost fitting, for she writes: 'How 'good he must be! . . . He spoke about his mother with

Digitized by Google

'tears in his eyes. . . . Everything I ever heard of him is 'true; he is not praised even enough. One cannot well 'describe the charm of his voice, his sweet smile, and the 'look of his blue eyes, so deep and soft!' She becomes despondent when she sees him dancing twice with the beautiful Madame Potocka, and only recovers her spirits when at a subsequent ball the Duke dances only with herself.

The birth of a child to her sister, the Starostine, is followed by a magnificent christening, at which the Duke of Courland and the Countess Françoise are the sponsors. She is much exercised beforehand to think what her 'honoured Parents' and all the good people at home, but especially Mathias, the Court fool, will say when they read the Duke's name and hers coupled together in the 'Courier.' Her thoughts revert to the jester's predictions.

'He is responsible for all my troubles; but for his hints no foolish notions would have entered my head. As it is, I do not feel two days alike. Sometimes . . . life seems full of hope, and I hardly know that there is an earth under my feet; then everything seems to fade suddenly, and my heart feels heavy. . . . For instance, to-day, when I was so enraptured at the news of the christening, the Princess mentioned—I do not know why—that the law of the Church forbids the godparents to marry each other, and I shuddered.'

At the ceremony she declares herself to have been very awkward. 'I did not know how to hold the child, so the 'Duke had to help me. It seemed so queer to stand with 'him before the altar surrounded by so many people, and 'to write down my name next to his in the large book.' After which the Duke becomes still more attentive and 'a 'little more familiar.' A great hunting party given by Prince Radzivill is described at length, when the four belles of Warsaw—the other three being the Countess Potocka, the Princess Saphieha, and Mademoiselle Wessel—are driven in a sleigh by the Duke 'in a hunting costume of green 'velvet, looking superb.' The account of the large field, usually planted with wheat, covered with big pine trees for the nonce, where the battue takes place, is curious. There is an iron kiosk erected in the middle for the King, a space covered with bearskins for the most notable men, and an amphitheatre with an iron railing for the ladies. The hills round are crowned with spectators. At a signal of trumpets and horns, bears, deer, wild boars, and wolves are let loose, and chased by trained dogs toward the kiosk. The roaring of the wild beasts, the barking of dogs, and the shrieks of

Digitized by Google

the ladies accompany the destruction of the game. The Duke fights and kills a bear with a spear, and its skin is presented to Françoise.

In spite of all the admiration she meets, and the brilliancy of the carnival as it draws near its close, the entries in the girl's diary show she is ill at ease.

'Thank God! it is over. I see one can grow tired even of entertainments. . . . At first such a life seems amusing, but by and by one feels disheartened, and I have never known such tedious hours as those I passed in the last fortnight. . . . How beautiful the Countess Potocka looked last night, dressed as the Sultana. She was the queen of the ball, and danced the whole evening. . . . I hurt my foot, and refused all invitations. Towards the end the Duke came to ask me to dance, but I did not care to dance then.'

Poor child! One is touched by the frank tribute she pays to her rival's beauty, in spite of the wound to her own vanity. But this is only the beginning of her troubles; the wounds will be far deeper, far more difficult to heal, hereafter.

It is evident that her uncle, the Prince Woivode, knowing the Duke's character, thinks she is in danger; but he is a weak man, who undoubtedly encourages his niece's royal suitor to a certain extent, yet, standing in awe of his wife, 'shuns any confidence,' and takes refuge in half-measures. His much stronger, and wiser, half, of whom Françoise is not nearly so fond, may say that the girl who would believe in the love of the Duke must simply be mad—that his wife would be most unhappy; her words fall on inattentive ears, or, at least, they are words that carry no conviction with them. The Princess puts a sudden stop to her niece's dissipations, on the plea that they are injuring her health. In vain the Duke pleads that the young Countess shall be allowed to appear at a *bal masqué*; her aunt is obdurate. However, the Duke visits her constantly, and

'the hours spent in his company,' she writes, 'are delightful. . . . How well he knows the bad affairs of our country. It is only through respect to his father that he does not dare speak of them openly. What a good king he would make! The Princess says that . . . if he were elected king he would not even look at us. . . . I can see plainly that she is not in favour of him. She would rather see a Lubomirski on the throne.'

Then, the carnival being over, she is sent to her sister's, at Sulgostow, for a fortnight, without the Duke's knowledge; and if her uncle desired to stimulate the royal Lothario's passion, he could have adopted no better measure

Digitized by Google

to that end. The Duke comes to her the following day after her return, looking pale and ill, and tells her that 'a friend 'deserves better treatment.' She is made happy at once, and a few days later, speaking of one of the royal princes entering the Church, she writes quaintly enough, 'It is 'quite right that the King, having several sons, wishes to 'give one to the service of God, but it is as well that it was 'not the lot of the Duke of Courland.'

At the end of Lent she goes into retreat with the Princess for a week; and there are times when, under the influence of the good father confessor, she wants to leave the world, and become a sister of charity. But then, again, her devout thoughts are scattered on hearing that one of the Duke's hunters has been seen passing the convent, 'and I could not 'grasp them again,' she adds pitifully. But her vanity is ministered to even in this retreat on Holy Thursday. She is appointed to make a collection for the poor, after Mass, and is decked out in white satin for the occasion, all the other women present being in black. The Duke tells her it is fortunate she begs for money, not hearts, as every man would have to give his. 'Who would value a heart begged 'for?' she replies, and the love-making is renewed with more vehemence on the Duke's part than ever.

In April she is at Opole, the Woivode's country-seat, where there is a large library, which the young Countess is eager to explore, but of which the Princess keeps the key. There are the works of M. de Voltaire, for which she sees her uncle pay six golden ducats; and a novel, fresh from Paris, which is all the rage, the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' written by a certain M. de Rousseau. 'I took the book eagerly in 'my hand, but the author says in the introduction "no '"mother will allow her daughter to read this"—and the 'Princess most sternly forbade it to me.' In other respects the excellent lady's ideas of propriety were less justified, and must have made people, even in that day, smile, when we read of her wrath at her niece's wish to learn to ride, and her declaration that such an exercise would be quite indecent for a young lady.

Prince Lubomirski, who lives hard by Opole, is the Duke's intimate friend, and here, while the Woivodes are staying with him, the Duke arrives, to the Princess's annoyance. Françoise, writing on May 16, says:—

'He loves me! He loves me so much that he could stay no longer without seeing me. . . . How will it all end? Until now I feigned not to understand the hidden meaning of his words. I tried most

Digitized by Google

carefully to conceal my feelings; shall I be able to do so any longer, especially here, where I shall see him so often? . . . I see before me either a destiny so grand that I am afraid to think of it, or so dark and miserable that I shiver.'

On May 18 she writes that she is betrothed. She is in a transport of happiness, and describes the scene of the proposal, and how, in the presence of the two Princes Lubomirski, the Duke said: 'I take Heaven and you for 'witnesses that I will never marry any other woman than 'the Countess Françoise Krasinska. For reasons easily 'understood I wish my decision kept secret until the time 'comes, and I am sure of your loyalty and discretion.' They exchange rings, the Duke having prepared one similar to that she has always worn, but with the words 'For ever' engraved inside. 'The trees and the birds were the only 'witnesses of that silent betrothal. But these rings were not 'consecrated; a father's hand had not given me away, nor 'a mother bestowed her blessing.' One sees already that forebodings of the future weigh upon her. A courier arrives with the King's order that his son is to return at once. Possibly some hint or suspicion of the danger to which the Duke is exposed has reached the minister Brühl, and he, who pulls all the wires, may have instigated the mandate. Then follow weeks of cruel trial to the poor *fiancée*, still almost a child in years, but already showing a strength of character remarkable at her age. She has said she will never write to her royal lover without the knowledge of her parents, but her promise renders their separation, when he returns to the Court at Warsaw, doubly painful. At the same time her conscience reproaches her with not naming her engagement to her parents, or her aunt; but she has given the Duke her word to reveal it to no one, and she keeps it.

In July he returns secretly, on his way to Courland, disguised as one of his own hunters, and implores her, 'with 'tears in his eyes,' to write to him; but she remains firm. 'I will keep my word,' she writes, 'though God knows how 'much it costs.' They are separated for three months—months which seem interminable to the sad girl, rendered sadder by a brilliant offer of marriage, which, to the dismay of the 'honoured Parents' and the wrath of her aunt, Françoise rejects. The Princess's reproaches and innuendoes touching the Duke are very hard to bear; still more so her mother's letter, who, in the spirit of the age when a question of parental authority is at stake, writes: 'The Parents

Digitized by Google

'who allow their daughter to leave their guidance cannot 'be very much surprised if she does not obey their wishes.' Her sensitive conscience pricks her; her punishment has begun. 'Could I have foreseen,' she says, 'that what I 'called the height of happiness could have thrown me into 'such a depth of misery!'

On October 20 they are together in Warsaw, and the Duke extracts a promise from her that they shall be privately married on November 4—his birthday. That weak man—or wily old fox?—Prince Woivode (for we cannot help suspecting him of having schemed all along to bring this about), pleads for his royal master. It is Françoise who stipulates that she must obtain the consent of her 'honoured Parents;' otherwise she would rather enter a convent. The girl's strength in resisting the Duke, who at last submits, prepares one for her fortitude later on. The Duke says her letter to her parents is too humble; she thinks his postscript 'too royal.' But on the 28th the consent arrives—'not such an affectionate blessing as they gave 'Basia, . . . and it is just, for I do not deserve it. . . . 'They promise to keep the secret until the Duke releases 'them.' She adds that there is an affectionate reproach in her dear mother's words, which pierces her to the heart. 'If you are unhappy, you cannot ascribe your misfortunes 'to us; if you find felicity in your decision, for which I 'shall never stop praying the Lord, your parents will 'rejoice, but not as much as over their other children, for 'you have not allowed them to share in making your happi-'ness.' Before the marriage Françoise sees very little of the Duke. 'He fears to awaken the suspicion of the King, 'and still more that of Brühl; therefore he avoids me at 'receptions, and does not appear here as often. I feel so 'lonesome, with nobody to confide in, or ask for any 'advice.'

It is impossible to exculpate the Duke: read by the light of his subsequent conduct, one sees that his was a selfish passion, which did not shrink from sacrificing the girl's happiness to his ambitious dreams. But it is fair to remember that his father was in failing health; it was the King's ardent hope that his favourite son should succeed him on the throne of Poland, and his alliance with a royal house would have greatly strengthened his chances to this end. The announcement of his determination to marry the Countess Françoise Krasinska would have met with a storm of opposition impossible to appease. To be married secretly,

Digitized by Google

and conceal the fact from all the world, no matter at what cost to his wife, seemed the obvious course to the young man of pleasure.

At five o'clock in the morning of November 4 the Prince Woivode knocks at her door. They go out stealthily, and meet the Duke and Prince Lubomirski at the gate. It is quite dark, the wind blowing fiercely, and they walk to the church, to avoid the noise of a carriage.

'I should have fallen several times if the Duke had not supported me. The church was dark and silent as a grave . . . no living soul but the priest and sacristan. The ceremony did not last ten minutes, and then we hastened away as if pursued. . . . The Duke brought us to the gate—no further. Now I am again in my room alone. Nobody is blessing or congratulating me, the whole house is asleep, and if it were not for the wedding ring, which I shall soon have to take off and hide, I could not believe that I am a married woman—that I am his for ever.'

The entries in the diary that follow are sad enough. Françoise is miserable, a prey to self-reproach, and with no one to confide in, the Princess being still kept in ignorance of her niece's marriage. The interviews with her husband, contrived by Prince Woivode are few and secret. In public he avoids her. But at last her aunt's suspicions are aroused. She detects the Duke slipping a note into Françoise's work-basket, and seizes it. Believing the worst, 'her wrath burst forth in the most dreadful and offensive 'words,' and, stung by these, the girl falls on her knees, and confesses everything. The scene that ensues is curious and characteristic. The irate lady, nothing soothed, compels her niece to rise, and begs to be pardoned for having often treated her with so little ceremony, and without all the respect due to her exalted rank. Nevertheless, she orders her out of the house! the pretext being that it 'was 'not good enough for a duchess—perhaps the future Queen 'of Poland!' And so the poor young bride is driven away from her uncle's to the refuge of her sister's home.

The return to Maleszow a little later, and the strange reception that awaits the warm-hearted girl, pining for affection and sympathy at the hands of her parents, are told with a simplicity that is touching. 'My father bowed low 'to me, as if I were a stranger; even now he will not sit 'next me, and gets up when I enter the room.' Her mother brings in bundles of silks, laces, and jewels, and says timidly that she would have brought more, but nothing seems good enough. 'When the marriage is announced to

Digitized by Google

'the world,' she says, 'my honoured husband will sell a few 'villages, in order that our second daughter may receive an 'outfit in accordance with her high rank.'

That announcement was not to be made for many a long year, and when the 'honoured Parents' were in their grave. On January 15, the King's minister Borck arrives, and, in a private interview, tells her that Brühl and he are informed of all that has happened, and regard the Duke's marriage to her as a joke. A wedding without the knowledge of the parents, and not blessed by the parish-priest, is void, and can be annulled without difficulty.

'In the first moment,' she writes, 'I believed his words, and felt doomed and helpless; but God had mercy on me, and suddenly my mind was cleared. . . . I felt sure that Prince Woivode would not have countenanced an illegal marriage. I was aware that upon my firmness in that moment depended the future of my whole life, and I replied . . . "It is wrong . . . to want to deceive a woman who is not yet eighteen years old; but I am not so ignorant as you imagine. . . . I know that our marriage is valid; it was consecrated by the curate of my parish, before two witnesses, and with the consent of my parents. . . . Yes, there is divorce; but the signature of both parties is necessary for it . . . and neither prayers nor threats will obtain mine or the Duke's."'

Borck was confounded. He tried the following day again, and only succeeded in extracting a promise that, if the Duke consented to a divorce, the young Duchess would not refuse. 'I gave that promise in writing: I am sure of my 'husband's faith and love.'

Here ends the diary. The brave devoted girl's confidence was not well placed, and years of trial followed, which broke her strength, and deprived her of any wish to write. Her parents died early, and she led a wandering life for several years, sometimes with her sister, sometimes with her aunt, sometimes in convents in Poland. One by one, the visions of a brilliant future, like the security of domestic happiness, melted away. Sensitive as she was, her love and her pride must alike have suffered deeply. Her husband's inconstancy, and the perpetual dread of the divorce which still impended over her, must have caused her acute agony. The Duke returned to her occasionally, but their marriage was still kept secret, under the pretence of sparing his father the shock of the discovery, until the old King's death, and the election of Stanislaus Poniatowski to the throne of Poland destroyed the Duke of Courland's ambitious views, and removed the only pretext for not avowing his marriage.

Digitized by Google

Then at last he wrote asking her forgiveness, and imploring her to come to him at Dresden, to be received there with all honour according to her rank. But though she had longed for this moment through many weary years, her self-respect was so wounded by his conduct, that it was not till more tender and urgent letters reached her that she acceded to her penitent husband's supplication, and joined him. From that time forward, the fevered troubled life seems to have become tranquil. All visions of royal splendour, all ambitious dreams were over; but Françoise passed her remaining years in a happy home, secure, at last, in her husband's affection, and with one little daughter, their only child. Marie Christine promised to be as beautiful as her mother, whose portrait by Angelica Kauffman conveys an impression of unusual grace and charm. This child, who became Duchess of Savoy, was the mother of Charles Albert, and grandmother of Victor Emanuel, and of the Duke of Genoa. Thus Françoise was the great-great-grandmother of the present King and Queen of Italy, who are cousins.

The writer of this curious diary did not live to be an old woman. She died in 1793: and her husband, as if to prove how strong and deep was his attachment, in spite of all his infidelities, survived her but a few months.

Digitized by Google

ART. VI.—1. *The Paget Papers: Diplomatic and other Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B.* (1794–1807). Arranged and edited by his Son, the Right Hon. Sir AUGUSTUS B. PAGET, G.C.B. With Notes by Mrs. J. R. GREEN. London: 1896.

2. *Recueil des Traités conclus par la Russie.* Tomes X., XI. Angleterre. Par F. DE MARTENS. St. Pétersbourg: 1895.

THE earlier years, from 1793 to 1807, of the great war between France and England belong to one of the most important and extraordinary periods in the annals of the British Empire. We fought long and obstinately against the most powerful foe that England ever encountered; we established our naval ascendency, consolidated our colonial possessions, and fixed ourselves permanently in the Mediterranean. Yet there is reason for believing that an exact knowledge of these events and transactions, especially during the final years of the eighteenth century, is rare even among educated Englishmen, because a complete English history of this period has never been written. The materials are abundant, but they have either been treated summarily in a few chapters, or else they have been distributed over the pages of some work that takes much wider range, like Alison's 'History of Europe.'

We think that this may be accounted for in some degree by the purely accidental arrangement of chronology which makes one century end and another begin in the middle of the period, whereby an arithmetical division of time affects the popular imagination with the sense of a pause or break in continuity, of stopping and starting again. The result has been that the historian of the eighteenth century winds up his narrative at a point where the course and connexion of events allow no real halting place; while the nineteenth-century writers, finding it impossible to begin their story in the midst of the war, prefer to start from its termination in 1815. But another and more substantial reason why these years have more or less been neglected by historians is that they were almost entirely occupied by the war. During the whole of that time the nation's attention and energies were absorbed in the fierce contest waged by France against the rest of Europe. The chronicle of domestic affairs became comparatively tame and dull, except in Ireland, which was very nearly drawn into the revolutionary

Digitized by Google

whirlpool; while in regard to the exciting drama of continental politics, the developement of the French Revolution and of Bonaparte's career was so amazing, the whole atmosphere was so full of the noise and smoke of warfare, that the Englishman of those days stood gazing at the spectacle, and later generations care only for the tales of great battles by sea or land. But all these battles were fought outside Great Britain, and most of them at a great distance from these islands, on the land of Central Europe, in the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, or of the Mediterranean. No decisive engagement took place within view from the English coast; and sea-fights leave no trail of slaughter and devastation. The position of the people at large was rather that of an audience than of actors; they looked on from a quiet and a prosperous country while the whole Continent rang with the clash of arms.

To these causes, to the facts that home affairs were uninteresting and the scenes of war were remote, may be attributed the comparative neglect of this period by writers and students of modern English history. Mr. Lecky's admirable 'History of the Eighteenth Century' closes, in regard to continental affairs, with the year at which the war begins. Mr. Spencer Walpole's excellent work opens with the year 1815; and even Green's 'History of the 'English People' deals summarily with foreign events and transactions from 1793 to 1815. Yet now that the sound of drums and trampling has died away, and the characters of the leading personages have become thoroughly settled, we may well turn more attention toward some closer scrutiny of details, to the tracing of the political currents that underlay the surface of that stormy time, and especially toward unravelling the tangled skein of the varying relations of England with her continental allies and enemies. For such studies there is no more authentic or valuable repertory of motives and incidents, of what was actually meant and done, than the records of Foreign Offices and privately preserved correspondence of diplomatists.

The archives of the European capitals are now disclosing gradually their hidden treasures; and one of the most important additions to this class of historical proofs is the Collection of treaties and conventions made by Russia with foreign Powers. We have placed at the head of this article the title of the latest volume, published in 1895, which contains the treaties with England; and we should explain that its editor, M. F. de Martens, has availed himself of the

Digitized by Google

semi-official reports, secret correspondence, and memoranda of conversations, which he found in the Russian Foreign Office, to provide a kind of running commentary upon the formal international documents.

With such records the private letters of diplomatists can hardly rank either in interest or value; and, indeed, the papers left by our principal ministers and ambassadors have long been given to the world. Nevertheless we may welcome any fresh light upon the scenes and actors of those stirring times; and we may be glad to know more of the men whose activity, courage, and trained intelligence did the State good service, although the part played by these may have been comparatively subordinate. The 'Paget 'Papers' commemorate the name and work of such a man, and it is on these grounds that we commend the book to the attention of our readers.

Sir Augustus Paget, by whom these papers have been edited and arranged, has given us a biographical memoir of his father, Sir Arthur, whose diplomatic service abroad began in 1792, was suspended between 1795 and 1798, and finished in 1807. The memoir contains, among other things, a brief reference to the career of Sir Arthur Paget's four brothers, of whom three, including the first Marquis of Anglesey, rose to distinction in their professions. And at the end of this preface the editor records his deep sense of gratitude to Mrs. J. R. Green for her assistance in preparing the book for final publication, and for the many valuable notes that she has appended to it. To these acknowledgements from the editor the unrecorded thanks of his readers will certainly be added. We can fully attest the precision and ample knowledge with which the notes have been written, and the judgement shown in placing them where they can be most useful as aids to memory, and for the illustration or explanation of the text.

The editor's object, as stated, is 'to give some insight into 'the character of those who were engaged in making history 'at a very important moment of the world's affairs.' He remarks, and as coming from a distinguished ambassador it is worth noting, upon the enormous responsibility which diplomatists of those days were required to take upon themselves. With strong common sense, a stout heart, and a sufficient fund of ardent undoubting patriotism, a man of good birth and connexions could make his way rapidly in active service; and if the press of daily affairs left little leisure for broad views or profound insight into political

Digitized by Google

depths, he was none the worse fitted for the kind of work that lay to his hand. Arthur Paget was not more than twenty-three years old when he was left in charge, as Secretary of Legation, of the English mission to Berlin. This was in July 1894, and in the same month his brother William, aged twenty-four, writes to his father that he has just captured, after a sharp action of seventy minutes, 'one of 'the finest French frigates that was ever built.' Such were the fortunes, one hundred years ago, of young Englishmen who were plunged straight into the midst of the world-shaking contest against revolutionary France, with a good backing at home and abroad and an unlimited field for eager audacity by land or sea, by arms or diplomacy.

Paget's business at Berlin was to hold the Prussian Government to a bargain for which hard money had been paid. By a treaty made with England and Holland, Prussia had agreed, in consideration of a heavy subsidy, to place her troops under the joint direction of all three Powers, with the object of defending the Netherlands from the armies of France. Such an arrangement obviously threw all real control of the undertaking into the hands of the State which furnished the soldiers, and the outcome was that the cash was paid, but the work was not done, so that when the French poured their forces into the Low Countries they met with little opposition, while violent quarrels broke out among the treaty-parties in regard to the conduct of the campaign. England said that Prussia took the subsidy and did no fighting; the Prussians replied that if the subsidy were stopped, they must evacuate Holland and retire from the Rhine. The real object of the Prussian king was not to crush the French Revolution, but to secure his share in the third partition of Poland, and for defraying the cost of this operation the subsidy was exceedingly well timed. Upon that unhappy country Russia also was laying her grip; and so when the first coalition of kingdoms against Republican France had been dissolved by the cupidity and mutual distrust of the leading partners, the flood-tide of revolutionary war overflowed the ancient political barriers of North-western Europe.

'One would really suppose' (wrote Paget to Lord Malmesbury) 'that the Bon Dieu had entrusted the management of affairs to the devil. You will have heard that the Russians have taken Vilna by storm, and I have since learnt that they have not left a living soul in the place, and such is Her Imperial Majesty's (Catherine's) humane intention during

Digitized by Google

the progress of the war—a system which, if it has any merit, possesses it only when employed against Infidels and French.'

The last sentence shows the temper of the times; but it was written by a very young Tory, to whom the successes of France seemed the triumph of what he called Anarchy and Atheism, at a moment when the cause espoused by England appeared to have been deserted and betrayed. Next year (1795) Prussia made peace with France, crushed the Poles with troops raised and equipped by English money, seized her share of their country, and thenceforward stood apart from European strife during eleven years of dishonourable neutrality, until her own turn came for defeat and dismemberment, when she fell prone, friendless and unpitied, before the legions of Napoleon.

It is difficult to extract much interesting matter from Paget's Berlin correspondence, which chiefly represents his entirely futile exertions to induce the Prussians to co-operate in the Netherlands with the English army under the Duke of York, whose campaign brought us nothing but failure, and has consequently been relegated to convenient oblivion. There is one letter, however, marked 'secret and confidential,' in which he protests earnestly to Lord St. Helens against the engagement for marrying the Prince of Wales to the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, whose character, he says, is 'more calculated to ensure the Misery of the Prince than to 'promote his happiness or the Nation's Welfare;' and he prophesies that the connexion will be calamitous. No prediction was ever more amply fulfilled; nor is it possible, after reading the plain and positive opinion of the younger diplomatist, to be satisfied with the excuses given by Lord Malmesbury, as recorded in his own memoirs, when the Prince reproached him for not having prevented the match. Although the lady's total unfitness for the position of Queen Consort of England was perfectly clear to Lord Malmesbury, he disavowed all responsibility on the narrow ground that the instructions to him as ambassador left him without discretion, being no more than a formal command to ask the hand of the Princess for the Heir-apparent.

On returning to England in 1795 Paget entered Parliament, and retained his seat for many years, although he was constantly absent on foreign service until 1807. In 1798 he was sent to Munich with the object of persuading the Elector of Bavaria to join the second Coalition against France. From the letters of his English friends we learn that at that moment the Parliamentary Opposition had run

Digitized by Google

very low in force and funds, for 'all those who had purchased 'seats are selling them as well as they can; Beauclerk gave '5,000*l.* and has sold for 2,000*l.*'—the passage reads like a quotation from the Stock Exchange. In one letter the Prince of Wales writes a long description of a fall from his horse on the Canterbury road, and in another his Royal Highness refers to the Old Girl's convivial habits in terms which must have confirmed all Paget's forebodings about the Royal marriage. We learn also that in December 1798, the most positive intelligence was received at Vienna of the death of Bonaparte in Egypt; and we have incidental evidence of the state of communications with the Continent. 'Your servant,' writes Canning in March 1799, 'arrived 'here last week in the midst of fifteen mails, which had been 'accumulating on the other side of the water ever since the '20th of January.' And in the following year Paget, after complaining of not having received a line from England during the three months that had passed since he left, observes, 'It is a terrible thing that there should be no other 'communication from England with the Continent than 'through that vile place, Cuxhaven.'

Meanwhile the project of enlisting Bavaria in the coalition against France was becoming hopeless, and Paget had to be content with the approval of his vain exertions that was vouchsafed to him by Lord Grenville in formal yet encouraging letters. When Canning takes up the foreign under-secretaryship we have more plain speaking. The campaign of 1799 was just opening, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, of whom Paget expresses a very high opinion, was commanding against the French.

'For my part,' Canning writes, 'I have made up my mind to hear that the Austrians are terribly beaten. But I do not much care. Next to their *setting* a good example, the best thing is that they should be *made* an example for the rest of Europe. Those Powers who will not fight ought to fall. The only means by which the French could now shake the firmness and decision of this country, would be by showing in any one instance the possibility of a safe compromise with them. In that case I could not answer for our holding out as long as We ought to do. But as long as they go on overwhelming everybody who is stupid enough to trust them, We are as safe as We can be until they are finally overwhelmed themselves.'

These few lines contain the pith and core of the English policy prevailing at that epoch; they are instinct with the spirit that determined the statesmen who wielded the whole power of our country to fight out the French war to the

Digitized by Google

last, and to maintain the whole nation in a resolve that no friendship was possible with so dangerous an enemy. Such a policy may be open to the charge of egoism, of a narrow insularity that cared little for the people who poured out their blood on continental battlefields, or the countries that were ruined in the tremendous struggle, while England lay inviolate behind her sea frontiers. Yet it also expressed a fixity of aim and a firmness of purpose that sustained the courage of all Europe; and its best justification is that, after many vicissitudes, this stubborn perseverance was finally rewarded by success.

It is not always easy to follow, among the frequent changes of place and circumstance, the political narrative upon which the Paget Papers furnish a kind of running commentary, with occasional glimpses of the leading figures, their manners, motives, and opinions. We propose, therefore, to use the Russian Collection of treaties and confidential documents for the purpose of throwing stronger light upon the incidents and transactions of which Paget's correspondence often gives not much more than a disconnected outline.

In regard to the share taken by the Emperor Paul of Russia in the formation of the Second Coalition, M. de Martens gives a few curious details. The Emperor, he tells us, at first attached special value to the friendship and alliance of England, and cordially acceded to requisitions for the despatch of Russian troops to Switzerland, Italy, and even to Holland for co-operation against the 'brigands of Gaul;' though he was highly displeased at hearing that his contingent would be commanded by the Duke of York, whose incompetence he held to be unquestionable. Nevertheless it was on England that he relied chiefly for aid in saving Europe from the contagion of revolutionary ideas, while his ambassador wrote from London that no foreign sovereign had ever been so sincerely loved and respected in England as the Emperor Paul. In November 1798, Whitworth, our ambassador at St. Petersburg, had signed with the Austrian ambassador a convention which Lord Grenville disallowed; and Worontzow, the representative of Russia in London, reports that he had never seen the cool and kindly Grenville in such a state of irritation and fury as when he read Whitworth's treaty. But these differences were adjusted by the Emperor's mediation, and in June 1799 England and Russia were in the closest alliance.

A few months later the symptoms of estrangement had

Digitized by Google

become visible. Paul had proposed to make peace with France upon a certain basis, to which the English ministers by no means agreed, and a combined Anglo-Russian expedition into Holland had failed. By the following April (1800) the rupture between the two Powers was completed, for in January the English had taken Malta; and as they showed very little inclination to replace the Knights of St. John in possession of the island, Paul expelled the English ambassador from the capital, cancelled Worontzow's credentials, sequestrated all English goods in Russia, and cut off all commercial intercourse between the two countries. But these proceedings, which were most unpopular in Russia, only hastened the event that changed the whole colour and direction of Russia's policy. In March 1801 the Russian envoy in England was officially informed that the Emperor Paul had been carried off suddenly by apoplexy, and he was instructed that Alexander I. desired to restore friendly relations with England. A new emperor with the old policy was joyfully welcomed by Count Worontzow, who had been living privately at Southampton since his dismissal from the embassy by Paul, and whose prepossessions led him to insist on perpetual amity as the natural and necessary relation between Russia and England. In this ambassador's correspondence with his Government we find abundant proof of the remarkable influence which he exercised at that moment to the advantage of our country. His Anglomania, as it seemed to others, went so far that when Count Panine opened and deciphered at St. Petersburg a letter from the English Foreign Office to our envoy there, Worontzow protested with indignation against such a dishonourable act; whereas the Russian minister treated it as a matter of ordinary business, declaring that when Hugh Elliot, the English envoy at Berlin, forced open a lock in order to get at some papers belonging to the United States Legation, the London authorities had shown no sort of disapprobation. The 'perlustration' of papers he held to be quite as defensible as the bribing of office-clerks, which he treated as a universally recognised method of obtaining secret intelligence.

Nevertheless, the harmonious understanding between the two Governments did not last long. In 1801 the Egyptian Delta was, as now, garrisoned by English troops; and England was proposing to Russia a joint guarantee of the integrity of Turkey, to which Russia was no more inclined to accede than she would be at the present time. More-

Digitized by Google

over the Emperor had signified his intention to accept the protectorate of Malta; but here also the English were in possession, and when in 1802 they made peace with France, the Amiens Treaty merely included Russia among the six Powers who were to guarantee Malta's restoration to the Knights of St. John. To accept such a rôle did not suit Alexander's dignity, nor did he conceal his opinion that in settling the treaty England had looked much more to her own advantage than to the general interest of Europe. But Bonaparte's arrogance and ambition were again rallying all other governments against France, and it very soon became manifest that the whole treaty would break down upon the Maltese question; for the island was an invaluable *point d'appui* on the line between France and Egypt, and Bonaparte had told Lord Whitworth that he would rather see the English masters of the Faubourg St.-Antoine than of Malta. According to Worontzow the Addington ministry, whom he regarded with great contempt, did for some time so seriously contemplate abandoning the island that they were only induced to hesitate by his strenuous remonstrances against the folly and danger of leaving it to the mercy of France. When, in May 1803, hostilities were resumed, Lord Hawkesbury plainly told the Russian envoy that England must keep Malta, and M. de Martens believes this to have been throughout the secret determination of the ministers, who were, he thinks, only playing with their friend Worontzow.

We may now return to the Paget Papers, which exhibit the situation in the Mediterranean from a different point of view. In 1800 Paget was sent to relieve Sir William Hamilton as envoy to the King of the Two Sicilies, with the special object of persuading his Majesty to return to Naples from Palermo, where he had taken refuge when a French army marched against his capital. Lord Dalkeith wrote to Paget, on hearing of his appointment, suggesting that he should supply Sir William Hamilton's place in the full sense of the word, by occupying himself with Lady Hamilton; but the high displeasure shown by both Sir William and his wife at Paget's nomination precluded his acting upon this very diplomatic advice. Although he travelled to Naples by Dresden and Vienna, thus making a wide circuit through Central Europe and traversing two-thirds of Italy, his letters touch very slightly upon the state of Europe at this period. From Mantua he writes that,

Digitized by Google

owing to the rapidity of his journey (it occupied at least six weeks), he had hitherto found little or nothing of novelty, except the ugliness of the Italian women. He is, nevertheless, sufficiently humane to add that, although the people are ill-favoured, 'this should not make one less shocked at 'the innumerable vestiges of rapine, pillage, fire, &c., which 'are to be seen everywhere in the Tyrol and in Italy,' and which attest the enormities committed by that sacrilegious nation, the French. At Florence he reports to Lord Grenville that he has been preparing a scheme whereby Kléber and his Egyptian army, who were returning to France under the capitulation of El Arish, were to be gained over to a conspiracy for overturning Bonaparte's Government. He believed that the French general and all his troops were 'so completely 'disgusted' with their rulers that they would gladly entertain such proposals. It must be confessed that the project betrays a very shallow acquaintance with the real spirit of the French nation at that moment, and a very imperfect measurement of Bonaparte's strength. But in respect to the possibility of upsetting the revolutionary government by foreign aid and abetment, some of the best politicians in England were constantly liable to be misled by their profound detestation of it.

Paget found the King and Queen of Naples living at Palermo under the protection of the British fleet, and the administration of the Two Sicilies in utter confusion. The Queen (Marie Antoinette's sister) was a woman of much stronger character than her husband, over whom she had been domineering so unmercifully that his Majesty was seriously meditating abdication; and the real ruler was reported by Paget to be Sir John Acton, an Englishman who had originally taken service with the Neapolitan Government for the purpose of reorganising the navy. His remarkable rise to chief power in the State has been sometimes accounted for by the Queen's personal favour, but he was undoubtedly a man of considerable talent and capacity. Paget's task of prevailing upon the Court to go back to Naples was soon discovered to be full of intricate difficulties. 'The King,' he reports, 'has a very proper sense of danger '—in other words, he is a sad Poltroon . . . the Queen has 'taken an aversion to me, and opposes everything I propose; 'but she has lost her influence, and Acton does everything '. . . the country is really in a most distracted state.' All the European countries bordering upon the Mediterranean were, in fact, in much the same condition of political con-

Digitized by Google

fusion and disorder. Massena was shut up in Genoa, where the French, blockaded by an English fleet and beleaguered by an Austrian army, were being starved into surrender. Malta was on the point of capitulation, after two years of naval siege; from Corsica sharp fighting was reported; and the Ionian Islands were very restless under a Turkish garrison; the French army had evacuated Egypt, and almost all Italy had shaken off the Republican yoke. On every shore of the inland sea the naval strength of England had succeeded in thrusting back or breaking down the military predominance of France. In these favourable circumstances the presence of the Sicilian Government at Naples was necessary for the re-establishment of order on the mainland, where the people were said to be clamorous for the King's return. Acton agreed generally, but raised obstacles, and when the matter was pressed he replied in a tone from which we may guess that the English minister had not handled him with much suavity. It is, at any rate, clear that Paget had not managed to conciliate the Queen:—

'I have every reason to suppose that, not from principles, but from pique, Her Sicilian Majesty has been very violent in opposing the King's return since my arrival. She had been taught to believe that I was sent here to Dictate and to use haughty language upon the subject, at which idea I know from undoubted authority that she was violently irritated.'

The country, he added, was governed solely by Acton, who saw the necessity of returning to Naples, but was deterred by the consciousness of his own extreme unpopularity at the capital.

Moreover, the Hamiltons, whom Paget's arrival had displaced, had no notion of making the path smooth for their successor.

'It is not to be told the pains that were taken by Lady Hamilton to set the Court against me before I arrived. I was represented as a Jacobin and a coxcomb, a person set to bully them and to carry them back *bon gré mal gré* to Naples. . . . I am sorry to say that Lord Nelson has given more or less into all this nonsense. His Lordship's health is, I fear, sadly impaired, and I am afraid that his fortune has fallen into the same state through the losses which both he and Lady Hamilton have sustained at Faro and other games of hazard.'

Lord Nelson's name is barely mentioned throughout this correspondence; but Paget had evidently delivered his mind on the subject to Lord Keith, who replies from Genoa, where he was commanding the blockade, that 'anything absurd 'coming from the quarter you mention does not surprise

Digitized by Google

'me, the whole was a scene of fulsome Vanity and Absurdity 'all the *long* eight days I was at Palermo.'

At the bottom of the hesitation of the Sicilian Government about returning to Naples lay the fear, not only of the French, but also of the Austrians, who were known to have an eye upon the Italian States, especially upon the Papal Legations. For centuries there had been intermittent fighting between France and Germany over the fair and fertile provinces of North Italy; and the French and Austrian armies were now renewing the immemorial contest. It seemed certain that the victor would march upon Rome, if not further southward; and at this moment the fortunes of war were turning in favour of Austria. On May 27 Lord Minto writes from Vienna to Paget, 'The campaign has 'been uniformly successful in Italy. A very masterly plan 'is on the point of being crowned with the capture of Genoa 'and the extinction of Massena's army. The Emperor will, 'I believe, keep the three Legations.' On June 5 Lord Keith, the British admiral who commanded before Genoa, wrote triumphantly to Paget that the city had capitulated, after a hard set between himself and Massena, whom he styles 'the greatest brute in Christendom.' But Massena had been holding out with superb fortitude in order to detain Melas at Genoa while Bonaparte was passing the Alps, and in a few days the sudden descent upon North Italy of a French army produced a marvellous shifting of scenes. On June 12 Paget received from Keith a hasty letter that gives a glimpse of all Italy in terror and commotion:—

'Yesterday the Court of Turin and Jackson [the English envoy] came here flying. The Pope writes for a ship, the Senate of Florence does the like. Penrose and the factory at Leghorn want six; the King of Sardinia writes that his island is attacked. He wants a squadron, all my ships are gone with the French, I have not one left, nor can I hear anything of Lord Nilson [*sic*]. The French are investing Savona and all are alarmed to a Childish degree. . . . Melas at Tortona writes me, Italy depends on a battle which I shall fight to-morrow. If I fail the army depends on your friendship for its all.'

On that very day Melas had met the French at Marengo, where he had been completely defeated, after very nearly winning a victory that might have cut short Bonaparte's career and changed the history of Europe. Keith writes on the 20th that he cannot defend Genoa, and must go to Leghorn to land the wretched fugitives; 'and to be bored 'by Lord Nelson for permission to take the Queen to

Digitized by Google

'Palermo, and Princes and Princesses to all parts of the 'world, I have said my duty to the Nation forbids it. God 'knows it is true.' Wyndham writes from Florence that the French carry victory everywhere, and that the Emperor must take the peace Bonaparte will be so good as to grant him. Acton sends the news to Paget on July 1, adding that all the strong places in North Italy have passed into the hands of the French; and he naturally listened very little to Paget's argument that in such a perilous emergency the King's presence at Naples was more than ever necessary. No one knew better than the British envoy how precarious and even dangerous would be the situation of the Sicilian royalties at their capital, with an untrustworthy army, a disaffected nobility, and a turbulent population; but his business was to promote the policy of England, to counteract French menaces, and generally to carry out his instructions. So he told Acton that he 'could not discover a shadow of 'Reason for postponing the King's return to Naples;' and he wished his Majesty to place himself at the head of a combined army to oppose 'the whole French army, which 'can at any time march into the Roman States without 'violating the Armistice with Austria.' The prospects of such a campaign were by no means inviting, for 'in Naples 'itself the greater part of his Nobility are disaffected, and 'the people . . . ready and even panting to commit the most 'horrible excesses.' Nevertheless 'it is certainly our interest 'to prevent Italy from falling into the hands of the French '. . . as they would have but a step to this island (Sicily), 'Malta, Corfu, and so on, a pretty chain of ports toward 'Egypt.' In these circumstances one need not be greatly surprised, although Paget was taken aback by the discovery, that the Sicilian Court were by this time intriguing to procure his recall. It had not been the Queen's habit to find fault with her confidential advisers on the score of youth, yet in this instance her Majesty was seriously convinced that the British envoy was 'too young' for the place.

But Palermo, where Paget was still posted, was a remote and insignificant corner of the political arena; nor could the success or failure of his exertions materially affect great issues. Lord Minto's letters from Vienna, at the centre of the situation, give a clear and masterly description of the course of events, and show how the Second Coalition was beaten down and dissolved by the French victories. By the year's end Austria had signed an armistice, 'more ruinous 'and ignominious' (writes Lord Minto to Paget) 'than all

Digitized by Google

'the preceding disgraces;' yet he is obliged to admit its necessity—

'If we turn from the lamentable conditions of the armistice to the situation of the Austrian army and its government, we shall perhaps rather deplore than condemn what has been done. With an army . . . reduced by fatigue and hardship to a state of wretchedness that had wholly deprived them of courage, and had even created a dangerous and alarming spirit of mutiny, with an army, in short, which fairly declared their intention not to fight, and which had not bodily strength to do their duty if they had been disposed, what could the Arch Duke advise?'

In short, Austria was beaten to a standstill, Russia had withdrawn her troops in dudgeon, Prussia stood cautiously neutral; and when the peace of Lunéville was signed in February 1801, between Austria and France, the Sicilian Government necessarily made what terms it could with the victorious French. In the meantime our quarrel over Malta with the Emperor Paul had culminated in a declaration of war, so England was again left to confront Bonaparte singlehanded. The King and his Ministers at last went over to Naples; but Paget's relations with the Court had become decidedly worse. He complains, not very reasonably, that he was not kept informed of all transactions between the Governments at Naples and Paris; he says that Acton had treated him with rudeness and disrespect; and he writes to Lord Hawkesbury that he is thoroughly tired of his present mission, which had indeed lost all use and meaning by the complete change of circumstances. In 1801 he was transferred to Vienna.

The courage, energy, and straightforward attachment to his country's interests that were displayed by Paget at Palermo bring out in strong relief his characteristic qualities. Yet it must be confessed that the Sicilian correspondence does not convince us that he was endowed with the lightness of hand and quickness of apprehension that were needful for dealing with the jealous susceptibilities of a South Italian Court, or for appreciating the difficulties of a feeble and unfortunate government. His mission was doomed to failure, because the policy which it was intended to support had collapsed all over Europe under the stroke of Bonaparte's sword, and because England could not protect allies on the European mainland. Our victories at sea, though most advantageous to the security of Great Britain, did not put heart into a weak and terrified Italian State, whose existence depended on the defence of its land frontier. To the Queen of

Digitized by Google

Naples Republican France represented the executioners of her sister, and Bonaparte was the incarnation of fierce irresistible militarism. For all these things Paget, intent upon English aims and projects, appears to have made insufficient allowance, and his letters consequently produce the impression of a man whose direct and unyielding activity was often foiled by petty impediments and personal antipathies. When, in 1803, Mr. Hugh Elliot arrived to take charge of the English legation at Naples, at a time when the unlucky sovereigns were again in imminent danger from the advance of a French army into Calabria, he contrived within a few months to secure the Queen's entire confidence, and thereby the direction of the policy of the Sicilian Government at that most critical epoch.

On the other hand, Paget's views in regard to our retention of Malta, if they were not farsighted, were at any rate honest and impartial. When that island was at last surrendered to the English, they took exclusive possession of it, hoisted the British flag, and imperturbably disregarded the claims of Russia, Sicily, or the Knights of St. John to enter into joint occupation. These proceedings led, as we have seen, first to a declaration of war with Russia, and afterwards to the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens with France; and Paget steadily disapproved of them. He maintained that to set up the British flag exclusively was 'a direct and open breach of 'existing treaties . . . which may have very unpleasant con-'sequences.' We have to remember, nevertheless, that Bonaparte had made no secret of his desire to convert the Mediterranean into a French lake, and so to make Malta a stepping-stone across the water toward Egypt. Sooner or later, he had declared to Lord Whitworth, Egypt must belong to France, either by the dissolution of the Ottoman empire or by arrangement with the Sultan; nor can it be denied that the permanent annexation to France, instead of to England, of this island fortress might have eventually turned against us the balance of naval power in the Mediterranean. The momentous decision appeared to lie between war immediate with Malta in hand, and war eventual without it—a formidable danger on either side. The English boldly preferred the alternative of keeping Malta and defying Bonaparte; and the whole course of our dominion's expansion during the nineteenth century has enhanced the value of this fortified post upon one of our most important lines of maritime communication.

Moreover, if we survey, from the distance of nearly one

Digitized by Google

hundred years, the state of Europe at the opening of this century, we can now perceive that the stubborn conflict between France and England was so far from a termination that it had only just reached its climax. Two Powers, one irresistible on the land, the other on the sea, stood facing each other with gathered forces in inextinguishable rivalry; and no point of vantage could safely be yielded up by either combatant. England was drawing into her own hands the sea-borne commerce of the Western world; she had multiplied her financial resources and naval armaments; she was seizing colonies, occupying all the best maritime stations, commanding all the waterways; but every attempt to take effective part in the land fighting had hitherto failed. On the other side, France could conquer the Netherlands, overrun the Austrian Empire, and upset all the principalities of Italy; but she could do nothing in Jersey, within a few miles of her own shores; and Bonaparte thought an invasion of British India on the whole more practicable than crossing the Channel. He had, indeed, formed against us a coalition of the maritime Powers in the North, but the destruction of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen dealt the confederates a heavy blow, and their alliance was dissolved by the death of the Emperor Paul, whose assassination may be largely attributed to the discontent and distress caused in Russia by the rupture with England. The Amiens Treaty was in truth a mere armistice, a pause during which two athletes eyed each other before renewing the wrestle. Lord Minto, whose letters to Paget review the situation admirably, wrote in May 1801 from Vienna that he had reason to think that our negotiations with France would come to nothing. 'The 'fact is that France has yet many easy and valuable con- 'quests to make on the Continent. Spain I consider as 'doomed to share the fate of the Low Countries, Piedmont, 'and all the neighbours of the French Revolution. They 'will introduce French armies into Spain under pretence of 'attacking Portugal. They will bait the snare by the offer 'of Portugal to Spain, and having once made a lodgement in 'Spain, they will swallow up both Spain and Portugal. Italy 'is already theirs from Turin to Brindisi.' The prediction was fairly accurate, and in general it was clear to sagacious observers that nothing was yet settled, while half the Continent lay at the mercy of France, and Bonaparte, who had as yet won no victories in Central Europe, was gathering into his single hand all the reins of government at home,

Digitized by Google

and accumulating the forces, military and political, which were to give irresistible momentum to his wonderful career.

The preliminaries of the Amiens Treaty were signed on October 1, and, according to the treaty itself, as concluded in March 1802, Malta should have been restored to the Knights of St. John within three months; but England, after much hesitation, demanded temporary possession for ten years. The two antagonists took breathing time for about twelve months, after which each of them threw aside his diplomatic mask, grasped his weapons, and began the war again. Pitt sent his fleets to sea and set about forming the Third Coalition. Napoleon crowned himself emperor, threatened England with invasion, and then suddenly turned all his forces against Austria.

The correspondence of Paget, who had now been transferred to Vienna, shows the course of the negotiation among the allies, and reflects the deep impression made at Vienna by the news of the Duc d'Enghien's execution. Under pressure from Russia and England, and being alarmed at certain menacing movements on the French side, Austria, aided by English subsidies, began slowly to arm; yet many months passed before Paget could persuade the Emperor Francis to join the league that had been made between Russia and England in April 1805. It was certain that the Austrian territories would be exposed to the full violence of Napoleon's first onset, and Paget seems to have underrated this tremendous risk when he wrote impatiently in July to the English Foreign Secretary, 'Nothing will be concluded 'here by negotiation. If it is the Emperor of Russia's 'object to secure the co-operation of the Court of Vienna, 'he must march 200,000 men into the Austrian States.' He did not know that this co-operation had been already secured by the secret negotiations that had been going on at St. Petersburg, which were disclosed by an abrupt notification to France that the three Powers demanded the independence of Italy, Switzerland, and Holland. All Europe was immediately astir, and the horizon became darkened with the vanward clouds of evil days. The Bavarian Elector joined the Coalition, but went over with his troops to France; the French armies converged rapidly upon Austria, and violated Prussian territory by marching across Anspach, whereupon Prussia half drew her sword from its sheath, but stayed her hand to await the result of the first imminent collision. Russia had mustered her

Digitized by Google

troops, and was hurrying down from the north with a mighty host.

On October 24 (1805) Paget sent to Lord Mulgrave an interesting despatch, in which he reviewed the operations as known to him up to that date, and endeavoured to account for Austria's misfortunes at the opening of the campaign by her mistakes. The Archduke Charles, he said, had set more troops against Massena in Italy than Mack could bring together against Napoleon in Germany, and Mack was afraid to demand reinforcements from the Archduke. The Austrians expected to be joined by the Russians before the first action was fought; but they had not calculated upon Bonaparte's infernal activity, and Mack, instead of falling back, had actually advanced to meet him. He had consequently been outnumbered and driven back with loss. 'What has 'happened since I shudder to reflect upon;' a general consternation was prevailing at Vienna. Next day he writes that his apprehensions were but too well grounded, for Mack had capitulated at Ulm with 18,000 men; and the Archduke Ferdinand was flying before Bonaparte, who was probably marching straight against the combined Austrian and Russian armies under Kutusow.

At the present day, when the morning journals publish within twenty-four hours the particulars of any petty skirmish that may have occurred on some distant frontier, on the Nile or in Matabeleland, and when large capitals announce a 'brilliant engagement' with savages, in which 'one horse was wounded,' the slightest incident is flashed home with extreme velocity. Ninety years ago events of the first magnitude travelled slowly, and arrived in batches, as the post happened to serve. Lady Uxbridge received simultaneously the news of Ulm and of Trafalgar. 'Never,' she writes to her son, 'shall I forget yesterday [November 9] 'as long as Memory remains. Oh! my beloved son, think 'what a day it was to us; the account of your illness, of 'the fall of Nelson and of his brilliant victory, and the total 'defeat of the Austrians; it was too much, and we were 'sunk to the lowest ebb.' His father's letter strikes a different note: 'What think you of our late Naval victory? it 'could not have been better timed; but the death of Poor 'Nelson is a grievous national loss; but thank God we have 'a good list of fine fellows left. . . . Why may not the 'destruction of twenty of the Enemies' combined fleet 'raise our spirits again, and enable us to make an example

Digitized by Google

'of that most wicked, Vilainous and very worst of wretches, 'Bonaparte?'

It was easy enough for Englishmen living safely at home to keep up their spirits while Napoleon was routing the armies of Austria and thundering at the gates of her capital. They might console themselves with triumphs on the blue water, but within another month Paget reports from Olmütz that the allied forces had been completely defeated, after an obstinate resistance, at Austerlitz, where the Coalition was finally shattered, and Austria made peace on terms which cost her some of her fairest provinces. The publication in the *London Gazette*, by Lord Mulgrave, of some of Paget's despatches from Vienna so compromised his relations with the Austrian Government, that after Pitt's death Fox sent him a courteous letter of recall, and he had left the Continent before the disasters of Germany culminated at Jena.

Yet although Austria and Prussia had been crushed one after the other by the end of 1806, the Russians were still fighting stubbornly on the Vistula, and when Napoleon had managed to create a diversion in south-east Europe by fomenting a quarrel between Russia and Turkey, the English Government sent out a mission to counteract French influence at Constantinople. Canning's letter of instructions, with which Paget set out for the Dardanelles in May 1807, explains views and a system of policy that have not very materially changed, so far as Turkey is concerned, up to the present day:—

'However strong the probability may appear that the cumbrous and ill-compacted Fabric of the Ottoman Power may not be able long to withstand the course of events by which its Destruction has been for some time prepared, it is by no means either the wish or the Interest of His Majesty to be instrumental in precipitating its Fall. At this moment especially, when the one great Danger, with which Europe and the World are threatened from the overbearing greatness and insatiable ambition of France, requires the undivided efforts of all the Powers interested in resisting it, His Majesty would see with peculiar regret the diversion . . . of the military means of Russia to objects of aggrandisement on the side of Turkey.'

And the envoy was empowered to mediate terms of peace between Russia and the Sultan, on the basis of the preservation of the integrity of the Turkish empire. On his way to the Dardanelles Paget touched at Palermo, where he found everything in the normal state of confusion. The French were masters at Naples; the Government had again fled across the Straits into Sicily; the Queen complained

Digitized by Google

bitterly of Sir John Moore and Drummond, who were the military and diplomatic representatives of England; and Drummond was profoundly jealous of Moore. 'You will 'see,' Paget wrote to the Duke of York, 'that matters in 'Sicily are not quite what they ought to be. It is really 'terrible how they all go on, but I think Sir John Moore is 'the man to support.' When he reached Tenedos he found there Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian envoy; but the Russian and Turkish fleets had been fighting, and the state of the island was dreadful. 'My pen is unable to describe the 'Horror of the Place. I found the town nearly reduced to 'ashes, the island deserted by all its former inhabitants, 'dead Bodies floating about the shore, and the air infected 'by those now lying unburied on the island; not even water 'to be had, all the wells having been destroyed.' Moreover the Russians had by this time lost the great battle of Friedland; and in July 1807 the Emperor Alexander made peace with Napoleon at Tilsit, on terms which converted Russia into an ally of France, and included a secret article for the dismemberment of Turkey. All the blood and money spent in building up the Third Coalition had been thrown away on the Continent, where Napoleon was now all powerful, and nothing remained for Paget to do except to patch up, if he could, a peace between England and the Porte on the basis of general amity and an offer to restore Egypt, which our troops were perforce evacuating. With Russia and France both meditating the arrangement of mutual accommodations at the Sultan's expense, there was some doubt whether Turkey might not disappear from the map of Europe before England could settle a treaty with her, so Paget was enjoined to lose no time. 'Make our peace with 'Turkey as soon as you can,' Canning wrote to him; 'with 'Constantinopolitan Turkey if that is still in being, if not, 'with Asiatic Turkey.' But the Porte used every pretext for delaying serious negotiations; French influence predominated at Constantinople; the Russian fleet and envoy disappeared; and while Paget was striving to obtain concessions as a condition of our quitting Egypt, the British troops there were withdrawn unconditionally to reinforce our position in Sicily. After being for three months on board a frigate in extreme discomfort, Paget, wearied out by hopeless attempts to obtain even an audience of the Sultan, broke off a negotiation that had been foredoomed to failure by the defection of Russia. The situation was of a kind that has a tendency to recur under a similar combination

Digitized by Google

of circumstances. With France and Russia acting together in opposition to England, we can offer the Porte no substantial protection against the Power that overhangs the land frontiers of the Ottoman Empire; while for threats in the shape of naval demonstrations or blockades Turkey cares as little now as she did ninety years ago. In one despatch Paget warned his government that no mere promise of naval support would induce the Turks in Europe to make head against Russia and France; and mere naval menaces have always proved equally ineffective.

If, on reviewing Paget's diplomatic career, which ended with this futile expedition, we are unable to score any distinctly successful mission to the credit of a zealous, intrepid, and fairly capable man, it is but just to make large allowance for adverse fortunes and peculiarly arduous situations. It was his fate to be employed in the support of forlorn causes, in endeavouring to hold untenable posts, to keep together political combinations that fell apart or were rent asunder. At Berlin he was striving hard, though in a subordinate capacity, to maintain Prussia in the English alliance, but she made peace with France. At Palermo he was dealing with a government bewildered by distress and terror, to whom he could promise no material succour against a most formidable enemy. At Vienna he found himself representing England in the unprofitable and inglorious rôle of paymaster and benevolent bystander, while Austria was locked in the disastrous struggle with Napoleon. As Austerlitz virtually closed his mission in 1805, so in 1807 Friedland cut short his attempts to deal with Turkey in the Dardanelles. The whole leverage of his diplomacy rested on the base of friendship between Russia and England; but he had hardly anchored in Turkish waters before Russia passed over to France. At such sudden and sweeping turns of the war-flood a greater man than Paget would have fared no better than he did; nor in fact did England score a single point of indisputable success, military or political, on the European Continent during the first fourteen years of the long-drawn contest that began with the rupture of 1793. General Stuart's defeat of the French at Maida, in Calabria (1806), was a brilliant feat of arms, but it had no permanent effect upon politics; and our naval victories brought little aid, though great encouragement, to allies who were facing the armies of Napoleon in the midlands of Europe. It was not until Napoleon sent his troops across the Pyrenees to Lisbon and

Digitized by Google

Madrid, that our command of the sea routes came into play, and we were at last able to take an active part in the hostilities from an impregnable base of operations.

M. de Martens has given us, in his narrative of the relations between Russia and England during the period that we have just been traversing (1803—1807), some fresh and interesting particulars. When the short peace of Amiens ended, the general conviction that Bonaparte's ambition was insatiable soon brought Russia again into alliance with England; and the Emperor Alexander despatched a special envoy to London with instructions to consult the English Ministry upon a programme for the reconstitution of Europe. Upon the measures to be concerted against French aggression there was no material disagreement; if Russia would find men England would find money; and it was assumed that the other Continental States would fall into line with such important allies. But in regard to Turkey the ulterior views of the two Powers could not be made to correspond. That the Ottoman empire should not fall to pieces was Russia's professed desire; nevertheless in such times of storm and stress no sovereignty could be secure, and in the remote contingency of the empire's violent dissolution it seemed to Russia only prudent to discuss the redistribution of certain Turkish provinces. They might be useful, for instance, as indemnities to Prussia or Austria for any territorial concessions that might be necessitated by adverse fortunes of war in Western Europe. To the surprise of the Russian envoy he found that the English Prime Minister treated these far-sighted ideas as if they suggested little more than a plan of Russia and Austria for repaying themselves their war expenditure by a partition of Turkey.

But it was still the Maltese difficulty that obstructed a perfect understanding between the two Courts. The Emperor declared that he would not go to war with France in order that England might keep the island. Pitt, who was now again in office, replied that it must be kept at all hazards, and refused inflexibly to entertain the project of placing Malta under the guarantee or garrison of Russia. The treaty of alliance had been signed, but the Emperor would not ratify it unless England gave way on this point; and on the other hand Pitt said flatly that the thing was impossible. The King, he told the ambassador, might wish to make the concession; the Cabinet might be disposed to yield; but any treaty which made over Malta to a

Digitized by Google

foreign government would be so unanimously repudiated by the British Parliament and the people that the sure result would be the overthrow of the ministry. Worontzow wrote that Pitt was the country's real and sole ruler, that his industry was inconceivable, and that all the other ministers, including the Foreign Secretary (Lord Mulgrave), were mere *nullités*, who had not a single clear notion of England's policy, either at home or abroad. Pitt's own views were definite and unmistakeable. He regarded France as a military Power dominating all southern Europe, wielded by a potentate with the avowed objects of closing the Mediterranean to all ships of war but her own, and of invading by that route the Ottoman empire; and he insisted that Malta was essential for the protection of Egypt, 'whose importance to 'England is such that she ought to risk ten wars rather 'than see the French in possession of it.' 'Then,' said Worontzow, 'Russia must break off the treaty of alliance, 'which was to save Europe.' 'It will be lost, not saved,' rejoined Pitt, 'by allowing the French to establish their 'dominion over the Mediterranean and the Levant, and if 'your alliance can only be had by surrendering Malta, we will 'continue the war alone.' Ratification of the treaty was suspended, and Alexander resolved to try what he could do by negotiating with Napoleon. His envoy had started for Paris, but when the Emperor heard that France had seized all the Genoese territory, he recalled his envoy, and decided upon war.

But the fortunes of the Third Coalition were, as we have seen, calamitous. Austria was struck down at the end of 1805; Pitt died early in 1806, and Fox later in the same year; the Prussian army was annihilated at Jena; and after Friedland Russia, disheartened by ill luck, and disgusted with the English alliance, made her own terms with Napoleon. The Emperor Alexander was profoundly dissatisfied with the English ministry, whom he accused of indifference to his interests and exclusive attention to their own; and the Eastern question was then, as now, a bone of contention between the two governments. 'The Ottoman empire,' said the Russian ambassador, 'is toppling over into ruins; so 'when it falls let us make Greece and Servia independent.' 'It is indeed in a bad way,' observed Fox, 'and when the 'end comes we shall probably take Crete and Alexandria;' but on the subject of Greece and Servia he would answer nothing. There was incessant bickering over England's maritime code, over the right of searching neutral ships and

Digitized by Google

the audacity of our privateers, until the bombardment of Copenhagen and the seizure of the Danish fleet filled the cup of Alexander's indignation, for he considered the waters of the Baltic Sea to be Russian. By a formal manifesto he cancelled all relations with England, and ordered his ambassador to withdraw without taking formal leave.

Nevertheless, the ambassador had two secret interviews, before he departed, with the Foreign Secretary, and M. de Martens remarked that what Canning then said regarding the attitude of England towards Russia has lost none of its importance at the present day. He affirmed that it had always been the system of England to support and strengthen Russia—particularly since Napoleon had upset the European balance of power—and that from this system England would never swerve, unless, indeed, she were forced to do so by an entire reversion of Russia's ancient policy; that a maritime war could only damage Russia heavily without injuring England, would force us to oppose her everywhere, and to make peace with France on the basis of abstaining from all future intervention in Continental affairs. Whether Russia could rely upon the permanency of her new friendship with France so firmly as to be entirely at ease in regard to the prospect of leaving Napoleon with a free hand in Europe, seemed very doubtful to the English minister, who, for his own part, preferred war to a precarious peace, although he was nevertheless prepared to treat with France on the basis of *uti possidetis*. Nothing came of this overture, though the Russian envoy repeated it to Napoleon himself in Paris, for the French Emperor was by this time maturing his designs on Spain, and in a very short time Alexander had good reason to remember Canning's warnings and predictions. Next year (1808) Napoleon was at Madrid; in 1809 he was again in Vienna, and before the end of 1811 Russia and France were silently arming for a gigantic duel.

The formal declaration, in 1808, of a rupture between Russia and England was followed by four years of a war which is distinguished, according to M. de Martens, from all other wars by the singularity that it began and ended without one military operation. Never were hostilities so politely conducted; the belligerents kept their distance, and did not even exchange a shot as a preliminary to shaking hands. The Russian ships of war in the Tagus surrendered to a superior English fleet, whose admiral undertook to

Digitized by Google

send home the crews to Russia, and to restore the vessels in good condition on the conclusion of peace. As Canning had predicted, the quarrel, though bloodless, turned to the disadvantage of Russia; for her accession to Napoleon's system of closing all seaports to English trade ruined her commerce, while the subjugation of Prussia virtually levelled all intervening barriers between the French empire and the frontier of Russia. A natural community of interests, political and commercial, slowly drew together again two nations who were not more unwilling than unable to strike at each other in earnest, for the land was closed to England and the sea to Russia. In the spring of 1812 Bernadotte had openly ranged Sweden on the side of Russia in the impending conflict, and through his intervention an English diplomatic agent, Thornton, who was then at Stockholm, was brought into communication with the Russian envoy there. The result was the Treaty of August 1812, whereby England and Russia laid the cornerstone of the fourth and finally victorious coalition of the Allied Powers against Napoleon, which destroyed the first French empire and remodelled the map of Europe at Vienna in 1815.

It has been our object, in reviewing two very different collections of diplomatic papers, to survey from two separate points of view the political field of Europe, from 1795 to 1807, at one of the most eventful periods of recent history. The Paget letters reflect diplomatic activity at high pressure, the rapid journeys from one capital to another, the shifting of scenes and changing of sides, the laborious negotiations that collapse before one downright blow at the clash of armies, the energy with which England, in spite of deceptions and disasters, constantly reappeared upon some fresh standing ground in the arena, and contended against Napoleon in every Court and camp, from St. Petersburg to the Bosporus. The collection of Russian treaties and correspondence throws more light on the hidden ways of diplomacy, and particularly on the less transitory objects and considerations that guided the policy and determined the alliance of the two States whose action, when they were united, did so much to turn the scale against Napoleon in the latter years of the long contest.

Since that time the relations between England and Russia have undergone great vicissitudes, and the aspect of European politics has altered materially; yet in regard to one or two cardinal points there has been little change. The Ottoman empire has lost much of its footing in Europe,

Digitized by Google

and in the provinces that it retains the misrule is the same as heretofore, but one cannot say that the Sultan's dynasty is nearer its end than it was a hundred years ago, and the future of Turkey still is no less problematical than when Alexander was suggesting to Pitt the expediency of preparation for its imminent downfall, or when Paget was exchanging notes with the Vizier from his frigate at Tenedos. In 1801 the English were in temporary occupation of Lower Egypt, and the year 1896 finds them there again, with no clearer prospect of an arrangement that shall conciliate European jealousies, or plant some stable dominion in that much-enduring country. The Eastern question, in short, has made no perceptible advance in the course of the nineteenth century towards a durable solution, and its uncertainty still troubles the relations of England, France, and Russia; for it is mainly the Turkish difficulty which hinders a good understanding between Russia and England, and our position in Egypt complicates most of the English transactions with France. It is true that the question has greatly expanded during the last thirty years, that all Asia has now fallen more or less under European ascendency, and that the contiguity of our Indian frontiers to Russian and French possessions, the decadence of China, and the complications in the Far East, are multiplying international rivalries. Yet the roots of mistrust and disagreement among the European Powers in Asia are still to be found at Constantinople and Cairo, and until matters are settled on the eastern seaboard of the Mediterranean, it is useless to look for a permanent adjustment of difficulties elsewhere. It may be admitted that the *rapprochement* of France and Russia is at this moment, as it was ninety years ago, unfavourable in some respects to English views and desires; nevertheless the effect is, now as formerly, to draw us nearer to the leading States of Central Europe, and an alliance between France and Russia has never yet lasted very long. Probably the most serious obstacle to a permanent settlement of the Eastern question is nothing more than the incurable instability of all Asiatic rulerships that fall within the range and influence of European civilisation.

Digitized by Google

ART. VII.—1. *Flowers and Gardens: Notes on Plant Beauty by a Medical Man.* By FORBES WATSON, M.R.C.S. London: 1872.

2. *A Year in a Lancashire Garden.* By HENRY A. BRIGHT. Second edition. London: 1879.

3. *Days and Hours in a Garden.* By 'E. V. B.' London: 1884.

4. *The English Flower Garden.* By W. ROBINSON. London and New York: 1883.

5. *The Wild Garden.* By W. ROBINSON. London and New York: 1881.

6. *Garden Craft, Old and New.* By JOHN D. SEDDING. London: 1891.

7. *The Formal Garden in England.* By REGINALD BLOMFIELD and F. INIGO THOMAS. London: 1892.

8. *The Garden that I Love.* By ALFRED AUSTIN. London: 1894.

9. *In Veronica's Garden.* By ALFRED AUSTIN. London: 1895.

10. *In a Gloucestershire Garden.* By Canon ELLACOMBE. London: 1895.

THE influences that have determined the developement of gardens within the last thousand years must be looked for in those of ancient Rome. In Rome itself, gardens of highly wrought architectural character were an actual part of the imperial palaces and of those of the patrician class; and recent examination clearly proves, what has long been vaguely known, that a large portion of the vast area of the Campagna was occupied by villas with their gardens and farms. Professor Lanciani's recent works of exploration and excavation show how this now barely inhabited waste was once a thickly populated suburb, composed of the villas of the wealthier class, with busy streets branching out of the Appian Way and other main thoroughfares. Rome, the all-conquering, subdued not only distant kingdoms, making them her provinces, but, close at home, conquered fever and death, creating smiling gardens and groves where they had lately reigned. As she grew in power and wealth and population, her governing and patrician class required country houses of convenient access, in many cases more than one, for use at different seasons of the year. Marshy

Digitized by Google

hollows were drained and filled up, and permanent roads were built, with raised footways and pleasant fountains and places of rest for wayfarers. Frequent cross-roads gave access to the various properties, which increased in size as they lay at a greater distance from the city, till the villa included not a palace and garden mainly, as in those nearer home, but large properties, comprising farms and whole villages of thriving peasant population. An abundant water-supply, secured by the magnificent system of aqueducts that brought pure water from the hills, and a well-organised arrangement for carrying off surface water, provided an ample supply and an efficient overflow. Not only were houses and gardens built and planted in the plains and small valleys of the Campagna itself, but imperial villas of vast size occupied commanding sites on the slopes of the neighbouring hills. The ruins of the villa of Hadrian, a town in itself, show terraces, colonnades, fountains, and pools of magnificent design, indicating a garden of the first order; while the remains of the villa of Domitian on one of the slopes of the Lake of Albano point to the former existence of another of great importance. Pliny the younger gives a detailed description of his villa in Tuscany in his 'Letter to Apollinaris' in the year A.D. 62. In these ancient gardens topiary work was in general practice. Trees and shrubs were trained and trimmed into walls, ornaments, and figures of wild beasts; it became a fashion that was carried to a great excess. A certain amount of such work was no doubt in harmony with the architecture, green niches of box, yew, and cypress being admirable backgrounds for the many works of sculpture which decorated the greater gardens. Only in the remoter parts, and in the case of the groves surrounding the family mausoleum, which found a place within the grounds of each great villa, were the ilex, pine, cypress, myrtle, and pomegranate allowed to grow into their own beautiful forms. Where the zeal of the *topiarius* or the whim of his master tortured the bushes into extravagant forms, the taste of the practice is questionable, but an explanation may be sought in the excess of slave labour, or in the want of variety of garden material. The number of flowering plants on record as known in these ancient gardens was so limited that it was an object to seek as much variety as possible in the methods of treating them. We hear of a wealth of roses; of violets, iris, poppy, lily, narcissus, hyacinth, and crocus; of ivy, jasmine, myrtle, and pomegranate, and of little else.

Digitized by Google

The arrangement of the villa usually followed certain rules. The palace and upper terrace were on the highest ground; then followed a succession of terraces with massive retaining walls, porticoes with niches for sculpture, pools, canals, and fountains. Everywhere the sound or sight of water; rushing or gently murmuring; boldly splashing or falling in finest spray; everywhere the cool quietude of green alleys, some open to the sky between high walls of close-cut greenery; some arbour-like, of trellis covered with closely trained ivy or vine; direct ancestors of the *pergola* of modern Italy, and distant foreshadowing of the *covert alley* of Tudor England.

Happy is a country, as to her present beauty and everlasting renown, when her men of high place and great wealth are, as it were, born artists; when, as in Athens of old, nothing offensive to the eye is tolerated or can be erected; when no commercial considerations are allowed to outweigh the supreme obligation of making every human work that is to be seen sightly and gracious and fit and of due proportion. We know that this was the happy state of the great centres of Italian civilisation in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. The princes of Florence of the house of the Medici were at the same time the princes of trade and finance. They were men of strangely mixed character, many of them cruel, tyrannical, licentious; but it was their will and pleasure so to expend their vast accumulation of wealth that it became a precious heritage for all later ages. Then it was that these great bankers and merchants revived the study of Greek literature and of their own classics—that they searched out, and chose with just discrimination and fostered, the men who have enriched the world with the greatest works of art that Italy had produced for many centuries.

It was among these influences, between three and four hundred years ago, and about twelve centuries after the destruction and abandonment of the ancient villas, when Italy was again the home of all that was greatest in art and literature, that the famous gardens of the Renaissance were built and planted.

They followed the ancient villa closely as to their main plan and arrangement, for their purpose was the same; they were for men of the same race and class, in the same climate, under the same sky. The garden was an open-air continuation of the house, the terraces and groves the scenes of state banquets, and of gatherings whether social, artistic,

Digitized by Google

political, or commercial. How often have the remains of their fountains, groves, and marble benches, aided by historical record, inspired the painter to bring again to life the personages of noble family giving audience and honour to poet, minstrel, inventor, and discoverer! How often, within our own day, have they been painted, either for their own beauty's sake, or with some incident of human interest of gorgeously cloaked cardinal and old-world liveried lackey!

Happily, enough is left of these great gardens of Italy to show how beautiful they must have been in their maturity. As we see the best of them to-day, they are battered, ruined, weatherworn, neglected; but where enough of the original structure remains, there is an unity of design with absence of conscious effort, a princely grace that unites impressive dignity with the modesty that comes of refinement and due proportion; a charm only to be likened to the human charm of a perfect manner. On a steep hillside terrace rises above terrace, with broad easy steps in flights never too long, and spacious landings and resting-places; all with the beauty of proportion and fitness of purpose that mark all good work. Abundance of water, leaping, rushing, spouting, and falling—the fountains and channels fed by copious streams that gush out of the hills above, and flow in willing abundance to fulfil the will of the designer.

How much of the charm of these old gardens is due to the magnificent tree-growth, of cypress as at the Villa d'Este, or of ilex as in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, or of pine in other examples, it is difficult to estimate, or whether they can have been as beautiful when 'white from the 'mason's hand' as now, when their ruin is partly veiled by graceful tangles of wild growth. Probably they were best at from fifty to a hundred years after building, or perhaps even later, when they were on the point of becoming overgrown, but were still in full-dressed and well-kept beauty. The architect may do as he will with stone and marble, but he must wait many years for the green things to grow and be trained to his design, and for the untrimmed trees of the surrounding groves to develope into the fitting background of his dressed work.

The Villa d'Este, near Tivoli, must have been one of the noblest of the gardens of the Renaissance. Even now, in a state of ruin and decay, it is most impressive. The great stairway still towers up, flight above flight, with noble fountains on the wide landings, and refreshing variety of straight or winding steps, till it reaches the highly ornate

Digitized by Google

garden-portico; the whole being the more striking from the severe simplicity of the main building of the palace. The direct ascent of the steep hillside could hardly have been more nobly treated, and through all the defacement and decay, and the mutilation of the original design occasioned by the removal of the sculptures, one cannot help feeling impressed by the nobility and grace of the whole. The almost unchecked growth of wild underwood, and the giant stature of the great cypresses, are not out of harmony with the ruined architecture. The great trees, perhaps at first clipped into shape and forming only a subservient part of the design, seem now to guard and protect the old garden, and with the other tangles of wild bushes to strive to hide the ravages of decay and neglect. Kindly Nature clothes the ruin with her own beauty; were it stripped of this gracious mantle, and all its mutilation and decay laid bare, how much of its mysterious, poetical charm would be lost!

What a living link with a most ancient past are the ever-flowing waters of these old fountains! Who knows what yet older ones may have been there before them, or what wood-nymph may have bathed in the same rill two thousand years ago? In what other country of the world can one receive such impressions of poetry and mystery as among the waters and groves of Italy? The very names of growing things have a musical sound with an ancient echo—myrtle, olive, vine, pomegranate! No wonder that such scenes played on the sensitive imagination of Nathaniel Hawthorne as on a sympathetic instrument, inspiring his celebrated story of the present century, whose central figure, both in form and character, shows traces of descent, through centuries of noble lineage, to a woodland ancestor in the dim ages of mythology! Much to be mourned are the old Roman villas that within the last quarter of a century have been wiped out for ever to make room for modern building, and happy are those amongst us who knew Rome in their youth only, before the time when so much that was beautiful of old grove and garden had been destroyed. However, nothing is likely to rob Rome of her waters, and they are the more to be treasured as day by day her other delights are vanishing.

No record remains of any gardening in England during the time of the Roman occupation. We cannot doubt that the villas whose foundations and highly decorated pavements have been already discovered, and are still being unearthed, had suitable gardens. Certain of our kitchen vege-

Digitized by Google

tables are clearly traceable to Roman importation, and a kind of annual nettle with a very sharp sting, which occurs in the neighbourhood of some of the villages on the Sussex seaboard, and is still known as the Roman nettle, is referred to their occupation.

The first English gardens of which we have record are those that were attached to monastic houses; of these one of the earliest and most important was at Ely. Here was also a flourishing vineyard, where it appears that a considerable quantity of wine was made, as well as verjuice, the ancient equivalent of vinegar. But the gardens of the monks were for utility only, the few flowers grown being for church decoration and for the wreaths worn by the priests on festivals and occasions of high ceremonial. We hear of box and 'palm' on Palm Sunday—the old country name of palm for the willow in flower, showing that this was the accepted substitute—of rose garlands on Corpus Christi, and of garlands of rose and of woodruff on June 11, the feast of St. Barnabas.

The garden made by Henry III. at Woodstock in the middle of the thirteenth century was probably one of the earliest pleasure gardens in England; we hear little of anything of the same class till two centuries later, when records concerning them are more frequent both at home and abroad. About the middle of the fifteenth century there are manuscripts with printed illustrations of walled gardens, with fountains, arbours, and flowing plants trained on trellis-work. Turfed seats with brick fronts appear to be usual, and the bowling-green, which for the next three centuries was to keep its place in English gardens, came into use. But the greater houses were still castles, or, to some degree, places of defence, so that within fortified limits the pleasure garden could have had but small space. It was only after the conclusion of the Wars of the Roses, when the country had settled down into a more peaceful state, that the beautiful houses arose of which some still remain—houses of brick or stone or timber-framing, no longer fortresses, but delightful and commodious dwellings, though in many cases the need of defence—a need that had existed so long that the thought of it was hard to die—still showed itself in the wall or moat.

We may assume that the arrangement described by Bacon in his well-known essay was typical of a princely English garden of his day. He advises that in all it should occupy thirty acres, and be in three divisions—namely, the 'green'

Digitized by Google

at the entrance, of four acres, the 'main garden' of twelve acres as to its central square, with four acres on either side, and the 'heath' of six acres, at the further end. The 'green' is to have 'covert alleys' on its two sides, made of trees trained over a wooden framework, in order to give the option of walks in shade. He deprecates the elaborately shaped 'knots and figures' filled with variously coloured earths, and does not care for an excess of topiary work, though he approves of thick box edgings, and evergreens trained and clipped into the shapes of columns and pyramids.

The main garden is to be square, and to be encompassed with an arched hedge trained on a framework. There are to be pools and fountains, but no stagnant water, and the pools and basins are to be kept cleaned by hand. In the centre is to be the 'mount,' an artificial mound of earth surmounted by a banqueting house, with three ascending ways of access, wide enough for four persons to walk abreast. A writer of about fifty years earlier describes a mount as having an easy spiral stairway, or, as he says, 'writhen about with degrees, like the turnings in cokil 'shelles, to come to the top without payne.' Its original intention was as a look-out place, to give a view over the wall or hedge, of the surrounding country. To judge by some remains that exist, it must have been difficult to work them as beautiful features in a garden. A building perched on a steep-sided artificial mound can never have looked quite at home, and one wonders that the plan can ever have commended itself to the minds of our forefathers, who were extremely honest in matters of construction. Still, all this region of the garden was intensely artificial, and one must accept it as a part of the whole. That the fashion for the mount existed for a hundred years after Bacon's time we know by the one constructed at Wotton by John Evelyn.

In other gardens of this date the same purpose was effected in what seems a simpler and better way, by having a turfed terrace raised to the level of one of the outer walls, or with only a slight parapet. Such a one occurs at Rockingham, where the highest level is approached by a succession of turfed terraces and slopes. A beautiful and very simple example is in the large walled garden at Loseley in Surrey, built by Sir William More in the early part of the latter half of the sixteenth century, and now owned by his descendant Mr. William More Molyneux.

Digitized by Google

Here a high wall rises out of the moat on the south, retaining a great mass of earth on the inner side, evidently the excavation of the moat. This forms a wide grassy terrace, whose level comes within a couple of feet of the coping of the wall. A steep turf bank leads down to another long grassy lawn on the general level of the garden, whose ample walled space of four acres is simply and well laid out as pleasure and kitchen garden. Each angle of the wall was enriched with a small building of dignified but unobtrusive design, three of which are still in place. Within the walled space nearest to the house is a lawn whose fringe of orchard trees suggests and suitably leads to the vegetable garden beyond; among them is the mulberry (*morus*), the badge of the founder. Among the vegetable quarters shady alleys of old filbert trees are grateful walks in summer. One wonders why the filbert was not oftener used in the pleached alleys of old days; its small-tree form, thick shade, and useful fruit would seem to recommend it as better for the purpose than the trees more generally used.

To return to Bacon's garden; the 'heath,' its third and further division, was to be planted in imitation of natural wild growth. In his own words: 'I wish it to be framed, 'as much as may be, to a natural wildnesse.' He would have thickets of sweet-briar, honeysuckle, and wild vine, and the ground planted with violets, strawberry, and primrose, 'for 'these are sweet, and prosper in the shade,' and little heaps, like the molehills in wild ground, set with thyme and other lowly plants. One cannot help wishing that his description of the wilder part of the garden had ended here, but he also desires to have some standard bushes trimmed into tidiness. Though he condemns the fanciful beds or 'knots' filled with coloured earths, he allows and even advises other details which to modern taste appear to be incongruous and unworthy trivialities, such as the decoration of fountain-basins with 'coloured glass and such things of lustre.' He also recommends as ornaments for the top of the great arched hedge, which is of stately height and noble proportion, over every arch a little turreted space to receive a cage of birds, and over each of the intervening spaces a gilt ornament with plates of coloured glass for the sun to play upon! Quite early in Bacon's century, gardening had already borrowed somewhat in its details from the taste of France and Flanders. Perhaps this may account for what appears to us now too great a jumble of ornamental material.

Digitized by Google

Such a garden as this one portrayed by Bacon may be taken as a type of the best class of pleasure-ground of his day, and such a one, no doubt, was the garden made at Hampton Court by Henry VIII. when, after the disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey, he took it for his royal residence. Here again we read of an abundance of toylike ornament; figures of heraldic animals, set up on slender wooden columns that rise from stone bases at intervals along the railed edgings of the flowerbeds; the columns and railings painted in chevrons of green and white, the Tudor colours; also numerous gilt ornaments of lead or of wood. The excuse for the intrusion of the 'king's and queen's beasts' into the garden is to be found in the king's desire to stamp the visible sign of his ownership on the palace and grounds, by a constant repetition of his arms and badges, so that the 'beasts' appear not only on the edges of flower-beds and fountain-basins, but bristle on gateways, parapets, copings, and other salient points of the architecture. Thus he strove to wipe out the remembrance of the fallen cardinal, and by large additions and alterations to impress the place with his own identity.

Sundials were numerous, and there are still existing records of accounts for works showing payment for sixteen dials for the king's new garden. A portion of this garden was evidently laid out as an elaborately 'knotted' parterre. The term 'knots' or 'knotted garden' came to be used for any grouping of flower-beds of other than simple shape; the original designs having been of strap-patterns, like a complicated braiding or corded embroidery in a design of loose knots and plaitings; later, these became enriched with scroll and arabesque.

The labyrinth or maze was another distinct feature of the Tudor garden. Occasionally it was laid out with low shrubs, and plants of such stature that they could be stepped over, but more often of clipped bushes grown to a man's height.

When the alterations at Hampton Court were completed, having for some years cost what would now be equal to 50,000*l.* a year, King Henry built the palace of Nonsuch and surrounded it with parks and gardens of great extent. Nothing now remains of what must have been a magnificent royal residence. The palace was pulled down in the reign of Charles II., and the trees were cut down and the grounds destroyed soon after. Had Nonsuch remained to us, it would have been a precious relic, and its garden no doubt the best possible example of a royal pleasure-ground.

Digitized by Google

The fine green English turf has ever been a source of pride and pleasure in our gardens. The smooth level bowling-green, always a beautiful thing near dressed grounds, must have been an especially reposeful and refreshing place among the many complications of the Tudor garden. Bounded by walls, or by a hedge of yew or hornbeam, or, as at Berkeley, by a high wall on one side and an ancient hedge of yew on the other, the bowling-green, whether for summer play or for quiet saunter, must always have been, as it ever will be, one of the most delightful of garden spaces.

The reign of Elizabeth, so fruitful of varied kinds of learning, research, and enterprise, saw the beginning of botanical classification as conceived by Lobel, and the publication of the great herbals of Hill, Gerard, and Parkinson. Gerard's is a mighty volume of more than sixteen hundred pages, profusely illustrated with vigorous woodcuts. These authors were physicians and apothecaries, and their books treat of the subject from points of view equally botanical, horticultural, and medical. These old herbals are delightful reading, full of keen observation, and even now of practical utility. Their descriptions of familiar plants in the beautiful Elizabethan speech read like the Psalms of David; now and then there is a touch of whimsical humour; while the numerous and lengthy eulogistical dedications, to the queen, to the 'courteous reader,' and to each other, though framed in the flowery language of compliment, are unspoilt by the taint of laboured fulsomeness that debased those of a later date, and seem only to give expression to an unaffected and spontaneously courteous kindliness. In the beginning of Gerard's herbal, Johnson's preface of twelve folio pages, in complimentary introduction of the author to the 'courteous reader,' passes in review all earlier writers on gardening, beginning with King Solomon, and so, by way of Theophrastus, Aristotle, Dioscorides, Pliny, Galen, and other writers of antiquity, to those of his own day. Parkinson's book, the 'Paradisus Terrestris,' which appeared a few years after Gerard's, deals not so much with general botany as with flowers for garden and medical purposes, and with fruit and vegetables. His first chapter, 'The ordering of the garden 'of flowers,' treats of laying out the ground, and of the various plants or other material to be used for edgings. The next chapter treats of exotic plants: 'The nature and 'names of outlandish flowers, that for their pride, beauty, 'and earlinesse, are to be planted in gardens of pleasure for 'delight.' These chapters are full of shrewd observation and

Digitized by Google

practical detail, useful for all time, even to the trapping of 'earwicks, a most infestous vermine.'

These men were indefatigable in corresponding, and collecting plants and testing them for beauty and use. Their books, of which there must have been very large editions, for even now they are not at all rare, must have had strong influence in spreading a knowledge of flowers and taste for gardening.

The reigns of the Stuarts saw many new gardens in England, of stately house and of homely manor. As to their main design, they remained faithful to the old traditions of parterre and bowling-green, pleached alley, turfed walk, and clipped hedge, with certain additions derived from foreign influence, those from France inclining to increased stateliness and importance, and those from Holland to an extreme rigidity of treatment, with various matters of petty detail.

But France, the birthplace of so much of accurate design, of delicate fancy, and of just proportion, when at the very summit of her greatness, produced a monstrous garden that remains as a wholesome warning to those who would seek to achieve magnificence by mere magnitude. The spaces and details at Versailles are so large that they are out of scale with humanity. People in crowds of many thousands only look like throngs of ants or other insignificant creatures. All the royal personages in Europe, grouped together in state attire, would be ineffective from the over-large scale of the space. The first impression received from this garden—one of wonderment at mere size—is quickly followed by a feeling of dreariness and depression, from the weight of laboured artificiality, of ruinous cost, of wasted labour, of a garden that is made for display, and not for human enjoyment, 'for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true 'pleasure of a garden.' Doubtless the intention of the designer was that it should be for display rather than for enjoyment. But the gardens of the old palaces of Italy fulfilled both of these conditions. The saddest of the sights at Versailles are its fountains without water. A fountain does not justify its existence unless it can always be playing; as well strip the leaves from trees in summer as let a fountain or cascade be seen without water. What can be a greater contrast, either in beauty, in good taste, or in common sense, than the everflowing fountains of Italy and these dry monstrosities that are only brought into play on rare occasions and at great cost? In one case the comforting impression of endless and gracious abundance, in the other the painful

Digitized by Google

consciousness of grievous waste. And it should be remembered that the sound of water is a part of the design or intention of the maker of fountains, so that if they are robbed of what gives delight to two senses what is left is poor indeed. What wonder that the jaded royalties of the eighteenth century escaped joyfully for short holidays to the adjoining grounds of the Petit Trianon, there to refresh themselves by playing at sham simplicity, but at least within the healthy influences of real groves and natural streams? It would be unfair to Le Nôtre to judge his work by the exaggerations of Versailles. He has left many noble *châteaux* and gardens, always characterised by the extremely artificial taste of the time, but beautiful and harmonious, and on a reasonable scale as human habitations. Horace Walpole, criticising the redundancy of ornament in the French gardens, says that in one he counted nine thousand pots of China aster placed along the walks on each side, and describes the trees in the groves as 'green boxes on poles.' These fashions were, alas! soon to reach England, but had not yet arrived, for, writing of the yet untouched English gardens at about this date, Diderot says of them that they are 'the sanctuary of a sweet and placid pleasure.'

Charles II. greatly admired Versailles, and wished to have the services of the same designer. It seems doubtful whether Le Nôtre actually came to England; but it is known that a French garden architect of his school laid out the semicircular garden at Hampton Court and the grounds of Whitehall and St. James's Park. The parallel rows of trees that run from Buckingham Palace eastward are all of this work that now remains.

The garden at Levens, in Westmoreland, was from the design of a Frenchman in the time of James II., though its general style is rather more Dutch than French. It presents, at the present day, one of the most curious assemblages of cut yews in England. What the original intention of the designer was with regard to these trees cannot now be traced; he could not have intended them to be cut, as they are, into a variety of quite incongruous forms. This garden appears at its best in Mr. Elgood's clever picture, one of the collection of garden subjects that this artist has treated with rare sympathy and felicity.

The decoration of terraces with orange and bay trees, trained as standards with round heads and planted in large square boxes, was another fashion introduced from France. The trees being tender, the need arose for the capacious

Digitized by Google

orangeries—large structures lighted on one side only—for their protection in winter. Many of these remain, and can be utilised as winter gardens. In some examples, where a high parapet conceals the roof, the substitution of a glass roof makes the house available as a conservatory that will suit most greenhouse plants, but in cases where the roof is visible, did the gardener but know it, the necessary restriction to the more limited number of plants that will thrive without top-light gives a motive for making a winter garden of much less commonplace character. These plants or trees in large boxes, when thoroughly well done, give a garden that full-dress character that was the aim of the French designer. Some fine examples of oleanders so treated still remain in the gardens of the Luxembourg in Paris. The boxes are painted a delicate light green colour that is decorative in itself, and that enhances the colour value of the foliage by not in any way competing with it. Pepys relates how, on his first visit to a collection of orange trees in boxes, he surreptitiously appropriated and ate a little orange. Such trees were known as 'fine greens,' and their owner as 'a 'master of curious greens.'

Sir William Temple and John Evelyn were the men whose influence was most strongly felt in gardens in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Temple laid out his garden at Moor Park in Surrey in a way that was adapted from both French and Dutch styles; but his fine taste enabled him to retain the sweetness of the old English garden even while adopting some of the newer foreign methods. Evelyn's strongest sympathies were with forest trees; but he was none the less a keen gardener, and wrote a book on gardening operations throughout the year, his 'Kalendarium Hortense,' full of practical detail and useful matter. Some of his laying out of ground remains at Wotton, and a piece of delightful pleasure-ground at the Duke of Northumberland's, Albury, in Surrey, was his work. It is a broad turf terrace some hundreds of yards in length, bounded on one side by a mighty yew hedge, and on the other by the steep rocky bank of the hill that rises just above. Halfway along is a large deep circular basin of cold clear water that comes out of the hill, and and at this point a long tunnel-shaped grotto is cut straight into the hill. He seemed proud of this piece of excavation, for he says of it: 'Such a Pausilippe is nowhere in England 'besides.' The green terrace, as it may be seen now, has simple borders of important hardy flowers on the side next

Digitized by Google

the yew hedge, and for part of the way on the side of the hill, of excellent effect.

At Hampton Court, Evelyn speaks of the planting of avenues of limes in the park and of the making of the long canal. This canal has been commonly accredited to the time of William III., but that it was made in that of Charles II. is clearly shown in Mr. Law's admirable book, where there is a woodcut from a picture painted for Charles II. of the east front of the palace, showing the canal and a part of one of the newly planted lime avenues. Towards the end of his life the King planted the great semicircle of lime trees, and formed the scheme for the important garden that they were to enclose—now the Fountain Garden. The plan, as projected by him, was carried out by William III. under the supervision of the celebrated gardeners London and Wise. Both the King and Queen Mary were ardent gardeners. The King was constantly considering how to improve the palace gardens, while the Queen had several hothouses built, and encouraged the importation of large numbers of tender exotics. The curious pleached alley of wych elm still existing, and commonly known as Queen Mary's Bower, was planted earlier than her reign, and was no doubt the one noticed in 1662 by Evelyn, who says: 'The cradle-work of 'horn-beam in this garden is, for the perplexed twining of 'the trees, very observable.'

In the same reign the garden was enriched by the addition of some very handsome stone vases, and by the setting up of the famous wrought-iron gates and screens that have been attributed to Huntingdon Shaw, but which have been proved by Mr. Law's recent research to be from the designs of a French artist, Jean Tijou, for whom Shaw worked. They are now in the South Kensington Museum.

The formally clipped 'Wilderness' at Hampton Court was also laid out by London and Wise. It was, however, threatened with annihilation, for about the year 1699 there was an extensive project for forming a new entrance court, from Sir Christopher Wren's design, on the north side of the palace. The approach to this would have cut straight through the Wilderness and across the moat. The great avenues in Bushey Park and the Diana basin, as we see them now, were formed as a part of this project, which, however, was never carried into effect. The great Fountain garden was altered about the year 1730, in deference to the wish of Queen Caroline, by Kent, who substituted large turfed spaces for the

Digitized by Google

elaborate scroll-work of box which is shown so well in Kip's engraving of the east front. The loss of this garden in its original form is much to be regretted, for nowhere in England, except perhaps at Chatsworth or Blenheim, both laid out by London and Wise, could so fine an example be shown; and though it does not in the least agree with modern ideas of gardening, it would have been precious as a relic of this particular manner of setting out dressed ground, and must have been in admirable harmony with Wren's noble façade.

At Hampton Court may be seen, perhaps as well as anywhere, what may be called the beneficence of overgrowth. In William III.'s time the canal was no doubt a clean-cut Dutch-town-like piece of water; now it is dappled with water-lilies, and its side lines, though still absolutely formal, have acquired by time the beauty of an old water-edge, while the neighbouring lime avenues (probably at first clipped) have grown to their full natural size and shape. In the Privy Garden, the yew trees bordering the walks, which in the time of George II. were small trimmed pyramids of a few feet in height, now form a darkly overshadowing gallery of mysterious and massive shade, giving the highest pictorial quality to the scenes of garden, palace, and fountain, of which they are the living frames. Even the Wilderness has at last escaped from the tyranny of the shears, and its component parts assert their individuality as living trees rather than as so much vegetable building material. No doubt much of the charm of Haddon and suchlike fine old places is due to this same beneficence of overgrowth. What precious qualities come by age, both of masonry and vegetation!—the grand form and stature of mature tree-growth; the weather-staining of stonework; and the broken and subdued colouring of brickwork painted by grey and yellow lichen. Even the softening qualities gained by the abrasion of hard edges of masonry and the falling out of surface mortar are a gain, for the lichen laps over the bruised moulding, and the mortar is replaced in the joints of the coping by a cushion of moss that harbours little fairy vernal plants, that flower and fruit and complete their tiny life within the height of half an inch, while lower joints are clothed with a lacework of fern or fumitory. Then there is the perfect turf of the old lawn, and the thought of all the people that have paced it, of the many that have lived and rejoiced and fretted and died in the old place. The lawn is more enduring than stone, for the footsteps that have worn the stairway have left no trace on its green expanse.

Digitized by Google

Infinitely precious are these old gardens, and ever to be regretted are the numbers that were destroyed to make way for the new fashions. The change began to operate under Kent in the reign of Queen Anne, and was in full operation in the time of George I. The poet Thomson was singing the praises of Nature, Horace Walpole had written his essay on gardening, and the deadly thrusts of his brilliant and satirical pen, deriding the old method, had gone like the point of a rapier into its very heart. It became fashionable to rail at the old ways of gardening, while the buildings of Elizabethan and Jacobean times were voted barbarous. It is true that just before the change came some of the details of the old work had been carried to an excess, such as the topiary work ridiculed by Pope. The 'classical' was still in full fashion, though it was leniently elastic, as we read that in Lord Cobham's garden at Stow, newly made in the year 1727, in the garden of Venus (one of its many compartments) was a figure of the goddess in her temple with a circle of attendant gods and goddesses, overlooked by a statue of Prince George in his robes! Many classical summerhouses, temples, pyramids, fountains, and statues, as well as gilt leaden vases, adorned this garden, which must have been of great extent. It had no visible fence, a notable innovation, but was bounded by a haha, giving a view into the park and open country. Long avenues of trees were still being planted; sometimes several of them met at a point distant from the house, or, as at Badminton, they diverged from the house.

Bridgman, who carried out the works at Stow, was followed by Brown, whose garden training was acquired in the same place. It was through Lord Cobham's influence that he obtained the many important introductions that led to his success and popularity. The long avenues, now just grown to maturity in many of England's greatest parks, fell before Brown's relentless axe, for straight lines were abhorrent to the new 'landscape' school. Everything was to be 'natural'—sham natural generally—and especially there was to be water everywhere. There must be sham-natural ponds on the tops and sides of hills, with their ends concealed to cheat the mind into the idea of their larger extent, and terraces and steps must be abolished, because, according to him, it was not in good taste to have any steps out of doors! Possibly his avowed dislike of stonework arose from his incapacity of designing it; certainly when he did attempt anything architectural, a classical summerhouse

Digitized by Google

or any such structure, his ignorance and want of taste were clearly betrayed. Not only the old English tradition, but the ceremonious full dress of France and the toylike detail of the Dutch, were now all cast aside; the latter, it is true, had never taken firm root in England, for it had been felt that its frivolous and petty features were unsuitable in a country already so well furnished with hill and dale and woodland, whereas it was reasonable to expect that diversity, however obtainable, and complexities of close-trimmed sheltering hedges, might be acceptable among the treeless wastes and wind-swept flats of Holland.

So the work of destruction and renovation went on, and one knows not whether most to deprecate Brown the destroyer, or to applaud Brown the creator. Certainly the fungoid growth of sham architectural ornament and sham ruins which preceded him, and which infected all Europe, could not be defended, for in France, in the palace gardens of Germany, and even in Italy, the sham ruin sprang up and flourished and in some cases even now remains. Only one thing is worse than the sham ruin, and that is the real ruin or ancient stone monument torn up from its historical home, from monastic meadow or bare down, to make an 'interesting point of view' in a garden. There is a case in the home counties where the owner of a large property, when holding the office of governor of a tributary island, was presented with a prehistoric circle of stones. They were duly numbered and shipped to England and replanted on a hillock in this gentleman's park!

Some such change as that which was effected by Kent and Brown and their followers was inevitable; but that the new gardens should be laid out in the new style is not so much a matter of regret as that the 'improver's desolating hand' should have fallen so heavily on the old ones, then in the beauty of maturity or early overgrowth. Many influences were pushing on the change. For one thing the old ways had become debased by the extravagances of fashion. The taste for the classical had killed the old pleached alley and arbour, and it was fashionable to ridicule in every way the older times and all that belonged to them. It was also felt that the great number of shrubs and plants that had been imported could not find a place in the smaller spaces of the old gardens, and that new methods, giving larger spaces, must be adopted for growing and enjoying them. In working this out it was discovered that a garden need not necessarily be cut off from the ground beyond by a stiff

Digitized by Google

hedge or wall, and so the temptation to extend was increased, until the park and the distant country were included in the garden-picture. The first attempt in the later practice to see beyond the garden had been by grilled openings in the walls, coinciding with the long park-avenues or with some desirable distant view. Many of these remain and are of excellent effect.

Brown was followed by Repton, a steadfast champion of his predecessor, but by no means blind to his defects. He was a man of strong sense and of much better taste and education, and though his practice was mainly in the new 'landscape' style, he regretted the destruction of the old avenues and gardens and even laid out some in the old formal way.

As the new system developed, its exponents, differing on many points, produced a critical and controversial literature whose tone makes it dull and profitless reading. Mr. Sedding states it well when he says:—

'The writers of the new school of gardening, of which Repton is a notable personage in its later phase, are not, however, on a par with the writings of the old traditional school, either as pleasant garden literature, or in regard to broad human interest or artistic quality. They are hard and critical, and never lose the savour of the heated air of controversy in which they were penned—'I only sound the clarion,' said the urbane master-gardener of an earlier day, 'but I enter not into the battle.' But these are at one another's throats! Who enters here must leave his dreams of fine gardening behind, for he will find himself in a chilly, disenchanted world, with nothing more romantic to feed his imagination upon than 'remarks on the genius of the late Mr. Brown,' critical inquiries, observations on taste, difference between landscape gardening and painting, Price upon Repton, Repton upon Price, Repton upon Knight, further answers to Messrs. Price and Knight, &c. But all this is desperately dull reading, hurtful to one's imagination, fatal to garden-fervour.'

Within the last few years just such another war of controversy has raged between the exponents of the formal and the free styles of gardening, and again it is to be regretted that it has taken a somewhat bitter and almost personal tone. The formal army has hurled javelins poisoned with the damning epithet 'vulgar;' the free has responded with assegais imbued with an equally irritating 'ignorant.' Both are right, and both are wrong. The formal army are architects to a man; they are undoubtedly right in upholding the simple dignity and sweetness and quiet beauty of the old formal garden, but they parade its limitations as if they were the end of all art; they ignore the immense resources that

Digitized by Google

are the precious possession of modern gardeners, and therefore offer no sort of encouragement to their utilisation. If for a moment they leave the safe harbourage of encircling yew hedge, or let go the handrail of the balustrade, and venture for an excursion into the unknown country of horticulture, they exhibit the weakness of an army that is campaigning at too great a distance from its 'base,' and certainly do expose themselves to the assaults of the enemy. They dismiss horticultural knowledge and practice with an airy wave of the hand, holding that the only business of the gardener is to produce so much material; they put him in the position of the brickmaker, or at best the builder—the modern builder, be it noted, who works absolutely to given plan, and can do nothing without precise detail on paper; they do not even concede him the position of the builder of old, to whom the architect gave broad directions, leaving it to his traditional knowledge and personal wit to accomplish the details that the master knew he would find rightly done. Moreover, they do not suggest who is to play the very needful part of artist-gardener—who shall say what is to be planted where, and why, and how. They rightly see the value of the old limitations; but were not these very limitations more a matter of passive safeguard than of active virtue? Give a student of painting three pigments only, and he cannot go far wrong in colour-harmony. The old gardeners had confined spaces and small variety of material; even they went wrong when they attempted to increase their resources by means other than horticultural. And who shall say that we are not to extend our gardens, and use in them a right selection of the immense choice of flower, shrub, and tree now at our disposal, and so 'order' them that this beauty may be duly displayed and enjoyed? All who love gardens must value Messrs. Blomfield and Thomas's excellent and beautiful book, 'The Formal Garden in England;' but those whose views are wider cannot accept their somewhat narrow gospel. Though true as far as it goes, it is not the whole truth. 'There is no garden but 'the formal garden,' they seem to say, and then add, 'and 'we are its prophets!' But the book is delightful in itself, and powerful from the tone of genuine conviction in which it is penned. The free gardener will do well to keep it at hand as a wholesome corrective to the exuberance into which his vast resources are likely to tempt him, for the great abundance of material makes it difficult to select and classify and discriminate, and to practise the quiet reserve and dignity that must always mark good gardening. It is here that the

Digitized by Google

work of the artist-gardener comes in. What he has to do is infinitely more difficult than the work of the formalist, because it involves at every point the quality that artists call 'drawing,' which is something even more subtle than the equally necessary qualities of balance and proportion that are the chief aims of the garden architect.

The formalists are unjust when they assume that every path not in a straight line must therefore 'wriggle,' and that any shaped or mounded ground must deserve such a term as an 'irrelevant hummock,' or that, in general, gardening other than formal is 'vulgar.' It is not to be denied that there are wriggles and hummocks and vulgarities in plenty. The wavy ribbon border of five-and-twenty years ago, with pitiless lines of blue, red, and yellow, was the essence of vulgarity, and in the thousands of cases of mean gardens laid out by incompetent persons, or by the ordinary gardener, there are odious wriggles, and hummocks much worse than merely irrelevant. But it is unfair to assume that these are in obedience to the principles of the free school. On the contrary, it teaches us to form and respect large quiet spaces of lawn, unbroken by flower-beds or any encumbrance; it teaches the simple grouping of noble types of hardy vegetation, whether their beauty be that of flower or foliage or general aspect. It insists on the importance of putting the right thing in the right place, a matter which involves both technical knowledge and artistic ability; it teaches us restraint and proportion in the matter of numbers or quantity; to use enough and not too much of any one thing at a time; to group plants in sequences of good colouring, and with due regard to their form and stature and season of blooming, or of autumnal beauty of foliage. It teaches us to study the best means of treatment of different sites; to see how to join house to garden and garden to woodland. Repton says most truly: 'All rational improvement of 'grounds is necessarily founded on a due attention to the 'character and situation of the place to be improved; the 'former teaches us what is advisable, the latter what is 'possible to be done.' The more intolerant of the formalists insist on a clear division, either of wall or hedge, between garden and outer ground; but John Sedding, of wider views than his fellows, in his excellent book 'Garden-craft, Old and 'New,' advocates the passing of house, garden, and wild from one to the other by well-planned imperceptible gradation. On this he says:—

'It is of the utmost importance that art and nature should be linked

Digitized by Google

together, alike in the near neighbourhood of the house, and in its far prospect, so that the scene, as it meets the eye, whether at a distance or near, should present a picture of a simple whole, in which each item should take its part without disturbing the individual expression of the ground. To attain this result, it is essential that the ground immediately about the house should be devoted to symmetrical planning, and to distinctly ornamental treatment; and the symmetry should break away by easy stages from the dressed to the undressed parts, and so on to the open country, beginning with wilder effects upon the country-boundaries of the place and more careful and intricate effects as the house is approached.'

The foremost exponent of the free school advocates the bringing up of the lawn without break of any kind to the house itself, at least on one side, but this treatment would seem to be less artistic than that described by Mr. Sedding.

About five-and-twenty years ago, when English gardening was mostly represented by the inane futilities of the 'bedding' system, with its wearisome repetitions and garish colouring, Mr. William Robinson chose as his work in life to make better known the treasures that were lying neglected. It is mainly owing to his unremitting labours that a clear knowledge of the world of hardy-plant beauty is now placed within easy reach of all who care to acquire it, and that the 'bedding' mania is virtually dead. Now, by easy reference to his practical books as an aid to personal industry, we may see how best to use and enjoy the thousands of beautiful plants that have been brought to us by the men who have given fortune, health, and often life, in perilous travel, that our gardens may be enriched and botanical knowledge extended. We cannot now, with all this treasure at our feet, neglect it and refuse it the gratefully appreciative use that it deserves. We cannot now go back a century or two and stop short at the art of the formal gardener any more than we can go back to the speech of our forefathers, beautiful though it was. There is change and growth in all wholesome Art, and gardening at its best is a fine art. For ever true is what Bacon says: 'Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.'

To borrow illustrations from other arts, the champions of the formal garden would stop short at the music of Bach, which represented the widest scope and highest developement of the art in his day. But since then instruments have grown in kind and in compass, and the range of possibilities in orchestral combination has widely increased, so that the music of to-day is no longer the music

Digitized by Google

of Bach, nor restrained within the same limits. The pictorial art of Botticelli is everything that the architects claim for the formal garden; it is full of sweetness and beauty, full of limitations, frankly artificial, frankly artistic. But painting could not remain within the bounds that fenced the art of Botticelli, and a century later we have the work of the great Venetians, and again, in rather less than another hundred years, that of Velasquez and Rembrandt. So near to nature does Velasquez come that Ruskin says of his portraiture, 'He flings the man himself upon the canvas;' and yet so strong within him is the true artistic conscience, the knowledge of right and wrong, the consummate taste that cannot overstep lawful bounds, that his portraits, though perhaps the most absolutely lifelike that have ever been painted, are full of the noble dignity that can only be achieved within the unconscious restraints of the 'great 'style.'

In one of the collects of the English Prayer Book occurs the magnificent phrase, 'whose service is perfect freedom;' a precious axiom in all religion, morality, and fine art—perfect freedom within certain bounds, liberty but not license. So, claiming for gardening that it shall be ranked among the fine arts, its resources and its wide field must be free for the uses of the garden artist.

We have now the means of learning not only how to treat the home garden, but how to carry the planting of flowers into further spaces of field and woodland by the naturalisation of rightly chosen and rightly placed exotic plants. The daffodils of the Alps and the Pyrenees easily make themselves at home in our meadows and copses, and many a beautiful plant from North America and Northern Asia, and the forest and mountain regions of Europe, is not difficult to establish in suitable places. But wild gardening is by no means easy—indeed, it is a kind of pitfall in the path of the impulsive and unwary, for there are more ways of getting into trouble in this than in any other kind of ornamental cultivation.

Even in ordinary gardening there is almost too much to choose from. One of the modern French artists has described painting as 'l'art des sacrifices.' The best free gardening is also an art demanding constant restraint and constant sacrifice, as well as the knowledge and keen discrimination that can choose, out of the now boundless wealth of form and colour, what will serve best to make the intended garden-picture. It is not so easy to go wrong in the formal

Digitized by Google

garden, because of its limitations, but even here the parterre may be filled with a vulgar and painful glare of clashing crudities such as were frequent in the worst days of 'bedding.' Still the scope for the masterly use of colour is greater in the free garden, and the opportunities are endless both for sober ranges of quiet harmonies and for rich pictures of culminating gorgeousness. Surely it is well that gardens should show as many beautiful kinds of treatment as possible; not that any one garden should try for all, but at least for some one or two pictures of lovely form or colour or delightful arrangement. After all, what is a garden for? It is for 'delight,' for 'sweet solace,' for 'the purest of all human pleasures; 'the greatest refreshment of the spirits of men;' it is to promote 'jucunditie of minde;' it is to 'call home over-'wearied spirits.' So say the old writers, and we cannot amend their words, which will stand as long as there are gardens on earth and people to love them. And though the successful practice of gardening needs study and labour as well as good will, every step in the path is full of interest, and the garden yields a hundredfold reward of enjoyment for the loving labour bestowed on it.

Twenty-five years ago a book was written by a dying man, Dr. Forbes Watson. He wished that the last work of his waning life should be to put on record the pure delight he had received from the beauty of flowers. Whether it was the influence of this short and touching book that led others who loved their gardens to wish to spread a knowledge of the good things waiting for those who would have them, or whether the desire to write in praise of gardens was the natural result of the better knowledge of their delights that was already rapidly growing, it is hard to say, but within a year or two appeared Mr. Bright's 'A Year in a Lancashire 'Garden,' a book that made many people understand what good things were ready for those who would take the trouble to find them. His record of a year's experience, of the failures and successes of a simple English garden, of its soon forgotten mishaps and its many glad surprises, must have been of great encouragement to those who in gardening were in the groping stage, showing them, as it cannot fail to do, how much of beauty and delight there was to lay hold of. Again, a few years later came 'Days and Hours in a Garden' from the pen of 'E. V. B.,' the work of a woman of the sensitive artist-temperament; the expression of her thankfulness for the comfort, the 'sweet solace,' the 'refreshment 'of spirit,' derived from her beautiful old garden in intervals

Digitized by Google

of rest during months of anxious attendance in a sick-room.

In 1891 was published John Sedding's 'Garden Craft.' * His professional training as architect led him to favour the formal style, but it is strangely interesting to see throughout the book how the saintly simplicity of his character and the poetry of his nature made him forget his professional bonds and do justice to the best methods of the free garden, and do we not hear of him in his country home, in brief periods of rest, finding the same 'sweet solace' in his homely garden of familiar flowers? He did not live to see his book published; he was struck down in the very field of his work, and his coffin was carried to his last resting-place covered by the children's pall, whose ornament of daisies and suchlike simple blossoms he had lately designed, and that had just been worked by the wife who could not survive him and who followed him to the grave a week later.

The poets, in unbroken line, have sung of garden-delights. Does not Chaucer say:

> 'The savour of the roses swote
> Me smote right to the herte rote?'

and who does not enjoy the books of our latest gardener-poet, Alfred Austin, whose musical prose, interwoven with a thread of delicate and kindly humour, sets forth his keen delight in the beauty of garden and grove and orchard?

---

* See Edinburgh Review for July 1892, vol. clxxvi. p. 174.

Digitized by Google

ART. VIII.—1. *Annales de l'Assemblée Nationale.* Paris: 1871–1875.

2. *L'Année Politique.* Par ANDRÉ DANIEL. Paris: 1874–1895.

3. *Annuaire Statistique de la France.* Quinzième volume. 1892, 1893, 1894. Paris: 1894.

CONTEMPORARY history is always difficult to write, and in France peculiarly so, owing to the feeling which the historian cannot help experiencing when commencing his first page that before reaching his last chapter he may have to record the fall of the régime he has taken in hand. Hence it is that even when a form of government has disappeared it is necessary to let a whole generation elapse before attempting to make history of it, in order to see if the rise and fall of its successor can throw any light on the causes of its want of stability. Thus the monarchy of July only found an historian when the youngest of its makers had passed away, and M. Thureau Dangin published the first of his volumes which have given him a seat in the Académie Française thirty-six years after the Orleans dynasty was driven from the throne. The Second Empire did not encourage contemporary history, but though nearly a generation has passed since it disappeared it is only within the last year or two that any serious attempt has been made to chronicle in historical spirit the reign of Louis Napoleon. It may be therefore taken as certain that, whether the Third Republic sees the dawn of a new century or not, the twentieth will be out of its teens before the history can be written of the régime which has administered France since the battle of Sedan. Meanwhile, without having recourse to files of journals, to annuals, and to memoirs few of which have literary merit, it is extremely difficult for the ordinary reader who takes an interest in contemporary history to be conversant with the events which, since the Franco-German war, have taken place among the great nation which came second best out of that struggle. It has seemed to us, therefore, that, as a quarter of a century has just elapsed since peaceful government was restored to France, it is a convenient moment to take a retrospective survey of the internal history of our neighbours. In doing so we shall avoid all party bias or preference, and we shall not attempt to evolve any theory from the events to be set forth in order, nor to base upon them any prophecy for the future.

Digitized by Google

It was on February 13, 1871, that the National Assembly, elected during the armistice which followed the capitulation of Paris, held its first meeting in the theatre at Bordeaux. A great majority of its members were Monarchists, the peasants having gone to the poll crying 'Vive la 'paix!' as a demonstration against Gambetta, who wished to carry on the war. The members of the Right, though divided into two sections, Orleanist and Legitimist, might easily have then and there restored the monarchy, but they thought it more adroit to allow the Republic declared on the morrow of Sedan to liquidate the disastrous situation. The result was that M. Thiers was elected—not as President, but as Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic, with mission to conclude a peace as rapidly as possible before definite decision was come to as to the form of government to be established. We will not trace the troubled events of the following months, which succeeded one another so rapidly that in the first eighteen days of March the Germans had marched down the Champs-Elysées and occupied the capital, the Assembly had surrendered to them Alsace and Lorraine and had then migrated to Versailles, and the insurrection of the Commune had broken out. Then followed the second siege, when the conqueror, looking on, was able to say after the signing of the Treaty of Frankfort, 'If we 'have not been able to set fire to Paris, at all events we 'can let it burn;' and when one section of French citizens had displayed to their vanquishers the feeling that Frenchmen have for one another in times of national mourning by destroying the priceless monuments of the capital amid scenes of cowardly bloodshed, another section retook the city and visited upon the insurgents the most ruthless penalty ever meted out for crime.

It is from this point that the history of the Third Republic commences. M. Thiers set about the task of liberating the soil of France from the enemy. In spite of the excesses of the Commune, the reactionaries received a note of warning that the country did not regard Republicanism with alarm, and that unless they displayed governmental capacity it was quite possible that the chances of a monarchical restoration might disappear; as in July, when 114 seats vacant in the Assembly had to be filled, 85 fell to Republicans, chiefly of the Left Centre. This was followed by the voting of a provisional Constitution, the title of President of the French Republic being conferred on M. Thiers by the Assembly on the eve of the first anniversary of Sedan. The members of

Digitized by Google

the Right consented to this against their will. They had, however, the previous day defeated the Republicans by nearly two to one in carrying the first article of the law which conferred constituent powers on the Assembly. The Republicans opposed this because, in their view, it was a usurpation of the sovereignty of the people that an assembly not specially elected for that purpose should have the power to impose a Constitution on the nation. The debate it aroused is interesting as having given Gambetta his first opportunity of appearing as a serious politician. The *fou furieux* of Tours was about to become the chief support of the aged statesman who had thus described him, and he, the old Orleanist, was to effect as his supreme achievement the foundation of the Republic.

Since the convocation of the States-General in 1789 no legislative body in France had ever contained so many men of distinction, whether of political prestige, of rank, of fortune, or of rising ability. The majority belonged to the Legitimist and Orleanist parties, but there were distinguished and brilliant men in all the groups, as testify the names of the Duc d'Aumale, Chanzy, Dupanloup, Haussonville, Broglie, Léon Say, Jules Simon, Gambetta, Prince de Joinville, Jules Grévy, Lanfrey, Jules Favre, Waddington, Buffet, Decazes, and Changarnier. With such material, it is not surprising that M. Thiers, who remained a member of the Assembly and sometimes took part in its debates, was able to give his ministerial portfolios to men of a class whom it is useless to look for in French politics at the close of the century.

The year 1872 brings us into the period of the 'essai loyal' of the Republican form of government. Whether M. Thiers veered in that direction from motives of pure patriotism, of opportunism, or of personal ambition we cannot pause to examine. He did not at once disclose himself a Republican. He did not put himself into opposition to the majority of the Assembly, and when it suggested that his disposition was too favourable to the maintenance of the Republic he offered his resignation, the refusal of which he took as the testimony of the indispensable nature of his services. In the autumn Gambetta made a triumphal progress, in the course of which he declared at Grenoble that political power had passed into the hands of 'une couche sociale nouvelle,' and he appealed to those who formed the new social strata to put an end to the comedy of a Republic without Republicans. Meanwhile the Monarchical groups were combining in one

Digitized by Google

parliamentary party under the leadership of the Ducs d'Audiffret-Pasquier and de Broglie. When the Assembly resumed its sittings M. Thiers read to it himself a Presidential message which marked such a distinct movement towards the Left that it was Gambetta, about to be attacked for his Grenoble speech, who led the applause. 'The 'Republic exists,' said the President, 'it is the lawful govern-'ment of the country, and to wish for a change would involve 'the most terrible of revolutions.'

The year 1873 opened with the death of the Emperor Napoleon at Chislehurst, but the disasters brought on the country by the Second Empire were too recent for the youthful promise of his heir to be regarded as having any future connexion with the history of France, except by the small group of Bonapartists. M. Thiers remained the centre of interest. The majority in the Assembly, much as they disliked him, shrank from upsetting him while as yet no definite scheme of Monarchical restoration was ready, and while on the other hand the constituencies showed that a dissolution would probably result in a triumph for Gambetta. They therefore thought that it would be better, while waiting for the arrangement of Monarchical difficulties, to reduce the President's powers to that of a constitutional monarch, and the 'Commission of Thirty' which had been appointed by the majority to draw up a constitutional scheme proposed among other things the interdiction of the President to take part in the debates of the Assembly.

Divisions in the Republican party were not neglected by the reactionaries, who, for the only time in the history of the Republic, showed some capacity for parliamentary adroitness. M. Thiers having gone over completely to the Republicans without being accepted by the extreme Left, it was clearly an occasion for the Right to get rid of him and to take possession of the government. At elections in different regions of France Radicals had been everywhere returned, at Lyons an old member of the Commune being elected, and this was calculated to alarm the Left Centre. The appointment by M. Thiers of two new ministers, M. Casimir-Perier, an Orleanist who had rallied to the Republic, and M. Waddington, whom later we have known in London, an exponent of conservative republicanism, was taken as a distinct intimation to the Monarchists that they had nothing more to hope for from the President, and the Duc de Broglie commenced the battle in the Assembly. The following day, the 24th of May, a capital date in the history of the republic,

Digitized by Google

M. Thiers himself came to the tribune to defend his policy. Renouncing his old conciliatory methods, his speech was an ultimatum addressed to the Right. The struggle, he said, was between the government, which maintained that the conservative Republic was the only régime possible under the circumstances, and the majority in the Assembly, probably not representing the majority in the country, which wanted a monarchy but could not make a choice between three pretenders for a single throne. A resolution, which M. Thiers regarded as one of censure, was carried by a majority of 14. The old statesman responded to it by a message to the Chamber announcing his resignation, and, with somewhat indecent haste, the majority elected on the spot Marshal Mac-Mahon President of the Republic, all the various groups of the Left abstaining from the vote.

Paris and other cities of revolutionary tradition accepted the proceedings at Versailles without disturbance, and on May 25, 1873, Marshal Mac-Mahon formed his first Cabinet. Until the voting of the Constitution in 1875 he followed the practice of M. Thiers in not nominating a President of the Council, but instead of his being himself perpetual Prime Minister, as was his predecessor, with a perpetual Vice-President under him, henceforth the Vice-President, changed with each change of ministry, was practically the premier. Thus the Duc de Broglie, Minister for Foreign Affairs, was Vice-President of the first Council, and it was known as the Broglie Cabinet. The distribution of portfolios was not confined to adherents of the two branches of the Bourbon family, and the Ministry of Finances was confided to M. Magne, who had served the Second Empire. Indeed, the Bonapartists came in for a considerable share of the spoil in the vast rearrangement that took place in the administration and judicature.

On August 5, 1873, the Comte de Paris repaired to Frohsdorff to make his submission as head of the House of Orleans to his kinsman the Comte de Chambord, abandoning on behalf of himself and of his family all rival pretensions to the crown, thus by implication denouncing his grandfather Louis Philippe as a usurper. Everything seemed to point, therefore, to an immediate restoration, when rumours arose that the legitimate King of France was raising again his scruples regarding the white flag of his ancestors, at the very sight of which, said Marshal Mac-Mahon, who had fought for France in victory and defeat under the tricolour, the chassepots of the army would go off by themselves. The

Digitized by Google

rumours resolved themselves into authentic fact when after much mysterious negotiation Henri V. addressed from Salzbourg to his supporters a manifesto in which he declared that he could never renounce the standard of Arques and of Ivry. As the gallant hero of those battles had observed that 'Paris was worth a mass,' the obvious commentary on the decision of the Comte de Chambord, which threw into disarray the newly fused Monarchical party, was that 'France was 'worth a flag.' It is probable that he made it the excuse for declining to accept a throne the occupation of which would disturb the semi-monastic life of a childless man, with no other reward for the risk of ending his days amid strife than that of securing the succession for the revolutionary branch which had usurped his grandfather's crown, had outraged his mother, and had sent him a boy to grow up in exile. The attempt of the Orleans family to masquerade as the legitimate heirs of the legitimate monarchy was ill-timed, and ten years later the humiliating treatment of the Comte de Paris at the Comte de Chambord's funeral, when he was bidden to walk behind various obscure Bourbon princes, shows that his repudiation of the monarchy of July, which made his succession impossible while his cousin lived, did not even gain him the respect of the recluse of Frohsdorff. The obstinacy of the legitimate king made a provisional situation inevitable, and this was the view taken by members of all parties, when, by a majority of sixty-six votes, the executive power was confided to Marshal Mac-Mahon for a term of seven years with the title of President of the Republic. A Commission of thirty members was by the same law appointed to draw up the scheme of a constitution, and by the time their work was finished, it was hoped that something would have happened to elucidate the future of France. The Monarchists counted on the death of the Comte de Chambord to clear the way for the Orleans dynasty; the Bonapartists rested their hopes on the promise given by the Prince Imperial, now approaching manhood; the ardent Republicans relied on the stupidity and jealousies of the reactionaries to stimulate the democracy to declaring plainly for a Republic under the restless eloquence of Gambetta; while moderate men looked upon the seven-year term as a breathing time in which the country might recuperate some of its strength while waiting for something to turn up.

Towards the end of 1873, after the promulgation of the Septennate, a ministerial reconstruction took place which did not please the extreme Legitimists, the Duc de Broglie re-

Digitized by Google

maining Prime Minister but giving up the Foreign Office to the Duc Decazes who remained there for four years during six administrations, a precedent of continuance of foreign policy which has never been repeated under the Third Republic. The Duc de Broglie did not, however, long survive the formation of his second Cabinet, being defeated in the following May by a coalition of Legitimists and Bonapartists with the *trois gauches*, as the various Republican groups were then called. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier tried to form a coalition ministry with the aid of M. Waddington and other members of the Left Centre, but failed, and the task was performed by General de Cissey, who constructed a Cabinet consisting of persons as little known as himself, a 'cabinet 'd'affaires,' to carry on the business of the country.

The year 1874 was one of political deadlock and expectancy. All questions were considered so open that M. de la Rochefoucauld, Duc de Bisaccia, the Ambassador of the French Republic in England, moved a resolution in the Assembly that the Government was a monarchy under Henri V., and seemed surprised at the consequent request that he would tender his resignation. The Comte de Chambord had seventy members of the Assembly at his orders, who prevented any issue from the provisional state of things, while the Orleanists, hampered by the submission of the Comte de Paris to the head of the Bourbons, had to content themselves with having the chief share in administering government. Gambetta was lying low, taking care not to separate himself from M. Thiers and the Left Centre, though the municipal elections showed that in the towns the Radicals had an increasing following. The Bonapartists were beginning to recover their spirits, they were winning elections in the provinces, and the eighteenth birthday of the Prince Imperial was the occasion of an enthusiastic demonstration of the party at Chislehurst. It is necessary to remember the uncertain features of the political situation at this period, as from it sprang the Constitution which has proved the most durable of all that France has submitted to.

The discussion of the organic laws which produced the Constitution of 1875 commenced in the first days of that year. The personal Septennate of the Marshal was now the question at issue. The Legitimists, though they liked it none too well as postponing their hopes for at least seven years, approved of it in that it prevented any definite consecration of the Republic. The Constitutional members of the Right Centre deplored the unscientific and haphazard

Digitized by Google

nature of this provisional scheme, and one of their number, M. Wallon, proposed that the President of the Republic should be elected by a joint Assembly composed of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the creation of which had been recommended by the Constitutional Commission. This proposition in a house of over 700 members was carried by a majority of one, and it was by this one vote that the Republic was definitely established. The principle had already been accepted that the Chamber of Deputies should be elected by manhood suffrage, as the revival of a limited franchise for the election of the popular house was not regarded as practical even by the extreme reactionaries.

A new ministry was formed by M. Buffet, the President of the Assembly, who had had a varied political experience, having been a minister under the Second Republic, a prisoner after the *coup d'état*, a minister again with M. Émile Ollivier under the 'Empire Libéral,' though only for a brief period, as he voted against the war. He was now a member of the moderate Monarchical party. Among his colleagues was M. Wallon, who had belonged to the same group, but having, as we have seen, been the means of establishing the Republic, he was afterwards known as 'The Father of the Constitution.' Both those venerable statesmen have survived M. Léon Say, who became Minister of Finance in the government. The inconsequent character of French ministerial crises, which have been continued under administrations of every colour, was shown by the retention by the retiring Prime Minister, General de Cissey, of the Portfolio of War. The constitutional scheme arrived at may be regarded as not unsuccessful, and the Senate created by it has survived with little modification for more than twenty years—a prodigious period for a French legislative institution. It was resolved that it should consist of 300 members, 275 to be elected according to departments, by the members of the *conseils généraux* and *conseils d'arrondissement* (who are the elect of universal suffrage), by delegates chosen from the municipal councils, and by the deputies of the departments, a system which on the whole has worked well. The remaining seventy-five were to be nominated by the National Assembly, and as vacancies occurred among them they were to be filled by the Senate itself.

It was in the selection of the seventy-five nominated senators that the reactionaries displayed that foolishness which has ever characterised them whenever they have had the opportunity of securing an advantage. The principle of

Digitized by Google

nomination, since abolished, was carried by the reactionaries and opposed by the Republicans. But the quarrels of the Legitimists with the Duc de Broglie and his party were so bitter that the former actually resolved to make a present of the nominated element in the Senate to the Republican party in order to spite the hated Orleanists. The consequence was that, of seventy-five senators nominated by an Assembly having a reactionary majority, fifty-five Republicans were named. The new senatorial electors naturally were encouraged to support a winning party, and when in January 1876 the Senate assembled, the Republicans were in greater number than all the Monarchical groups combined, and with the small 'Constitutional' group had an absolute majority in the Upper House.

The year 1876 is that in which France embarked upon its new system of parliamentary government. The elections for the Chamber succeeded those for the Senate, with the result that in a house of over 500 members the Monarchical groups mustered only about 150, half of whom were Bonapartists. The election had taken place by *scrutin d'arrondissement*—the system of single-member districts of approximately equal size. M. Grévy, Marshal Mac-Mahon's successor in the Presidency of the Republic, was chosen President of the Chamber, and his two successors MM. Sadi Carnot and Casimir-Perier, took their seats as deputies for the first time. After the elections, M. Buffet, who had not been elected to either Chamber, gave way to M. Dufaure, who formed a Cabinet composed chiefly of members of the Left Centre. That Cabinet lasted until the last month of the year, when M. Dufaure was succeeded by M. Jules Simon, who retained the services of MM. Léon Say, Waddington, and Decazes, and among the under-secretaryships one was given to M. Méline, the present protectionist Prime Minister of France.

The ministerial *coup d'état* of 1877, commonly called from its date the 'Seize Mai,' was the result of the reactionaries finding themselves bereft of power, chiefly by their own dissensions and mistakes. After the advent of Marshal Mac-Mahon the Clerical party commenced an intemperate campaign in favour of the re-establishment of Pius IX. in his sovereignty, with the result that Victor Emmanuel was thrown into the arms of Germany, which power was itself gravely irritated by the indiscreet criticisms by French bishops of Prince Bismarck's anti-clerical policy. M. Jules Simon, the new Prime Minister, was a Liberal so sympathetic

Digitized by Google

to the Church that Mgr. Dupanloup once said to him 'You 'will be a Cardinal before I shall,' but he had become the titular head of the Republican party, which contained an anti-clerical section as fanatical as the most ultramontane division of the Catholics. Early in May the Chamber, by a majority of more than three to one, invited the Government to adopt the same disciplinary policy towards the Church which had been followed by Louis Napoleon and Louis Philippe. It was on this occasion that Gambetta made use of his famous exclamation, 'Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!' Ten days later another debate on a comparatively unimportant question took place, and the next morning, May 16, to the stupefaction of the public, a letter appeared in the 'Journal 'Officiel' from the Marshal President to his Prime Minister, informing him that he had no longer his confidence, as it was clear that he had lost the influence over the Chamber that a President of the Council ought to exercise.

This brusque dismissal of M. Jules Simon, though not infringing the letter of the new Constitution, was regarded as a *coup d'état* in favour of the clerical reactionaries. The Duc de Broglie was charged to form a ministry of combat, in which a Bonapartist element was added to the Royalists. Parliament was prorogued for a month, and the Government hastened to dismiss the functionaries and magistrates favourable to the Republic and to replace them with others of reactionary antecedents, with a view to using official pressure in the elections, a large number of the new agents of the Government being Bonapartists. On the reassembling of the Chamber tumultuous debates took place, in which Gambetta took a leading part, on one occasion with dramatic effect calling upon the House to acclaim as the liberator of the territory M. Thiers, who happened to be seated in one of the tribunes, and the Republican majority of 363 denounced the coalition of parties hostile to the Republic. The Marshal asked the Senate to authorise the dissolution, and by a small majority it did so; but an unexpected check was given to the reactionaries by the sudden death of M. Thiers on September 3, 1877, and his funeral, which was described as a silent insurrection, was a demonstration which completely discounted the effect of the electoral proclamation made by Marshal Mac-Mahon a few days later. The elections took place, and, in spite of the great administrative pressure used, the Republican majority was sent back almost intact. It lost about thirty members, and it was the Bonapartist group which reaped the advantage.

Digitized by Google

The Broglie Cabinet resigned, and the Marshal attempted to impose on the Chamber a ministry presided over by General de Rochebouet and composed of individuals unknown in the political world; but, as the Chamber declined all relations with it, the President was compelled to yield, and in December 1877 M. Dufaure formed a Left Centre ministry.

Thus ended the *coup d'état* of the 'Seize Mai,' condemned by the whole of Europe from its inception. Its only tangible effects were to prove to the country the incompetence of the Monarchists; and by associating in the public mind the Church with this abortive *coup d'état*, to provoke reprisals from the anti-clericals when they got the upper hand, which made Catholics lament their hostility to the mild and favourable régime of M. Jules Simon.

After the storm, the year 1878 was one of political repose. The first International Exhibition after the war displayed to Europe wherein lay the secret of France's recuperative power and how the industry and artistic instinct of the nation was able, not only to defray the charges of unsuccessful war, but even to counterbalance the incapacity of its rulers. Marshal Mac-Mahon presided over the fêtes held in honour of the Exhibition, and had he pleased he might tranquilly have fulfilled the term of his Septennate, in spite of the final discomfiture of the groups he had identified himself with. In January 1879, however, he made a difference of opinion on a not important military question an excuse for resigning the Presidency, and M. Jules Grévy, the President of the Chamber, was elected to succeed him by the Senate and Chamber united in congress.

Henceforth the executive power, as well as the legislative was in the hands of the Republicans. The new President was a man of high standing in his party and at the bar of Paris, but it was curious that the first Republican President of the Republic should have been the chief advocate in the National Assembly of 1848 of the theory that the Republic would do better without a President. M. Grévy's first Prime Minister was M. Waddington. Gambetta was elected President of the Chamber. Encouraged by his rivals in his idea that the time was not ripe for him to direct the affairs of the country, he thus put himself in a position of official self-effacement from which he did not emerge until the jealousies of his own party colleagues had undermined the prestige which he had gained as chief founder of the Republic.

The most active among them was M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Education. Borrowing Gambetta's cry that clericalism was the enemy, he commenced the work of reprisal for the

Digitized by Google

'Seize Mai.' His educational projects of 1879 were all anti-clerical in their tendency, the most notorious of them being the famous Article 7, which excluded not only from State schools, but from exercising the profession of teaching in any establishment, all members of unauthorised religious communities. This enactment, aimed chiefly at the Jesuits and other teaching orders, was carried out with a sectarian ferocity the memory of which is still bitter, but it is certain that the nation as a mass did not disapprove of the Ferry laws, so grievously had the Church blundered in identifying itself with the conspiracy of the 'Seize Mai.'

The year 1879 was notable for the complete disappearance of the hopes of the Bonapartists, in the death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand, and for the first symptoms of the rise of a Socialist party, which, however, had no representatives in the Chamber where M. Clémenceau was the leader of the Radicals. He, however, commenced his reputation as a destroyer of ministries in supporting the demand of the revolutionary Socialists for a complete amnesty of the Communards, and, though the Government was not actually defeated, M. Waddington retired from it, M. de Freycinet succeeding him as Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs. The system of perpetual reconstruction of ministries had taken root in the Republic, and M. Clémenceau was one of those responsible for it. There was no reversal of policy after a rearrangement of a Cabinet under a new President of the Council, and 1880 is one unbroken record of the struggle between the Church and the anti-clericals, M. Jules Simon, the victim of the 'Seize Mai,' being the most powerful champion in the Senate of the clericals by whose intrigues he had been dismissed from office. The Senate rejected the Ferry law, which its promoters urged was a compromise to obviate the necessity of putting into action the laws dating from the First Empire, penalising religious orders which had not obtained permission to establish themselves in France. Consequently the dissolution of these communities, including the Jesuits, was ordered by decree, which, when forcibly executed, gave rise to painful scenes; but, though moderate men were scandalised at the spectacle of aged priests being turned out of their homes by armed force, it cannot be said that popular feeling was excited in their favour.

M. de Freycinet was checked by his colleagues in the Cabinet from assuming a conciliatory attitude to the Church, and retired from the premiership in September 1880. It was thought that this was the obvious occasion for Gambetta to

Digitized by Google

take the lead, but M. Jules Ferry stepped into his place. The popularity of Gambetta in the country was aggravating the jealousy of the Republicans. The previous month he had, as President of the Chamber, with M. Léon Say, now President of the Senate, accompanied M. Grévy on an official visit to Cherbourg, but it was not the chief of the State who was the hero of the fête; it was the lowest in official rank of the three Presidents, who was acclaimed throughout France when he pronounced the spirited and hopeful defiance to Germany, a quotation from which now forms the only pleasing feature in the monument which disfigures the Place du Carrousel and dishonours the memory of Gambetta. The words, which were compared to the first glass of champagne given to a convalescent after a grievous illness, created in the country enthusiasm, but among Gambetta's Republican allies alarm, and M. Grévy was suspected to be as eager as any to dim the rising star.

In the following year, 1881, the sole political question before the country was the personality and the prospects of Gambetta. He had identified himself with the system of *scrutin de liste* so zealously that, descending from the Presidential chair, he carried by a narrow majority his scheme through the Chamber in spite of the opposition of the Prime Minister. The ministry as a whole did not oppose Gambetta; like the Republican party and the reactionary groups, it was divided on the question. Hence, when the Senate threw out the bill, a conflict between the houses did not ensue; it was felt that it was Gambetta's personal check. Before the general elections there was the semblance of a reconciliation between him and M. Ferry; the name of Gambetta was therefore the rallying-cry of the Republicans, with the result that, even with *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the triumph was immense for the Republic, the combined reactionary groups composing less than one-fifth of the Chamber.

What was to be done with so huge a majority? Its first work was to turn out the Ferry ministry on a question arising out of the occupation of Tunis. Then M. Grévy, having bided his time, sent for Gambetta, who was to form the Grand Ministère which was to consolidate the Republic and be the apotheosis of its chief. But the wily chief of the State knew what he was about; all the most able Republicans who were going to give lustre to the Cabinet with one accord made excuse, and when the names of its members were published a great feeling of disillusion fell on the country, for it was composed of men altogether unknown and untried. The only one of Gambetta's colleagues not

Digitized by Google

obscure was M. Paul Bert, and with an inappropriateness unexplained—as Gambetta's most numerous opponents were among the Radicals — that aggressive freethinker was named Minister of Public Worship. None of the ministers ever showed themselves men of first-rate ability, though some of them became notorious in the Panama affair, but one of the Under-Secretaries, who never was prominent in subsequent ministerial combinations, was the present President of the Republic, M. Félix Faure. Such a Cabinet was condemned in advance. Gambetta's enemies declared that the construction of a one-man machine was ominous of dictatorship, and the 'Grand Ministère' lived for ten weeks.

M. de Freycinet succeeded Gambetta in January 1882, M. Léon Say resuming the portfolio of Finances, and M. Jules Ferry that of Education. The failure of Gambetta, though pleasing to his rivals, caused a feeling of discouragement in the country and disorganised the Republican majority in the Chamber. The Freycinet ministry fell in six months on the question of Egypt. It is interesting to read the debates in the Chamber, to contrast them with French sentiment since, and to speculate what would have been the situation in Europe to-day if Gambetta had then been master of the French Parliament, for by a majority of 417 to 75 it was decided that France should do nothing in Egypt, and that England should go thither alone. Gambetta's last great speech was made on this occasion, when, for the last time, the Anglo-French alliance was advocated from the tribune by lips speaking with authority. On the last day of the year his became silent for ever, and the fame of Gambetta as a statesman rests only on the unfulfilled promise of a short career. He was forty-four years old when he died.

The persons who had driven Gambetta out of public life and had shortened his existence were among the most ostentatious of the mourners at the great pageant with which he was buried, and to have been of his party was in future the favourite trade-mark of his enemies. The weeks following his death were marked by governmental anarchy. Prince Napoleon placarded the streets of Paris with a manifesto, and M. Floquet proposed the exile of the members of the families who had reigned in France, a proposition which caused two ministerial crises and a conflict between Senate and Chamber, the former body not approving of the rigorous measure. M. Duclerc resigned the Premiership in January to his colleague, M. Fallières, who held it for three

Digitized by Google

weeks, when M. Jules Ferry became President of the Council for the second time.

To appease the Radicals the Orleans Princes were removed from active service in the army, an illogical result of the demonstration of a Bonaparte who was not punished for his performance. How unnecessary this proceeding was was shown later in 1883 when the Comte de Chambord died, without his death, which finally fused the two Monarchical parties, causing the slightest commotion in France. Meanwhile the Ferry ministry was showing staying powers not hitherto observed in a government. Although the Premier had been Gambetta's chief enemy, the adherents of the latter did not hesitate when he was out of the way to take office under M. Ferry, and consequently we find in this Cabinet politicians who had been actually invented by Gambetta, such as M. Challemel Lacour, M. Waldeck Rousseau, and M. Rouvier. The Left Centre as a party had disappeared from political combinations. An intermediate group, called Opportunist, which claimed the tradition of Gambetta, now came to the front.

The year 1884 was phenomenal in that it passed without a change of ministry. It seemed as though an era of steady government were about to commence, and the opportunity was taken of revising the Constitution. The chief changes adopted were to the effect that the Republican form of government could never be the subject of revision, and that the members of families which had reigned in France were ineligible for the Presidency of the Republic—a provision which it is well to bear in mind at the present day, when there is talk of Prince Henri of Orleans coming forward as a candidate. It was also decided that the clauses of the Constitution of 1875 relating to the organisation of the Senate should no longer have a constitutional character, which meant that henceforth the Senate could be reformed without a revision of the Constitution, by ordinary Parliamentary procedure. Consequently at the end of the year a law passed both Houses abolishing the nominated element in the Senate and increasing the number of Senatorial electors.

Gambetta's project of *scrutin de liste* had been voted by the Chamber early in 1885, now that he was out of the way, when a disaster to the French troops in Tonkin suddenly brought Paris to the brink of a revolution. Military operations had been proceeding in that country before M. Ferry took office in 1883, and he had been constantly

Digitized by Google

reproached for conducting a war without having declared it, but it caused little trouble to the Government in the Chamber until unexpectedly the news of the disaster of Lang-Son arrived. Then all the pent-up rancour which M. Jules Ferry had inspired in various groups burst forth: the Radicals, led by MM. Clémenceau and Floquet, were most aggressive; the reactionaries, remembering the anti-clerical rigours of the Ferry laws, came to their help; the Left Centre were not sorry to see in tribulation the Opportunists who had supplanted them. The result of this, combined with the resentment the French always feel for their public men in the hour of military disaster, was that M. Ferry found himself in a moment the object of public hate more bitter than any man had ever called forth in France since Louis Napoleon on the morrow of Sedan. A 'concentration' Cabinet was formed, made up of heterogeneous Republican elements, M. Brisson the Prime Minister, and M. Goblet representing the Radicals, M. de Freycinet, formerly the ally of the Left Centre, and M. Sadi Carnot the more moderate groups. The elections took place, but *scrutin de liste* requires a great organiser to direct it, and this was why Gambetta's rivals rejected it in his lifetime. The reactionaries came back to the Chamber more than twice as strong as in 1881, and could they but have become united and intelligent short work would have been made of the Republic. So grave was the danger that the Republicans thought they had better not further expose their divisions in the Presidential election now due, so in the last days of December M. Grévy was re-elected chief of the State for another term of seven years.

The aged President was not fated to die in office nor to complete a term of fourteen years which, as was pointed out by the opponents of the re-eligibility of a President who had completed one septennate, was longer than an average reign. In the Cabinet formed, a few days after his re-election, by M. de Freycinet, the new Minister of War was supposed to be the personal representative of M. Clémenceau, and General Boulanger's first public action was to take rigorous measures against certain commanding officers of reactionary tendencies. He was one of the most zealous of the ministry in its campaign against the Princes. The Comte de Paris was marrying his daughter to the heir apparent of Portugal, and while the envoy of the Republic at Lisbon was congratulating the Portuguese court on this alliance between the two countries the head of the house of Orleans gave a

Digitized by Google

fête to celebrate the event in Paris, of such brilliancy that Republicans, watching with dismay the incoherency of their government and its growing unpopularity, saw in it a menace to the régime. After long and bitter debates in the two Chambers, the expulsion from France of the heads of the families of Orleans and Bonaparte with their eldest sons was decreed, in spite of the protest of some Republicans even of the Radical groups against a proceeding more appropriate, in their opinion, to the tyranny of the Second Empire. The names of all the Princes on the Army List were erased from it, and this calling forth a protest from the Duc d'Aumale, a general on the retired list, he was exiled too, General Boulanger, as Minister of War, executing the decree with ostentation unbecoming to an officer who had owed early promotion to the protection of the Prince. The expulsion gave an uneasy impression that the Republic was in a precarious state to call for this measure. At home, too, the governmental disarray was reflected in the provinces, where the strike at Décazeville revealed a turbulent spirit at work in the industrial population, and when the Freycinet ministry disappeared in December it was felt that it had left the affairs of the country in a worse state than it had found them.

The new ministry was its predecessor with the moderate elements eliminated. M. Goblet, one of its Radical members, was Prime Minister, M. Berthelot taking the portfolio of Education, and General Boulanger remaining at the War Office. The latter had obtained a remarkable hold on his countrymen. Subsequent events showed that he had neither intelligence nor determination, but meanwhile he had a fine presence, and understood the art of self-advertisement, as well as that of popularity in the army. At the beginning of 1887 he had been thrown over by his inventor, M. Clémenceau, but was loudly patronised by the violent Radical press. The Schnaebele incident supervened. A French railway official at the frontier station of Pagny was decoyed across the German boundary and arrested. For a time it seemed as though war were imminent with Germany, and General Boulanger became the possible hero who was to avenge Sedan. When Prince Bismarck released M. Schnaebele it was the Minister of War who got the credit, and so greatly did he overshadow his colleagues in the Cabinet that M. Goblet was not sorry to be defeated in May to get rid of his embarrassing minister, General Boulanger being driven from office by the votes of the reactionaries whose hero he was soon to be. M. Rouvier,

Digitized by Google

an Opportunist, formed a new government, which was denounced by the Radicals as being in the employ of Germany because the man who had terrorised Prince Bismarck was excluded from it. M. Boulanger was sent to command the Army Corps which had headquarters at Clermont-Ferrand, but his behaviour was that of a plebiscitary candidate rather than of a general of division, and some of his organs began openly to refer with approval to the *coups d'état* of Brumaire and December.

Meanwhile Parliament was sterile in legislation, and a scandal which had long been whispered occupied it in the autumn session. The son-in-law of M. Grévy, M. Daniel Wilson, a prominent deputy who had been Under-Secretary in several ministries, was accused of trafficking the decoration of the Legion of Honour and of using the Élysée, the President's official residence, where he lived, as an agency for all kinds of corrupt practices. So convincing was the evidence against him that not only did his colleagues of the Chamber put the government in a minority in order to precipitate a Presidential crisis, but on M. Grévy refusing to take this hint and to lay down his functions a long array of politicians representing every Republican group declined his invitation to form a ministry except on condition that he should resign. Had General Boulanger been a resolute man he might at this crisis have made a *coup d'état*, for his popularity with the populace and the army was increasing as the Republic fell deeper into scandal and anarchy. At last M. Grévy was prevailed upon to resign when Paris was on the brink of a revolution. MM. Jules Ferry, de Freycinet, and Floquet were the candidates for his succession. M. de Freycinet, the old ally of the Left Centre, was now the nominee of the Radicals, and thus the rival of M. Floquet, the President of the Chamber. M. Ferry appeared to command the greatest number of votes in the two houses, as, in addition to his Opportunist and moderate friends, he was likely to have the support of the reactionaries for a curious reason:—he was so hated by the Radicals that they threatened that if he were elected there would be fighting in the streets of Paris the same night—the insurrection and the end of the Republic that the Monarchists desired. This being the situation on the eve of the congress, a party of Radicals met and decided to throw over their own men and to vote for an 'outsider' (the English expression was used by them) among the moderates. Their choice fell on M. Sadi Carnot, and after some manœuvring,

Digitized by Google

in which M. Clémenceau took a leading part, he was elected by an enormous majority.

The new President, though the nominee of chance, was an excellent choice. Not only was he a man of unimpeachable probity, which was essential in high places at this moment, but he bore a Revolutionary name only less illustrious than that of Bonaparte, and at a moment when France was almost ready to throw herself into the arms of a soldier of fortune of no achievement a certain equilibrium was restored in popular sentiment by the conferring of the supreme power on the grandson of the glorious 'organiser of victory.'

The name and character of M. Carnot would have been powerless to check for an instant the flood of Boulangism had it not been for the incompetence of the leader of that movement who was rapidly getting the democracy of France at his back without knowing how to utilise it. In Parliament there was complete anarchy; not only warfare between the Republican groups but decomposition of the groups themselves. M. Carnot on his election had called upon M. Tirard to form a ministry, which he composed of politicians as colourless as himself. The early months of 1888 were occupied with the trial of M. Wilson and the conflict of the new ministry with General Boulanger. The latter was first of all deprived of his command for having come to Paris without leave on a political mission, and the former was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for swindling. M. Wilson appealed on a point of law, and General Boulanger was elected deputy for the Aisne by an enormous majority. It so happened that, the very day after this election, the President of the Republic, by the advice of the Minister of War, signed a decree removing General Boulanger from the army, and the court of appeal quashed M. Wilson's conviction. The coincidence profoundly moved public sentiment; the dishonest relative of the ex-President released by the judges of the Republic the same day that its ministers expelled from the army the popular hero of universal suffrage.

Politicians now conceived that, as General Boulanger was the invention of the Radicals, a strong Radical ministry would be the remedy to cope with him, and M. Floquet became Prime Minister, M. de Freycinet taking the important portfolio of War, which he retained through many ministries. The Floquet Cabinet did nothing, but its chief scored one success by fighting a duel with Boulanger and, though an elderly civilian, wounding the General.

Digitized by Google

Nothing, however, disturbed the latter's popularity, and, in spite of his failure as a speaker in the chamber, in the autumn he was returned by great majorities in several departments. The Bonapartists had already rallied to him, and now, though in all his manifestoes he studiously described himself as the defender of the Republic, the mass of the Monarchists entered the Boulangist camp, to the dismay of the old-fashioned Royalists.

The centenary of the taking of the Bastille was to be celebrated in 1889 by an International Exhibition in Paris, and when that year opened it was not at all certain whether the fêtes would be inaugurated by M. Carnot or by General Boulanger. The capital speedily showed its preferences by electing the latter member for Paris with a quarter of a million votes and a majority of 80,000 over the candidate of the Government, which took alarm and proposed the substitution of *scrutin d'arrondissement* for *scrutin de liste*, which was forthwith done by the Chambers—a significant commentary on the respective advantages of the two systems. M. Tirard was again called to form a ministry, M. Constans, who as Minister of the Interior had shown skill in presiding over the elections of 1881, being chosen to fill the same post for the elections of 1889 when it was supposed that General Boulanger would have to be combated. He, however, saved all further trouble by flying the country. M. Constans allowed his agents to know that a warrant was being prepared for his arrest on the charge of conspiring against the Republic, and before it was executed General Boulanger was a fugitive in Belgium. This was the death of Boulangism. Further precaution was taken by the passing of a law to prevent multiple candidatures which might have constituted a plébiscite, and, the Senate having been constituted a High Court for the trial of General Boulanger and two of his supporters for high treason, they were sentenced in their absence to perpetual imprisonment. But it was not the measures of the Government that killed the movement. It was General Boulanger himself who saved the Republic which had done nothing to save itself. It had on the contrary displayed an anarchic feebleness and incoherency which would have made it an easy victim had the leader of the attack on it possessed courage or sagacity.

The year 1890 was one of the calmest since the war. The Duc d'Orléans in vain essayed to disturb the calm by breaking his exile, making the military service required of all French citizens his pretext for coming to France, and, after being imprisoned for a short time, was conducted

Digitized by Google

to the frontier, the incident being treated as a joke. His great-uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, had previously been invited to resume his residence in France, partly as a recognition of his legacy of Chantilly to his colleagues of the Institute, partly because of his disapproval of the Comte de Paris's ill-starred alliance with General Boulanger. A ministerial re-arrangement took place in the spring of 1890, M. de Freycinet becoming Prime Minister and retaining in the Cabinet its most important members, and all seemed to point to the consolidation of the Republic. Even the Church was making signals of reconciliation. Cardinal Lavigerie, the Archbishop of Algiers, a patriotic missionary and a statesmanlike prelate, on the occasion of the visit of the fleet to his shores, entertained the officers, proposed the toast of the Republic, and caused the 'Marseillaise' to be played by his Pères Blancs. The anger of the Royalists knew no bounds, but it was soon intimated from Rome that the Cardinal's demonstration had the approval of the Vatican.

The following year was phenomenal in that it passed without a change of ministry. Social questions were prominently discussed in Parliament, as the only black spots on the horizon were the frequent strikes, accompanied with riots, and in one case, at Fourmies in the Nord, with serious bloodshed. The activity of certain socialist municipal councils was fomented by these disturbances, which found an echo in the Chamber, where the Radical group seemed to be recovering its unity after its Boulangist adventures in veering towards socialism. Otherwise nothing disturbed the quiet at home. The death of General Boulanger, by his own hand, the corollary of his political suicide, passed as unperceived in France as those of the ex-President Grévy, or of Prince Napoleon, who, in ending his days at Rome, passed away in an atmosphere of anomaly characteristic of the life of this *César déclassé*.

The agitations of the year 1892 counterbalanced the repose of its two predecessors. The first crisis arose out of the peacemaking policy of Pope Leo XIII. Following up his intimations to Cardinal Lavigerie, he published in February 1892 an encyclical addressed to the Catholics of France, urging on them the duty of accepting the established political régime. The most conspicuous adherent to the policy of the Pope was Comte Albert de Mun, the most eloquent member of the Right, formerly an ardent supporter of the Comte de Chambord, and latterly the leader of the French Christian Socialists. A discussion in the Chamber

Digitized by Google

on the law of associations following this publication, an animated debate ensued on the relations of France with the Church, in the course of which the Ministry found itself in a minority. M. de Freycinet thereupon gave up the Presidency of the Council to M. Loubet, an unknown senator who had once been Minister of Public Works, but he retained the Ministry of War. For months ecclesiastical questions were perpetually being discussed in Parliament with increasing acrimony, the disarray of the reactionaries being as complete as the confusion of the Republican groups. The dynamite outrages of the anarchists outside Parliament did not conduce to increase confidence in the government. The only person in the Republic who grew in prestige was M. Carnot, who in his frequent official tours modestly effaced his personality in his office, which he illustrated and dignified.

When the autumn session of the Chambers commenced it was thought that labour questions would occupy them, but everything else was completely forgotten by the bursting forth of the Panama scandal. Years before, when the company for piercing the Isthmus became insolvent, it was whispered that if an exposure took place certain political personages would be involved, but these rumours were said to be libels of the reactionaries, and a Republican minister, afterwards sent to penal servitude, obtained damages for the publication of one of them. It is impossible to exaggerate the terror which reigned in political circles in the last days of 1892. Everyone who had a grudge against a political enemy found vent for it in the columns of journals of every shade of opinion, and delation and calumny became the order of the day. Unhappily it was true that members of parliament and ministers had been largely subsidised by the Company of Panama. Public emotion culminated in Paris and the world of politics (for the great mass of the French population is absolutely indifferent to the achievements of its rulers) when it was known that two members of the Cabinet in office were to be prosecuted by the advice of their colleague, the Minister of Justice, and a series of ministerial crises ensued, M. Ribot forming two successive ministries in the course of three weeks.

Thus, when 1893 opened, the government of the Republic had lost all the strength it had recovered in the two years of convalescence after the break-up of the Boulangist movement, and had there been at hand in these days of the Panama scandal a General Boulanger, however incapable,

Digitized by Google

the Republic must have succumbed. But the reactionaries showed themselves utterly inept to take the slightest advantage of Republican misdeeds. The trials of the persons accused of fraud and corruption commenced. Of twelve senators, deputies, and ex-ministers prosecuted, eleven were discharged or acquitted at various stages of the proceedings. One only, who had been Minister of Public Works in a Freycinet Cabinet, pleaded guilty to receiving large bribes, and he was sent to penal servitude. The public regarded him as a scapegoat, believing rightly or wrongly that there were numerous delinquents worse than he who had not even been prosecuted, and the sentence passed, but afterwards remitted, on the aged M. de Lesseps aggravated the feeling.

M. de Freycinet had been too deeply involved in the Panama affair ever to take office again, and his disappearance left the lists of 'ministrables' entirely barren of names known outside France. Since that event three years ago six Cabinets have succeeded one another, and four hitherto untried Prime Ministers have presided over them, but there does not seem to be the slightest sign of a man of mark appearing to direct the affairs of the country. Of the fifty different ministers who have held portfolios in these last three years the one who gave greatest promise, M. Casimir-Perier, after suddenly reaching a high eminence, has disappeared, probably not to rise again. Of the four Foreign Ministers who have presided at the Quai d'Orsay in the same period the one who has shown most ability is not a politician at all but a permanent official of the Foreign Office.

The Prime Minister who 'made the elections' of 1893 was M. Dupuy, an ex-schoolmaster, whose entire official experience had been acquired in the four previous months as Minister of Education. That general election took place amid the profound indifference of the population, in spite of certain violent contests. The reactionaries showed themselves feebler than ever in being unable to make any profit out of the scandals affecting the Republicans, and they lost more than half their representatives. At the polls the proportion of abstentions was phenomenally large, and the most striking feature of the election was the increase of Socialist and Radical Socialist deputies.

The subsequent political events in France are too recent to need recounting in any detail. At the end of 1893 M. Casimir-Perier was prevailed upon to quit the Presidency of

Digitized by Google

the Chamber, to form a Cabinet, which did not live for four months, when M. Dupuy resumed office. M. Casimir-Perier's failure to increase the average duration of a ministry did not disqualify him in the eye of the National Assembly for the supreme power, when M. Carnot's dignified and blameless life came to a tragic end in the summer of 1894. The secret history of the Casimir-Perier Presidency is still to be written, as those in a position to know the circumstances do not believe that the scurrilous violence with which the Socialist press attacked him was alone sufficient to drive from the Élysée the chief of the state after six months' tenure of office. The election in January 1895, to succeed two bearers of historical names, of an estimable merchant of Havre, who had filled respectably and imperceptibly several ministerial posts, is in the recollection of all. M. Félix Faure was chosen entirely by the votes of the moderates, that is to say of the Opportunists, of the Left Centre, and of the reactionaries, the Radicals and Socialists supporting M. Brisson, the President of the Chamber. Nevertheless, the Left has tried to take possession of the President. A moderate ministry presided over by M. Ribot survived until the autumn session of last year, when it was suceeded by a Radical Cabinet of which the President was M. Léon Bourgeois, an ex-functionary who had taken to politics and who when *sous-préfet* at Reims was confidentially reported by his superior as being too reactionary in tendency. The Bourgeois ministry was loudly patronised by the Socialist group in the Chamber, and it seemed to retain the confidence of the Lower House to such an extent as to embolden it to brave the repeated censure of the Senate. The Senate continuing to put the ministry in a minority, a parliamentary deadlock took place, and the collision between the two houses was said to be about to produce a revolutionary uprising. Nothing of the sort, however, occurred. The Bourgeois ministry resigned. There was no fighting in the streets of Paris; a moderate Cabinet took its place, presided over by a veteran protectionist, M. Méline, and the Chamber, with that incoherency which characterises French parliamentary proceedings, at once gave it a vote of confidence.

At the whole of this spectacle the population, including that of Paris, remained absolutely indifferent, taking not the faintest interest in the conflict between Senate and Chamber, and this is perhaps the sole lesson that we may learn from the parliamentary history of the Third Republic, that the mass of the people has become utterly indifferent to politics. So they will remain, except in the event of a war, or of the advent

Digitized by Google

of a popular and martial leader who in some day of disturbance will touch their imagination. Till then the Comte de Paris may die, the Duc d'Orléans and Prince Victor may pen manifestoes, the Chamber may flout the Senate, and the Senate disregard the Chamber, the Radicals may accuse the Opportunists of being corrupt, and the Opportunists may retort that the Radicals are apostates to the principles of the Revolution in their alliance with the Socialists—all this may happen and the journals will be full of wrath and denunciation, but the French nation will go on working, indifferent to politics, and by its industry paying for the misgovernment of its rulers.

If our survey of France ended here, it would give the impression that that country is on the eve of a cataclysm, which has only been delayed by a miracle; for if in England ministerial instability and parliamentary chaos had become chronic during a score of years, the whole nation would be involved in the governmental anarchy—commerce and industry would be paralysed, and the integrity of the empire threatened. But the French are not a parliamentary people, and what is more—in spite of their revolutions, which have upheaved Europe—they are not a political people. Probably, if they were, they would take some pains in the choice of their rulers; but as, primarily, they are an industrious community, regarding the creation and the accumulation of wealth as of infinitely higher importance than profession of political doctrine, they remain indifferent to the vagaries of their legislative representatives, working steadily on, with no other political faith than a profound desire for peace and dread of change. This is the one great counterweight in France against the failure of parliamentary government.

The other is the firmly founded fabric of centralised administration, erected by the strong hands of Napoleon on a framework inherited from the ancient monarchy. Centralisation in France may be a great evil. That much-argued question we cannot discuss here; it may, however, be taken as certain that it is entirely incompatible with the parliamentary system based on democratic suffrage. It may be that its existence is one of the causes why parliamentary government is a failure; but as that *régime* has been introduced in a country where centralisation was already firmly established, it is not likely to drive out a system which has survived revolutions and violent changes of dynasty. However deplorable that may be, from the doctrinaire point of

Digitized by Google

view, it behoves us to regard the advantages of an immoveable institution, and it is not difficult to see that the motive-power which keeps the government of France going is the powerful machine of centralisation.

If we examine for a moment a public department in which perhaps more than any other parliament has interfered, with a definite policy, under the Third Republic—that of Public Instruction—we find the centralised machinery existing in all its vigour just as when Matthew Arnold eulogised French secondary education a generation ago. A volume of high interest might be written on the changes that have taken place under the Third Republic—the progress of laicisation in the primary schools, the developement of the superior primary schools and of technical education, and even the efforts towards what is called university decentralisation—but the basis of the system remains unchanged; all the educational establishments of the land are still organised under the Ministry of Public Instruction; and the other day we saw the masters of the Parisian lycées going to pay their respects to M. Rambaud, their new Grand Master, just as their predecessors did to M. Duruy under Louis Napoleon. Ministers, as we have seen, do not stay as long at their posts as in the days when that eminent historian directed the educational machine, so consequently it and its sister machines in the other departments of the State are superintended by permanent officials, who by the time they are of twelve years' standing have had a score of titular chiefs.

No doubt the great impetus which public education received when the Republic had lived for a decade was due in great measure to the reformers who, after the final discomfiture of the reactionaries, governed the country. It is probable that their anti-clerical zeal quickened their educational activity; but the intolerance imputed to M. Jules Ferry and his co-workers has, to some extent, overshadowed their great achievements. Between 1876 and 1884 the budget of Public Instruction mounted from 51 to 175 millions of francs. From the latter date the increase has been relatively small, as since the enlarged accommodation necessary for the education of the existing youth of the country was provided it has been found sufficient for subsequent wants, for a reason most lamentable—that of the stationary condition of the population in France. It is thus that we find that, though the number of elementary schools is slightly greater since 1883, the number of pupils is actually less, while an even greater proportional decrease

Digitized by Google

is found in the secondary schools for boys in the same period, no doubt for the same reason. It is beyond the scope of this article to inquire into the causes of the depopulation of France: we can only say here that it is a danger to the nation more serious than that of the failure of the parliamentary system or the misgovernment of any régime, for they are temporary evils, largely counterbalanced by the existence of a strong and industrious population. Meanwhile education is spreading among the stationary population. In 1872, out of nearly 300,000 young soldiers called out to be examined as to physical fitness for military service, 56,000 could neither read nor write, while in 1890, out of the same number of recruits, only 22,000 were illiterate. Female education has also improved. In 1878, of the women married 27 per cent. could not sign their names on the register, while only 12 per cent. were in that condition in 1892.

With regard to the laicisation of elementary education, it must not be thought that the rigorous legislation and administration of the law in the days of anti-clerical combat had the effect of stamping out religious elementary education in France. After the Seize Mai, the lay elementary schools, public and private, were educating, in 1878, three millions of children, and the Catholic schools, public and private, 1,800,000. In 1893 the former had 3,800,000 pupils and the latter 1,600,000, but the numbers and relative proportion had been practically stationary during the previous six years. If the figures be analysed it will, of course, be seen that the Church has maintained the numbers of its scholars to a great extent by the foundation of voluntary schools, as while it is competent for the authority to laicise a public school conducted by the members of a religious order, the contrary process cannot be adopted. Nevertheless, the figures show that the Church has still a strong hold on the education of the people, especially in the girls' schools, where the decrease is very small. It is possible to prove any proposition or argument with statistics, and the mere perusal of the figures published by the Ministry of Education is an unsafe guide unless supplemented by some knowledge of French provincial life. It should, therefore, be borne in mind that because a school, and especially a girls' school, is classed as 'laic,' it does not follow that the education differs in any particular from that given by members of sisterhoods in charge of communal schools. Some of the lay schoolmistresses are extremely

Digitized by Google

devout persons, and anxious to stand well with the curé of the parish. The lay schoolmasters are more frequently anti-clerical, and as they invariably in villages occupy the position of secretary to the Mairie, they are usually politicians; but though many of them are aggressive political agents, showing animosity to the clergy, others are on excellent terms with the priest, playing the organ at the church and aiding him in his parochial business.

The fact is, it is absolutely impossible to generalise upon any phase of national existence in France, and for this reason any attempt to sum up briefly the situation must needs be misleading. As for the Church, it is unchanging in France, not merely because of the traditional immutability of Rome, but because its relations with the State were regulated by the same strong hand which fashioned the civil administrative system. The Concordat of Napoleon resists the attacks of clericals and anti-clericals. Consequently, although there has been a certain amount of ecclesiastical legislation under the Republic, and a vast amount of discussion on the Church in the two Chambers, its position is not greatly altered. The Republican politicians of the Ferry school, seconded by the Radicals, no doubt looked upon the Church as a conquered country, and the general tendency of ecclesiastical legislation has been repressive; salaries have been cut down, fiscal impositions have been augmented, chaplaincies have been abolished in the army, and the exemption from military service has been withdrawn from the clergy. Nevertheless, the general position of the Church is unchanged, and the concordatory organisation, with all its diocesan and parochial ramifications, continues to exist.

The most important ecclesiastical phenomena in France have arisen, not from the bosom of the Gallican Church, but at the bidding of Rome. The democratic and opportunist tendencies of Leo XIII. have, in his relations with France, taken the form of strict injunctions on the faithful to recognise the Republic as the established régime. We have already seen in our historical narrative how the sagacious Pontiff supported Cardinal Lavigerie, who led the vanguard of that movement, but the majority of the Royalist leaders treated the admonitions of the Holy Father with as scant respect as they had already shown to the manifestations of the Archbishop of Algiers. The attitude of the reactionary chiefs had little effect; its most tangible result was to cause the defeat, at the elections of 1893, of

Digitized by Google

certain Royalists who had rallied to the Republic in obedience to the Pope. The most distinguished victim of this policy was the Comte Albert de Mun, who lost his seat in the Morbihan. That eloquent orator had become well known outside France, not as a monarchical deputy, but as the apostle of Christian Socialism, a creed which Leo XIII. had patronised in his encyclical utterances. Owing to the attractive personality of its foremost exponent, the preaching of Christian Socialism has given to the movement a prominence out of proportion to its spread among the population; and when M. de Mun sought another seat in the Chamber, he did not ask the suffrages of an industrial centre, but was elected by an agricultural constituency of Finistère where his Christianity was more highly appreciated than his Socialism.

With the extended representation in the Chamber of Socialism that does not call itself Christian it is impossible to deal in a general survey of the situation in France, because any generalisation on the subject would be misleading. The Socialism of Roubaix in the Nord is not the same thing as the Gascon Socialism at Toulouse, and both differ from the revolutionary Socialism of the Communards of Paris. Though all these forms of it have one point of resemblance, in that they designate the party of disorder. Then, again, arises the question of the relations of modern Socialism with the principles of the French Revolution, and that leads to a speculation of high interest as to whether the Socialists will ever capture the votes of the peasant proprietors. The anti-Semitic movement in France is, to a great extent, a war against capital, and its agents confess that in pursuing their propaganda in rural districts where the clergy have influence—the priests being, for obvious reasons, amenable to the anti-Semitic doctrine—the greatest caution has to be exercised in the use of terms, as the peasant has a vague idea that Socialism means the confiscation of the soil he owns. At present complete confusion reigns among the Socialist chiefs, not only from the jealousy of rival sects and coteries, but even in the definition of their first principles, one group applauding M. Millerand for his excommunication from the faith of all who do not recognise that there is no Socialism that is not Collectivism, while others denounce the definition, both as unscientific and as tending to alarm the individualist democracy of the rural provinces.

From the English point of view the dismay caused in the

Digitized by Google

Moderate Republican party, of which M. Léon Say was the spokesman, at the prospect of an income tax being established in France, is excessive; but we must take into consideration the habits of French thriftiness, and the secretiveness of the peasant in piling up his hoards, the amount of which he conceals from his nearest kindred. It is his complete liberty in saving and accumulating that is one cause of the wealth of the French nation. Nevertheless there is a young school of politicians which has no sympathy with the Socialists, or even with the Radicals, whose members are in favour both of an income tax and of the progressive method of its imposition, their fancy being taken by the practice in England of the Conservative party to introduce sweeping measures of reform. Several of them are included in the moderate Méline cabinet which has displaced the Radical Bourgeois ministry, and it is said that they are leading, not very willingly, the Prime Minister, who is best known as a prominent protectionist.

In the principle which M. Méline represents the country is practically united; indeed, one may say that Protectionism is one of the few questions on which France has made up its mind. At Lyons, at Bordeaux, and at other commercial centres, tradition, as well as local industry, has maintained a remnant of Free-traders, but they are only a remnant. It is useless for the advocates of Free-trade to lecture France on the consequences of its policy as regards the mother-country. There is, however, one aspect of French Protectionism which it behoves our statesmen to watch closely. The French possessions abroad, which are ranked as colonies, have recently been increased by the annexation of Madagascar, and there are French politicians, protectionists up to a certain point, who are expressing doubts if it will be for the welfare of that vast territory to apply to it the tariffs which are exacted by French custom-houses. They exhort M. Méline, notwithstanding his principles and the free hand that he has to apply them, to hesitate before crippling the developement of this great country in its infancy as a French possession. The commerce of the colonies under a protective régime can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. Complete statistics of the departments of the State are brought out somewhat tardily in France, and we have before us the comparative statement of the exportations and importations in the colonies corrected only up to 1893; but the previous decade was one of great importance, as it saw the so-called colonial

Digitized by Google

movement, of which the most conspicuous feature was the Tonkin expedition. It is therefore instructive to note that the importations into the French colonies, which increased enormously up to 1884, have since that date decreased, having amounted to 252,000,000 francs in that year and 227,000,000 in 1893. The same movement is to be observed in the matter of exportations, which in 1884 were of the value of 240,000,000 francs and in 1893 only 195,000,000.

It is to be remarked that in this computation the great possessions of France in North Africa do not figure. Algeria is not a colony, but an integral part of France, administered neither under the new Colonial Office like Cochin-China, Senegal, Martinique, and henceforth Madagascar; nor like Tunis, which is a protectorate subject to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It is divided into provinces, which are practically departments, each having a préfet at its head, and administration, finance, justice, and education are under the respective orders of the various ministries in Paris, the governor-general being a kind of general inspector of this outlying part of France, appointed by the President and responsible to no minister in particular. It cannot be said that the condition of Algeria after two generations of occupation is satisfactory; not only is its maintenance very costly to France, but, what is more significant, the French people have possessed this magnificent territory at their gates for over sixty years, and nearly one-half of the sparse European population is not French. This fact, more eloquently than anything else, displays the weakness of the French colonial system. When France takes possession of any portion of the earth, near or remote, her sons decline to exile themselves and to go forth to develope it. Consequently, French colonisation usually means the despatch to the new dependency of a band of officials, of whom the most important are the custom-house officers. Differential taxation against the imports of foreign powers is the chief result of the so-called colonial expansion of France. An independent Ministry of the Colonies has been established too recently to be judged by its results. It has under it, as we have seen, neither Algeria nor Tunis, the latter being a protectorate under the Foreign Office, and as Tunis pays its way, while Algeria, at the best, is a costly military training ground, it is not surprising that at the Quai d'Orsay the belief in the system of protectorates should be strong. Time will show what the new Colonial Department will do for Madagascar.

Digitized by Google

The enthusiasm on the departure of the troops which went out on the expedition to that island was so scant that it was evident that, had disaster awaited them, similar to that which occurred to the forces in Tonkin, the ministers considered responsible would have experienced M. Jules Ferry's unpopularity. As it was, the hardships suffered on the route during that ill-organised expedition caused considerable popular feeling, as the army, as at present organised, is not a professional corps, the whole nation passing through its ranks. France with all her wealth could not afford to lose the productive labour of over 300,000 of her youth annually for three years, which would mean a perpetual drain of a million young men. The proportion of exemptions differs from year to year. This year, for example (of which we shall not have the official returns for a long while to come), it is said that the authorities have been unusually severe; the average, however, seems to be about forty per cent. The men excused from service include those who have legal right of exemption as being the support of their families, and those afflicted with physical infirmity. The statistics on this subject are an example of the danger of the study of that class of literature when unsupported by independent knowledge of the subject, as the official figures (for example, in 1892, when, out of 343,000 recruits, 108,000 were rejected for physical unfitness) would give the impression that France was becoming a nation of invalids and cripples, whereas a very slight bodily or constitutional imperfection will exempt from service. Moreover, a large number of those who are accepted have to serve only one year instead of three by reason of their belonging to certain professions, or of having passed certain examinations, or of fulfilling other conditions which accord this partial exemption. Yet when all these palliations are taken into account, it is a terrible tax on the resources of the nation. To say that the military service is accepted cheerfully would be misleading, but it is submitted to without much complaint, and here we have that amazing phase of modern democracy, universal suffrage giving its sanction to universal military service. The ethical effect of so great a proportion of the nation passing through the ranks of the army is too complicated a subject to be treated cursorily. It may be said, however, that though France is a nation of soldiers, it is not a nation of bellicose warriors, and if the country had to declare for peace or war, the fact that every family in the land has to contribute its fighting contingent would secure peace in

Digitized by Google

perpetuity. Unfortunately, whenever France is involved in war, the country will have had as little to say to it as in the days of undemocratic government. It will be decided at Paris, perhaps on orders from St. Petersburg, and no doubt the boulevards will be as delirious as they were in July 1870, while a section of the Parisian population shouts in the name of the peaceable French nation.

With international complications we do not intend here to deal. The interior condition of France may, however, have a very decided bearing on them in the near future, and our task has been, by tracing the history of the government of that country since the last great European war, and by glancing at some of the results of a quarter of a century of Republican régime, to make clear what are the chief features in the actual situation of our neighbours. There seems to be a complete failure, beyond remedy, of the Parliamentary system, with no alternate régime supported in the country, the State being saved from anarchy by the strong machinery of centralised government which survives not only ministries and parliaments, but revolutions and dynasties. Then there is the nation, as regards the vast majority of its members, peaceable, industrious, indifferent to politics; and then, formed of the manhood of this nation, there is one of the most gigantic armed forces the world has ever seen. What will be the result of this combination in the declining days of the nineteenth century? Will the centralised machine be strong enough to resist the disarray of governmental anarchy? Will the thrift and labour of the people be sufficient to make up for the extravagance of the incompetent exponents of the Parliamentary system? Will some feeble combination of politicians, flattered in their Republican vanity by the interested alliance of an autocratic power, put at its disposal the armed manhood of France? There is no one in that land, from the Pyrenees to the Vosges, who would venture to make a forecast.

It is the desire of Englishmen of all parties to see France peaceful and prosperous, and governed by a stable Government deserving the respect of her citizens. On this side of the Channel there is nothing but goodwill towards the French Republic.

Digitized by Google

ART. IX.—*Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery.* Compiled by Sir GEORGE SCHARF; revised, &c., by LIONEL CUST, M.A. London: 1896.

IT was stated, in a biography of Freeman's at the time of his death, that in spite of his interest in architecture he had only once in his life been dragged into a picture gallery by the exertions of his friend J. R. Green. It is, we take it, the misfortune of history that its writers have been too ready to rely upon purely literary evidence and to ignore the historical contributions of painting and the arts. The devotees of history might take a lesson from Dante and gain their information

> 'Non pur per lo sonar delle parole,
> Ma per la vista che non meno agogna.'

At times a drawing may be the sole authority for a fact; the Irish Celtic chieftains of Elizabeth's time have been often incorrectly and picturesquely described. The authentic evidence for them is a drawing by Albert Dürer in the museum at Berlin. For those who see in history 'little but 'the biography of great men,' Carlyle declared with truth that 'a bodily likeness' was 'one of the most primary 'wants.' Painting also may throw a no less welcome light upon the character of an institution or of a people. The picture of Ambrogio Lorenzetti at Siena interprets the Ghibelline view of the Empire no less clearly than the 'De 'Monarchia;' and the frescoes and paintings of Florence reveal to us a new and altogether different order of beings from the Florentines who are described in the writings of Macchiavelli and Guiciardini. Nevertheless, we once heard a brilliant scholar remark that he took no account of pictures, 'except, of course, of those few which had worked themselves 'into literature.'

The greater accessibility of the National Portrait Gallery may, perhaps, do something to more fully convince our historians of the need of illustrating our history by our art. The collection, founded in 1856, has at length concluded its period of forty years' wandering from Westminster to South Kensington, and thence to the distant wilderness of Bethnal Green. It will be of far more assistance in the more convenient position, which it owes to the munificence of Mr. Alexander, by the side of the National Gallery. The country is under very real obligations to Sir George Scharf, the late director of the Gallery, who had administered it

Digitized by Google

from the first. It is to his boundless devotion to his task and to the exhaustive knowledge of English portrait-painting which he enshrined in his note-books, that the collection owes its present excellence. It seems part of the irony of fate that he was deprived by ill health of the pleasure to which he had looked forward of rearranging the collection in its present home. We look forward to the successful developement of the Gallery under the efficient directorate of Mr. Cust. We do not think we are derogating from the due prerogatives of the Gallery in thinking of it mainly as a great deposit of historical material. To the portrait-painter no doubt it speaks a different language. There are fine paintings there, of course. But there is no superlative Holbein; to see his work at its best you must go to Windsor. It can hardly be said that Sir Joshua and Gainsborough are fairly represented; their finest work is either next door or scattered in private houses up and down England; and to see an adequate Vandyke you must, again, go to the National Gallery. In fact, Mr. Watts is the only painter who has contributed the worthiest representation of his skill in portrait-painting to the collection. It is not merely a gallery of fine portraits. It is primarily a collection of portraits of the men who in these last 300 years have deserved best of their country. On the whole the trustees have successfully followed the lines laid down by Lord Stanhope at the time of the foundation of the Gallery.

'There ought not,' he said, 'to be in this collection a single portrait as to which a man of good education passing round and seeing the name in the catalogue would be under the necessity of asking, "Who is he?" Such a question ought to be decisive against the admission of the portrait.'

Here was a high standard, which gives us, we own, an exalted and even formidable idea of what the trustees consider a good education. Still, if the legend at the bottom of the picture affords a welcome support to a hesitating memory, we almost always feel that the short biography justifies the admission. It is not, for instance, at the first glance apparent upon what ground Lady Ellenborough bases her right to appear among the too scanty collection of eminent women. But the experience of 'Ianthe' was surely varied and unique. Our doubts are satisfied as we learn that, after the death of Lord Ellenborough, she was successively married to a Bavarian nobleman, to a Greek general, and then to an Arab sheik. We could have certainly without much regret skied a divine or two above the dado. Of

Digitized by Google

course also the collection is not yet complete. Drake, Frobisher, Sir Philip Sidney, Strafford, Gibbon, and Shelley are among the notable gaps which have not yet been filled up. Still, with some omissions and one or two superfluities, we have here a British 'Thousand,' who in their different ways have left their mark deepest upon the life of England. And what, we may ask, is the contribution which these 1,050 odd pictures, drawings, and statues makes to the history of our country?

In the first place, the Gallery brings back once more to our minds the slow uprising of British art in a way little calculated to flatter our national self-complacency. Horace Walpole used to find the evidence of the artistic backwardness of Elizabethan times in the extravagant ornament of Queen Elizabeth's portraits, with her 'hair loaded with 'crowns and powdered with diamonds, her vast ruff, her 'vaster fardingale and a bushel of pearls.' We may, perhaps, see in such ornament not merely the ostentation of vanity, but a naïve and unchecked delight in light and colour and gorgeous decoration, which augured not ill for art. But let any one look at the quaint portrait of Sir Henry Unton (*d.* 1596), with its odd procession of scenes passing through the background; the little pictures of his birth, marriage, his Oxford amusements, his travels to 'Venis,' 'Paddua,' and across the Alps to the Low Countries; his funeral procession and his monument; and then, as evidence of the desperately late developement of English art, let him remember that Raphael had been dead for about eighty years before the picture was painted. Nor is it particularly flattering to our pride to remind ourselves that for the first 250 years of painting in England what painting was done was not executed by English hands. For two centuries and a half England found it easier to buy than to breed. Henry VIII. began by borrowing Holbein from Basle. From Spain Sir Antonio More, a native of Utrecht, was sent by Charles V. to paint Queen Mary and her Court. Zuccaro and Gheeraedts and Mierevelt, who painted the circle of Queen Elizabeth, came to us, the one from Italy and France, the second from Bruges, and the third from Delft. Charles I. invited Vandyke from Antwerp; Sir Peter Lely, the son of a man who had changed his name from Van der Vaas, was born at Soest, in Westphalia; and Sir Godfrey Kneller, court-painter to five kings of England, came to us from Lübeck. Dobson, who painted with Charles I. at Oxford, and Walker, 'Cromwell's portrait-painter,' are the only

Digitized by Google

English names to note in a period which may be considered either as a long captivity of England to the foreigner, or as an instance of that unity and interdependence of European civilisation which national histories often flagrantly ignore. The legacy of this tradition perhaps accounts for an unfortunate habit which the English sovereigns of a later date have contracted of having themselves painted by second-rate foreigners. This period may, however, be said to end in 1723, to adopt an arbitrary but convenient date. In that year Kneller died and Sir Joshua was born, and some of Hogarth's most famous engravings were just about to appear.

It was about the year 1775 that Winckelmann wrote a treatise to prove that the English were incapable of achieving excellence in art, partly because of their natural deficiency of genius, partly because of their abominable climate. Winckelmann's treatise was no sooner written than it was disproved by the appearance of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. The attempt to explain social characteristics by reference to race qualities is a treacherous experiment at any time, and is usually a cloudy method of confessing one's ignorance. There are other reasons to be assigned for the backwardness of British art. It was probably the Reformation more than any other cause which prevented the seed that might have been sown by Holbein's visit from springing up and coming to maturity. It is true that in the Low Countries the Reformation merely changed the kind of painting that was produced. But there painting had taken firm root before the great religious change arrived. It was different in England. That event cut us off from the great artistic centres of Europe. It made even foreign painters regard England as a country possibly perilous for the soul and anyhow unremunerative for the pocket. It is said, for instance, that Zuccaro left Queen Elizabeth's Court in protest against the Protestantism of the country. It had also a permanent effect. It shut the door on any opening for religious art. Nowhere is there a sharper contrast between the chiefly Teutonic North and the mainly Latinised South of Europe than is to be seen in the interior of their respective churches and cathedrals. In England there was to be no place for painting in the churches. As late as 1773 there was a scheme for decorating the inside of St. Paul's with paintings by Sir Joshua and Romney, West, Barry and Angelica Kaufmann; but the Bishop of London

Digitized by Google

was then too good a Protestant, and interposed his ban. When West wished to do some religious paintings for the private chapel of George III., it needed the establishment of a committee of half a dozen bishops to reassure the mind of the scrupulous King that there was no Popery in it. The ruin done by the Reformation was more perfectly carried out by the Puritans. The worst kings from the political point of view have often been the best from that of painting. Charles I. was no exception to the rule. He was *par excellence* the best painter's king that England ever had. Must not the mouths of the trustees of the National Gallery still water at the thought of the glories of Charles's gallery, his 460 paintings, his twenty-eight Titians, nine Raphaels, sixteen Vandykes, eleven Holbeins, eleven Correggios, seven Tintorets, four Veroneses, and two Leonardos? The Parliament sold them all for the sum of 38,000*l.* The famous order of 1645 ran that all pictures and statues at York House should be sold for the benefit of Ireland and the North, if not savouring of idolatry. Those which contained representations of the Virgin or the Second Person of the Trinity should be burnt. Ireland, however, got little of the money. It went partly to pay the King's debts, and partly to strengthen the navy.

The Civil Wars left little leisure for artistic effort except on the part of the medallists. We know of one painter, Cornelius Jansen, who quitted the country for a less turbulent land at the request of his wife. Puritanism, too, left behind its permanent trace upon the nation. A love of beauty seemed to savour of sin; an approach to the sensuous was the first snare of the devil. There was a Puritan tract published in 1678 called 'Just and Reasonable Apprehen-'sions of Naked Breasts and Shoulders.' When native British art was at last to make a shoot, it was full of the strong, moral, Philistine feeling that pervades and spoils the work of Hogarth. It was not to picture to us divine Olympian gods and goddesses, nor a vision of etherealised angels. It was to tell us the sad and awful ends of rakes and harlots and idle apprentices.

'Not here, O Apollo, were haunts meet for thee.'

Of course the custom of painting pictures for exhibition and subsequent sale is very modern in origin. The Academy dates only from 1768. Thus through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries painting in England was a very slender plant, untended by the nation and flourishing almost alone

Digitized by Google

in the sunshine of the Court. Portrait-painting was, indeed, almost the sole branch of the art left standing. It was the only lucrative portion of the profession. In a print of Hogarth's the current of royal favour waters the trees of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The two former flourish; of painting one low single shoot alone remains green, and this, by an ingenious device, is shown to represent portraiture. It was out of this depth of degradation that painting lifted itself towards the middle of the eighteenth century, under the presiding genius of Sir Joshua, whom Ruskin once at least, and at all events in one passage, called 'the prince of portrait-painters,' and 'one of the seven 'colourists of the world.'

'Painting,' said Dr. Johnson, 'is an art that can illustrate, 'but cannot inform.' There is little in the distinction which is drawn by the doctor. The method of information which is used by painting is not verbal. But it would appear that painting can inform us about a period by illustrating it for us. Every one realises how Dante or Goethe illustrate and reveal, while they influence and modify, the character of the age in which they live. Similarly it is possible to read the character of the eighteenth century in the works of Sir Joshua and Hogarth at least as clearly as in the writings of Bolingbroke and Burke. Sir Joshua exhibits to us the century in its own grand style; he portrays it in the light in which it would have desired itself to be represented; he gives us the picture of the great aristocracy, which captured the Crown in the first half of the century and which fought in the last half against the power of George III. In all good faith, without the sneers of Thackeray, he shows us the elegance, the pomps and vanities of the aristocratic society, the brainless arrogance of the young fops of the day, and the stately and dignified manners of the *ancien régime*. He gives us a glimpse, too, of the intellectual circle; his brush is as essential as Boswell's pen to bring Dr. Johnson before the eyes of posterity. We catch sight of Burke not through a cloud of rhetoric, but in the somewhat unfamiliar aspect of his plain brown dress. Garrick suffered his features to be drawn by him, and did not provoke him, as he did intentionally provoke Gainsborough, into despair at finding that 'he possessed 'every one's features but his own.' Or, again, Sir Joshua gives us the spirit of the 'second hundred years' war.' As Charles Kingsley once said, 'there you get a glimpse of the 'age which put its back into the fight against the French

Digitized by Google

'Revolution and beat it.' He represents the age on its heroic side in his portraits of these strong and bellicose seamen, such as Admiral Keppel, whom he must have studied with care on his first voyage to Rome. Even to name Sir Joshua and Hogarth in one breath is illustrative of the age in which both lived. Sir Joshua only once alludes to Hogarth in the 'Discourses;' he could not but feel him to be a sinner against all the canons, and beyond the pale. In truth, the two men lived in different worlds apart, and misunderstood each other; but then the people of England were bisected into separate worlds at that time, with at least an equally sharp division. Some glimpses of the great world are shown us by Hogarth; but in the 'Marriage à la 'Mode' he only touches either on its foibles and weaknesses, its vanity, its extravagance, its profligacy, its greed of gold; or else he gives a glimpse of the manners and fashions of the age, the furniture of the rake's levée room, the apartments of the husband and wife, the rage for building, their broken-nosed busts, their cards, and their blue china. But Hogarth answers the needs of the school of history, which, wearied of kings and courts, demands to know 'what the 'people were doing.' If that question be asked of England in the eighteenth century you must turn to Hogarth for the answer. Hogarth drew his inspiration from the life, the bustle, the inexhaustible vitality of the crowds of London. The old buildings and churches and unsavoury streets live for us again in his paintings and engravings. In the ordinary political history we guess the existence of this coarse, brutal and degraded populace from the career of Wilkes, the ferocity of Junius, and from a casual explosion of the submerged depths in the Gordon riots. The living picture of this brutalised under-world, which lay far out of the ken of Sir Joshua and his stately nobility, is given us in Hogarth. His painting, said Fuseli, is 'the history book 'of the vulgar.' Some of his scenes contribute little to the sum total of the beautiful existing in the world for all their excellent drawing; but to the historian they are invaluable as fathoming the depths of the demoralisation of this same 'vulgar,' the grossness of their vice, their cock-fights, their Tyburn executions, their alcoholism, and their gin. It is simply with a boundless interest in every kind of life, with the eyes of a moralist doubtless, but not the least with the eyes of a reformer, that Hogarth draws his picture; and he savagely caricatured the Methodism which was the sole instrument at work to raise the people. Again, May in his 'Constitutional

Digitized by Google

'History' quotes the letter of George III. in which the King offers Lord North some 'gold pills' as a useful specific for a general election. This, with the generalities of Bolingbroke or Burke, is the sort of literary evidence that exists for the political corruption of the day; but in the contest at Guzzledown one can see with one's own eyes a corruption, which was less refined and hypocritical than in the Parliamentary elections of our time; and Hogarth revelled in what he called 'the celestial spirit of anarchy and confusion' which he saw in it. Or, again, we have in him a picture of the rise of the new commercial magnate, with his cold-blooded love of money and his business-like precautions about his dead daughter's ring; or of the national hatred and contempt of the starved French in his picture of the 'Gates of Calais.' Horace Walpole, indeed, considered him 'rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil than as a 'painter.' As a writer of comedy with a pencil he had himself wished to be considered—at all events so far as the Rake's and Harlot's progress were concerned. But it is a singular and unexpected thing about him that after all he was much more than this. The portrait of himself in the National Portrait Gallery and the picture of Sigismunda in the National Gallery must make us dissent from Walpole's view that 'as a painter he had but little merit.' He has been regarded too much as the moralist and the caricaturist. He had a vast capacity for producing ugliness, but it is strange after all to find that as a colourist he achieved a texture equal to that of the old masters. It is not at all, therefore, to be wondered at that all his contemporaries held that his colouring was bad.

Nor is it merely the general character of an age which the painters reveal to posterity. Every now and then some special feature or some particular detail is brought by them into prominence. Take, for instance, the military group in Room 25 of the National Portrait Gallery; it suffers, perhaps, a little from the absence of the Elizabethan seamen, one representative of whom is upstairs in the Tudor room. Is it not of interest to note how the group seems dominated by its admirals? We see Clive and Wolfe and even Wellington surrounded and overshadowed by the naval heroes, who made possible the successes of the generals upon the land. Is it not also of some significance that the only portrait in the gallery connected with South Africa is that of the admiral who annexed the Cape to the British Empire? Facing this group on the opposite wall there

Digitized by Google

happens to hang the portrait of Robert Browning. It is a not unhappy coincidence of arrangement that the author of 'Home Thoughts from Abroad' chances to face the conqueror of Cape St. Vincent, the hero of Gibraltar, and the victor of Trafalgar. 'Here and there has England helped 'me; how shall I help England, say?'

Or, to take a different point, the groups of Puritan portraits are well calculated, we think, to remove some popular misconception. Walker was a painter who was quite capable of representing strength when he saw it, as in his portrait of Cromwell; but his Lambert and his Ireton are scarcely the type of men whom we associate with Ironsides. Intelligence seems marked on the open forehead of Ireton; refinement and ability appear to be visible in the face of Lambert. But these men scarcely seem the stuff to make civil wars with. It may be worth while too to notice one small point of fashion and to glance at the hair they wear. We have our mental picture of the crop-haired 'Roundhead;' but 'Roundhead' was a nickname and not a description, at least of the leaders. All the Puritan leaders of note in the Gallery wear their hair long. Mr. Speaker Lenthall, Lambert, Ireton, Milton, Cromwell himself all follow the fashion. 'Roundhead' was, of course, a nickname applied to Puritans because they had the support of the short-haired apprentices of the City. It implied, no doubt, the party of the City mob. The only people of this period in the collection who really wear their hair short are Archbishop Ussher and Archbishop Laud.

On the other hand, there are of course obvious limits to the amount of light which pictures can throw on the character of an age. Glance at the portraits of the Restoration period. The real life of the time is not to be found in the room which seems dedicated to the tutelary genius of Chiffinch, but in the scientific developement of the time, in the vigorous life of Parliament, and in the social changes of the age. But, for the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act, or the decay of the yeomanry, we must look in other directions than art.

It is clear too that painting may make no light or unimportant contribution to the ever fascinating subject of character analysis. 'Let a man read a character in my 'Lord Clarendon,' says Jonathan Richardson, 'and certainly 'never was there a better painter in that kind; he will find 'it improved by seeing a picture of the same person by 'Vandyck.' Doubtless the study of physiognomy is still

Digitized by Google

less of a science than the science of history. But, after all, we trust in ordinary life our instinctive impressions of men. Unfair they may be, but we take by them our measure of a man's personality. Why should we put less confidence in the study of a great historical personage by those who have a special genius in reading character in the countenance? There is, indeed, a class of men who largely win their place by sheer charm of personality. Their position sometimes puzzles posterity, and a picture may be the sole means of giving the clue. The present generation has almost forgotten everything about Lord Melbourne, except his famous question, 'Why can't you let it alone?' His portrait is, perhaps, the best available explanation of the now underrated capacity of the man, and of the strong personal attraction which he had for all who knew him.

Again, the portraits serve to clear our conceptions of the characters who played a secondary part on the stage. We all frame as we read more or less accurate ideas of the great names of history. But our study of an age is rarely detailed or leisurely enough to let us linger over the minor men, who yet have their place for those who would grasp the whole picture of the age. The group of Elizabethans is at present somewhat meagre, but here is the best place to get an idea of the vain-looking and self-conscious Earl of Cumberland, the amateur Raleigh of his time, who spent his fortune in fitting out expeditions to burn places of minor importance in the southern seas. Surely too it is worth while to know the unmistakeable features of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who kept the Great Seal under Elizabeth. 'Sir 'Nicholas's soul lodges well,' said the Queen in allusion to the portliness of his person. His mind had an equally characteristic lodging, and he looks as if he were possessed of many of those qualities which found expression in the books of that more illustrious son of his, whom a great historical collection is scarcely entitled to continue to call 'Lord' Bacon.

Again, there are some pictures which are of interest as showing not merely the appearance of a man, but also a glimpse into some characteristic surroundings. We are brought close to Scott by the picture of him and his belongings in his study at Abbotsford with his dog, the vase which Byron gave him, the sword of Montrose, the pistol of Claverhouse, and half a dozen other interesting and amusing curios. At times a bit of costume lights up a point of character or life-history with singular vividness. Witness

Digitized by Google

the series of four drawings of Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Lamb, done in black chalk by Hancock for their friend Joseph Cottle, the bookseller of Bristol. It gives us Coleridge at the age of twenty-four, the year before his *annus mirabilis*; Southey at the age of twenty-two; and Wordsworth at the age of twenty-eight. They still wear the Revolutionary dress of Robespierre's day, though by the time these portraits were painted (1796 and 1798) the golden hopes of the early Revolutionists were as dead in their minds as Robespierre himself. It is worth while, too, to see the same man at different periods of his life. There are two other portraits of Coleridge which hang near each other. In the first, painted by Peter Vandyke in 1795, it is the Coleridge of the scheme of pantisocracy—

> 'The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
> The heaven-eyed creature.'

The second, painted by Allston at the close of the Revolutionary wars in 1814, gives us the Coleridge of the interminable inconsecutiveness of his metaphysical books. It is now, as Wordsworth described him again, only 'a noticeable 'man with large grey eyes,' who looks a little like a dean. It is the Coleridge who asked Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach, and to whom 'the frolic and the gentle' replied that he had never in all his life heard him do anything else. We feel a friendlier feeling, too, towards Jeremy Bentham, after seeing him first as a bright boy of thirteen with his violin and his copy of verses on the accession of George III., and later as the famous thinker in his green old age.

Of course it may happen that exceptional mobility of countenance may turn out to be too much for the painter. It is true that round Mary, Queen of Scots, there has clustered a multitude of spurious productions, which were freely ascribed to her because they were portraits of a woman in a ruff. But the variety of expression in the authentic pictures shows in her the emotional nature, in which the face not merely lightens or darkens, but is actually transformed by the alternate moods of feeling within. Or, again, a picture, which may not necessarily be bad, may yet mislead and throw us off the scent. 'They 'have tried to paint me several times,' said John Bright of himself; 'I don't think they have ever succeeded. They 'have made me look a very ordinary person, not at all like 'what I feel.' It was perfectly just criticism on his part.

Digitized by Google

Orators rarely seem to be adequately represented. We naturally think of them in the excitement of debate or fired with the animation of eloquence. But those, unfortunately, are not the moments in which painters can get them to sit to them. And the face of John Bright in repose gave little or no idea of the lion which lay latent in him.

Still the possibility of deception through a portrait does not destroy its value as historical evidence. The literary document may equally play us false. Each must be tested with critical eyes by the recognised tests. Each is a clue to the truth, and neither should be overlooked. Clearly, too, we must allow for the influence of any passing style or fashion of pictorial representation. Copley's picture of Lord Heathfield is doubtless a portrait study of his historical picture of the siege of Gibraltar in the National Gallery. The real portrait of the man is, of course, Sir Joshua's representation of him with the key of the fortress in his hand. We have only to compare the two pictures to see that Lord Heathfield was not a man of this theatrical heroism, the fire of this commanding eye and outstretched hand. All this is part of the historical painter's *mise en scène*. Sir Joshua shows us that a much soberer valour, a tougher and more dogged endurance, was the real characteristic of the man who held Gibraltar during the three years' siege. Copley has not painted a portrait of Lord Heathfield. He has painted, as was legitimate for an historical painter, a picture of a great commander, idealised from Lord Heathfield, in the prevailing fashion of military and naval heroism. It was, as Stevenson says in one of his essays, a 'somewhat strutting and vainglorious valour,' which the heroes of the eighteenth century were expected to display. They were to be men not merely of great actions, but of high sentiments and with a certain grand air in their daring. And this must be allowed for in forming an impression of Lord Heathfield from the two pictures.

Again, we have to bear in mind the influence of the conventional disguise of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Hogarth satirised the prevailing style of portraiture in his day in one of the pictures that hang on the walls of the aristocrat's room in his 'Marriage à la Mode.' A family portrait of a nobleman in armour and full-bottomed wig is represented as Jupiter wielding a thunderbolt in his hand. James II. and William III. look strangely unreal and angular in the armour which they never could have worn, and which has by their time become a mere stage

Digitized by Google

property of the studio. It requires a certain effort to recollect that painting did not emancipate itself from the strange demands made upon it by the grand style till the picture of the death of Wolfe by West. The innovation of introducing modern costume into modern historical painting now seems simple enough; but Sir Joshua dissuaded it as a rash and hazardous experiment, and pleaded for the retention of the classical dress. West's Quaker love of truth enabled him to brush through the absurdity. It was not for nothing that as a boy in Pennsylvania he had learnt to mix his colours from the Cherokee Indians, and afterwards had scandalised the connoisseurs of Rome, who met to note the impression made upon the untutored American on the first sight of the Apollo of the Vatican by the exclamation, 'My God, it's a young Mohawk 'warrior!' Sir Joshua, after the picture was finished, confessed that West was right, and that Roman armour was not in place for the picture of an 'event which hap-'pened in the year 1759, in a region of the world unknown 'to Greeks and Romans and at a period of time when there 'existed no warriors who wore such costume.' Not all the world was convinced, however, and Barry showed him the better way by painting all the personages at the death scene of Wolfe in a state of nudity. It is perhaps a relic of this tradition which accounts for Bancroft's surprising assertion that when the British soldiers set out for their attack on Bunker Hill, 'the dazzling lustre of a summer's sun 'was reflected from their burnished armour.' The armour was bad enough; but still worse was the full-bottomed wig, which, owing to the premature baldness of Louis XIV., spread over European society, and fell like a blight upon painting in the days of Lely and Kneller. It has been noticed that the faces of the Elizabethans look more modern in character than the men of the eighteenth century. To some extent that is due to the revived habit of wearing beards, which our soldiers brought back from the Crimea. But it is the terrible wig which is mainly responsible for the deadening uniformity of the epoch which it dominated. The monotony which it introduces can be judged by a glance at the portraits of the judges. It is true that Lord Eldon's face in his bust and Lord Thurlow's in his portrait have adapted themselves to their environment; indeed, these broadly-marked features seem built to match this species of head-gear. But otherwise it is not of much use to look at portraits of judges. They are pictures of official robes with a wig

Digitized by Google

on them. It was once asked why Lord Campbell did not achieve in the House of Lords the success which would have been expected from his great forensic ability. 'Jack 'Campbell,' was the reply, 'is five foot eight; he has got 'red hair, and he is a Scotchman; that is enough.' But there he is, looking as stately and dignified as Lord Lyndhurst or any one of them. The men of the wig epoch all tend to look alike. There are the same arched eyebrows, the same square nose, rarely seen in ordinary life; the same fat and conventional lips turn down at the uniform corners of identical mouths. The strongest of individualities can scarcely survive it. It may be taken as a proof of England's political genius that after fifty years of revolution she was able to find in Walpole what France has failed to find—a statesman efficient, stolid, and beefy, for the land to rest under for twenty years. But Sir Robert is here smug, burly, complacent, scarce visibly capable of doing the staunch service which he rendered to England. Of course there were other reasons for the prevailing uniformity. The carelessness of Lely is seen no less in his draperies than in his faces. The habits of Vandyck, it has been pointed out, are those of his time. Lely's are 'a sort of fantastic nightgown fastened with a single pin.' Both Lely's and Kneller's work suffered from their habit of painting 'potboilers.' 'He drew many graceful pictures,' said Dryden of Lely, 'but few of them were like; and this 'happened to him because he always studied himself more 'than those who sat to him.' Kneller expounded a theory of portrait-painting which throws light on some of his own characteristics. 'Painters of history,' he said, 'make the 'dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they 'are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live.' Against mere flattery too we have to be on our guard. Sir Joshua once painted Dr. Johnson reading a manuscript near his short-sighted eyes. 'It is not friendly,' protested the Doctor, 'to hand down to posterity the imperfections 'of any man.' It was an acute observation of Charles Kingsley's that in our times painters flatter by smoothing out wrinkles and improving the appearance, while in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries their flattery took the form of indicating a general resemblance to a reigning sovereign. Few kings or courtiers would care to take the drastic precautions which Cromwell took when he sat to Lely; and few painters would care to expose themselves to the criticism (quoted by Macaulay and applied to himself)

Digitized by Google

which Charles II. made of the portrait for which he sat to John Riley. 'Is this like me? Then, odsfish, I am an ugly 'fellow.' So of the seventeenth and eighteenth century portraits the poets and men of letters are often of the most interest. They were out of the Court life, and their undress nightcaps, as in the case of the clear-cut features of Pope, left the painters a better chance of expressing their individuality intact.

It is of doubtful value to make suggestions as to the conduct of an institution which is under able management. The suggestions of the critic have generally occurred before, and considerations of finance or Acts of Parliament block the way. Still the value of the Gallery would be greatly enhanced by the addition of sets of miniatures, coins, medals, and illustrative drawings. Some stray specimens of all these have already appeared and we should heartily welcome more. We could wish that the omnipotence of the legislature would transfer to the Gallery the fine series of English medals which now lie in the British Museum, or, failing that, a set of electrotypes should be provided for purposes of comparison. A collection of miniatures would seem especially desirable. For, after all, Holbein's visit to this country did not pass utterly away without leaving any seed behind. No British school, as we have seen, arose from his paintings, but his Windsor miniatures, perfect as they could not fail to be from the very nature of his genius, are the starting-point of a native school of miniature-painting, which struck root and flourished. It is of interest not merely from the historical value of the portraits produced by the school, but also as an example of a British art which we are apt to forget in the general barrenness of English painting before the time of Hogarth. It was an art which had its early masters in the Olivers and the Hilliards during the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and it culminated in the highest point of perfection which it was possible for such an art to attain in the work of Samuel Cooper, as compared with which the Cosways of the last century stand in the relation of the work of Sir Joshua to that of Titian. Readers of 'Roderick Random' will remember the scene where Narcissa goes into raptures over the miniature of the hero. It was a quarrel about a miniature which brought down upon Lord Herbert of Cherbury a singularly lively attack by Sir John Ayres close to Scotland Yard. Miniatures were, of course, the photographs of the day, and it is an art which the modern developement of photography has killed along with

Digitized by Google

the pastels of Hamilton and Downman and the pencil drawings of Edridge.

The value of a set of illustrative drawings can be appreciated by a glance at Schaak's portrait of Wolfe. Probably no one will see the picture for the first time without an unpleasant surprise. There is dash and energy in the face, but the foolish air of coxcombry goes far to support the well-known story, discredited by his biographer, about the intoxicated swagger of his last interview with Pitt. But there are two drawings, unfortunately in another room, which throw a different light on the point. The oil painting must have been worked up from the first of these, a rough outline sketch of Wolfe taken at Quebec by Captain Hervey Smith shortly before the General's death. The second is a drawing by the Duke of Devonshire, and we cannot but hope that this more gracious portrait is the real Wolfe. It shows us a man possessed of as much fire and equally bubbling over with energy, but without the unfortunate characteristics too plainly visible in the painting of Schaak. We wish that there were drawings of equal interest to illustrate the paintings of the two Pitts. We have to thank a recent exhibition of gross want of public spirit for depriving the Gallery of the chance of securing something better than the present very unworthy representation of the elder Pitt. The most commanding political genius of the eighteenth century seems fated to survive only in fragments. Nothing is left of his oratory but a few broken sentences and similes; his great schemes of statesmanship never got further than mere outline, and Richard Brompton was certainly inadequate to a task which should have fallen to Sir Joshua. We are scarcely better off with the younger Pitt. It is true that we have Nollekens's bust, which represents him in his youth, and there is a caricature by Gillray portraying him 'with his eye in the air.' But the Hoppner painting of Pitt is a replica painted from the Mulgrave portrait, finished three months before his death. Already here we have what Wilberforce called by anticipation 'the Austerlitz look' on his face. It is the figure of a man broken in the Sisyphean task of constructing a Concert of Europe, which fell to pieces almost before it was made. Both Pitt and Fox, whom posterity thinks of as the youngest of politicians, are here represented in later life; and we think with regret of the splendid Flaxman statue at Glasgow (a cast of which is at South Kensington), which supplies the figure of Pitt with the life and animation that a mere reader of his dignified and faultless periods looks for in print in vain.

Digitized by Google

At times too a portrait may give a real chance of checking a possibly overdrawn popular estimate, or at least of making us pause and reconsider. The most startling case in the Gallery is that of Jeffreys's portrait, by Kneller. It is, no doubt, flattered, but it is an early work of Sir Godfrey's, before he became Court painter. Jeffreys is represented as recorder of London when he was about thirty years of age; he was promoted to that office in 1678, and Kneller, whose most careless work was done at the close of his career, had only come to London in 1674. And yet within ten years at the latest (for Jeffreys died in the Tower in 1689) his name was to be loaded for ever with an overwhelming mass of infamy. It is startling, therefore, to find in the portrait (looked at quite apart from its historical associations) the singularly winning and attractive expression of a man of culture and refinement, and Kneller has taken pains about those pleasant and sympathetic eyes. 'Brute,' 'butcher,' murmurs the passer-by with Macaulay in his mind and no eyes in his head. The face is emphatically not that of a brute or a butcher, and it seems as ludicrous to apply such terms to it as to ascribe a certain epithet to Mr. Balfour. And now let us turn up the character in Macaulay. The historian vehemently falls foul of his 'forehead of brass and his 'tongue of venom.'

> 'The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb. He was constitutionally prone to insolence and the angry passions, the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable. Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and his eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgement day.'

It would be mere paradox to try to whitewash the character of Jeffreys, although Macaulay himself points out that both parties—the Tories to save the character of the Stuarts, the Whigs for obvious reasons—conspired to say no good word about him. But here is a point where the literary and pictorial evidence are at hopeless loggerheads. It is as clear as daylight that Macaulay never saw this portrait; and whether it be a case of a Tito turned by ambition into the savage and unscrupulous creature of a court, or whether it be a vulgar instance of the demoralisation brought about by the brandy bottle, the divergence certainly seems to need to be reconciled and to be cleared up.

Digitized by Google

Before leaving the Gallery we cannot but say a word on the splendid line of Mr. Watts's portraits in room No. 25. The country is under a deep obligation to Mr. Watts for his determination to paint for the sake of the public the most interesting personalities of our age. It happens but too rarely that so generous an impulse is accompanied by so masterly a capacity for the work. There are many men of interest above and around on the walls where the Watts portraits are hanging. Nor is it at first sight quite clear why everything but the military group of pictures opposite is so completely eclipsed and outshone by them. It is difficult to look at Dickens and Thackeray and Macaulay above. The truth seems to be that as the traditions of the grand style of Sir Joshua, after being continued by Hoppner and Opie, Lawrence and Raeburn, died away, the English portrait-painting of the early part of the century fell off into a style of representation which was dull, commonplace, and 'stodgy' in the extreme. It was out of this drear level of prose that Mr. Watts lifted portraiture by the force of his imaginative insight into character. He does not trust to posture or attitude to gain dignity or strength. He relies entirely on giving through the expression of his subjects' faces an interpretation of the work of their lives. 'Portraiture,' said Horace Walpole, 'requires no passion,' but these portraits are full of the feeling that is needed 'to dive into the spirit-depths,' and to paint the soul as well as the hair or the eyes. It is true that Rossetti did not wholly appreciate the endeavour to represent his soul's aspirations; 'he has made me,' he said characteristically, 'like a —— baby trying to look like Shakespeare.' The contrast of the two portraits of Carlyle by Mr. Watts and Sir John Millais affords a good illustration of Mr. Watts's method. Sir J. Millais refused to finish his sketch, because it was criticised as being 'merely the portrait of a Scotch peasant.' So doubtless it is, but none the less true to Carlyle for that, with his plain simplicity of life, his sense of humour, his capacity for work. Mr. Watts's portrait is the Carlyle of 'Sartor Resartus' or 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' the jaundiced and dyspeptic Teufelsdröckh with his beard curling scornfully up to his nose at the thought of a nation of fools that insists upon shooting Niagara. Mr. Watts is, therefore, less successful when one may reasonably suspect him to be a trifle out of sympathy with his subject: did not he too find J. S. Mill a trifle 'sawdusty'? He requires that his sitter, as in the Cardinal Manning, should look the character. He cannot

Digitized by Google

be at his best when the subject 'wears a jacket,' and does not bear his own personality legibly written on his face. Robert Browning once thanked God 'he boasted two soul-'sides, one to face the world with, one to show a woman 'when he loved her.' The soul-side with which he used to face the world showed us as active, vigorous, and undegenerate a personality as any in our literature since the days of Chaucer. But he did not, like Tennyson, always consciously wear the laurel bays upon his brows; he did not perpetually trail the mantle of the bard behind him. Consequently, while Mr. Watts's rendering of Tennyson is triumphant, Browning did not so well lend himself to the more imaginative treatment. To some extent we are not sorry to have hard by for comparison the very matter-of-fact soul-side with which Browning managed to face Mr. Rudolph Lehmann. Mr. Lehmann does not give us Browning's self, but his clothes and his superficial appearance at some moment of ordinary uninspired conversation, when, as in his poem called 'A Likeness,' he and his friend sat down to

> 'Talk about pencil and lyre
> And the National Portrait Gallery.'

Where, however, Mr. Watts has a subject to his complete liking the representation is certainly supreme, and he rises to his highest point in rendering the Herculean power of Lord Lawrence, with his bull neck, formidable eyes, and the iron self-control of the lines round his mouth; or in presenting to us the firmness, the exquisite modelling, the subtle delicacy of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, surely an inimitable delineation of the iron hand in the silken glove. The whole series of Mr. Watts's portraits is a contribution indeed to the history of the Victorian era. We wish we were aware of a literary historian who had written the period as well.

Digitized by Google

ART. X.—1. *Report on the Administration, Finances, and Condition of Egypt.* (Egypt, No. 1, 1896.)

2. *Fire and Sword in the Sudan.* By RUDOLF C. SLATIN PASHA. London: 1896.

3. *Speech of the Right Honourable John Morley, M.P., at the Leeds Philosophical Hall.* The 'Times' of June 4, 1896.

4. *Speech of the Marquess of Salisbury in the House of Lords, June* 12. The 'Times' of June 13, 1896.

ON March 13 last a short and abrupt paragraph in the *Times* announced that the Egyptian army was about to advance on Dongola. There were probably not fifty people in the kingdom who the day before had had the faintest suspicion that such a step was contemplated. But the moment the announcement was made every one who was at all familiar with the Egyptian problem recognised the immense importance of this unexpected move. The policy of frontier defence, consistently and on the whole successfully followed for more than eleven years, had been abandoned. The Egyptian Question, which is indeed always with us but in very varying degrees of intensity, had once more entered upon an acute phase.

And this latest Egyptian crisis differed in one important respect from almost all its predecessors. Unlike the Firman question of the spring of 1892, or the young Khedive's abortive *coup d'état* of January 1893, or the 'frontier 'incident' of January 1894, it was not forced upon us by the action of others. It is true that there had recently been some Dervish raids north of Wadi Halfa, as there have been from time to time during all the years since Halfa and Sarras have formed the southern frontier of Egypt. It is true also that Kassala was being seriously menaced by the Khalifa's forces, and that if Kassala had fallen there would have been a considerable revival of Dervish activity in the neighbourhood of Suakin and Tokar. But the mere protection of Egyptian territory, whether on the banks of the Nile or in the Eastern Sudan, required no enterprise of anything like the magnitude of that on which Egypt is now engaged, if indeed it required any forward movement at all. For purely defensive purposes the Halfa-Sarras and Suakin-Tokar positions have proved amply sufficient. Even if Kassala had fallen, though there would certainly have been increased frontier trouble, it is difficult to believe that there

Digitized by Google

would have been any danger greater than such as has been once and again averted by the simple strategy of leaving the Dervishes to cross the desert and attack us instead of going across the desert to attack them. To speak of the advance on Dongola as a defensive measure is nothing less than absurd.

It is the natural tendency of every government exposed to parliamentary criticism to minimise the importance of a great change of policy. To this instinct must be attributed the effort made in the first instance by the apologists of the Ministry to justify this forward movement solely on the grounds of the alleged danger to the frontier of Egypt, and of the unquestionably perilous position of the garrison of Kassala. No doubt the suddenness of the advance was due to a desire, not otherwise than laudable, to assist the Italians in the sore straits in which they found themselves between the victorious Abyssinians on the one hand and a fresh aggressive movement of the Dervishes on the other. The diversion of the Khalifa's attention to the defence of his northern frontier was well calculated to weaken, as in fact it did weaken, the force of his attack upon Kassala. But the help thus given to the Italians, though appreciable, was not sufficient to justify so great a sacrifice to Egypt and to England as that involved in the present Sudan campaign. That campaign would never have been undertaken if there had not existed in the minds of the British Ministry, or at least of its dominant members, a conviction that sooner or later it would be necessary to recover the Sudan for Egypt. That being so, anxiety to afford immediate relief to Italy in her critical situation might well induce them to do at once what in their judgement had in any case to be done at some time or other. This is by far the most rational and satisfactory explanation of that sudden resolve to advance on Dongola, which so startled the world four months ago. And this is the explanation which, after three months of somewhat futile parliamentary fencing, Lord Salisbury himself gave of it in his admirable speech in the House of Lords on June 12. 'I have long thought,' so he said in effect, 'that we ought to recover the Sudan for Egypt, but I 'should have preferred to wait till she was in a better 'position, especially in a better financial position, to 'make such an attempt.' But the straits in which the Italians found themselves precipitated a move which, however ultimately desirable, it would have been better to postpone. Still, the move itself was right, though

Digitized by Google

the occasion was somewhat sudden. 'We shall not have 'placed Egypt in the position in which she deserves to stand 'till the Egyptian flag floats over Khartum.'

Memorable words these, words which mark a great turning-point in the history of our dealings with Egypt. Five or even three years ago, perhaps even later than that, no British Minister would have ventured to speak, hardly would he have ventured to think, of the reconquest of the Sudan. The fact that such language should be possible, not to say popular, now, indicates a remarkable change of national opinion. Few popular impressions in this fickle democratic age have gone so deep or lasted so long as the profound disgust with the very name of the Sudan, which resulted from the series of bloody and costly blunders, beginning with the expedition of General Hicks and ending with the failure of the attempt to relieve General Gordon. The Conservative Government of 1886–92 was almost as much affected by this feeling as Mr. Courtney and Mr. John Morley. When in December 1888 it became necessary to turn a few hundred Dervishes out of their trenches round Suakin, it was only with the greatest reluctance, and after taking extreme and almost ludicrous precautions against the remotest possibility of a disaster, that the Government consented to this momentous enterprise. It took more than a year for the military authorities at Cairo, even with the support of Lord Cromer, to persuade the Ministry of Lord Salisbury to consent to the recapture of Tokar, which was effected in February 1891. Yet the advance on Tokar was a passing incident, a detail, a trifle compared with the advance on Dongola. It only required a few regiments. It was all over in a few weeks. It involved nothing beyond itself. The advance on Dongola is occupying the whole Egyptian army. It opens a chapter which will require months, perhaps years, for its completion. It involves ultimately, as Lord Salisbury has recently confessed, the overthrow of the empire of the Khalifa and the recovery of Khartum. Yet it was decided upon in forty-eight hours, and has been accepted by the nation, now that its full meaning is understood, with equanimity if not with approval.

It would take us too long to inquire into the causes of this revolution of popular feeling, interesting as such an inquiry might be. No doubt the 'shrinkage of Africa' has something to do with it. We have begun to realise that, if there be still any portion of that continent which it is vital to our interests to prevent from falling into the hands of our

Digitized by Google

European rivals, there is no time to lose in bringing it under our own influence. The undoubted presence of the Belgians, the rumoured designs of the French on the Upper Nile, have spoiled the waiting game with regard to the Sudan. And at the same time it is borne in upon us that the waiting game, even if still politic, is inhuman. The horrors of the present Reign of Terror in the Sudan have been vividly brought before us by the successive revelations of Father Ohrwalder and of Slatin Pasha. In his remarkable book—'Fire and Sword in the Sudan'—Slatin has drawn a picture of the cruelty and destructiveness of the Khalifa and his Baggara fellow-tribesmen, of the awful suffering of the subject races, which it is impossible for Englishmen to contemplate with equanimity. After all we are responsible for the abandonment of the Sudan. That abandonment may have been inevitable at the time when it was resolved upon. Egypt, in her broken-down condition of twelve years ago, was simply incapable of holding the Sudan, and we had our hands too full to hold it for her. But, as Sir Alfred Milner has said in 'England in Egypt,' 'the fact that Egypt gave 'up the Sudan, when she simply had not the strength to 'hold it, is no reason why she should not recover it, or part 'of it, when she once more has the strength.' And the duty of such ultimate reconquest appears the more imperative and the more urgent now that we know how terrible is the condition of things which has resulted from the withdrawal of Egyptian authority, and will continue till it is re-established.

But, say the critics, Egypt is even now not strong enough either to conquer or to keep the Sudan. The attempt to do so will overtax her powers, and will create such a drain upon her resources, that all internal improvement will be checked, if indeed the country is not again plunged into its old financial embarrassments. And this is an argument which undoubtedly deserves to be very carefully examined. But before entering upon that examination, we may be permitted to observe how remarkable is the admission which the use of such an argument implies on the part of those who are foremost in advancing it. For who are the persons who are so solicitous lest a war in the Sudan should check the growing prosperity of Egypt and the work of reform, which under English guidance is going on with such giant strides in every branch of Egyptian administration? They are those very Radical politicians who from the first year of our Occupation have never ceased to urge our withdrawal

Digitized by Google

from Egypt, and whose advice, if followed, would have strangled at its birth that great civilising and restorative process which they now profess themselves so anxious to preserve. We are adjured not to meddle with the Sudan because it will mar the progress of Egypt. The appeal is worth attention, but it comes from a suspicious quarter. If those who make it had had their way in the past, there would have been no progress to mar.

But we have no wish to escape from discussing the case on its merits by abusing the plaintiff's attorney. The charge that it is an injury and an injustice to Egypt to involve her in fresh adventures in the Sudan is one which Englishmen jealous of the honour of their country must be anxious to meet frankly. And none will be more anxious to meet it than those who, like ourselves, are proud of Britain's work in Egypt, and desire its continuance. They will be the first to admit that we are only trustees of the power and resources of Egypt, and that the *cestuis que trustent* are the Egyptian people.

That being so, it would be a breach of trust to use Egyptian troops or Egyptian money for purposes which, however good in themselves, were of no interest to Egypt. And it would be, if not an absolute breach of trust, yet an act of folly almost amounting to one, if, in pursuit of any more distant Egyptian interest, we were to involve the country in an enterprise entailing sacrifices that might endanger its most immediate and vital interest, internal prosperity and progress. To set up a good defence for our present action it is necessary to show that we are doing neither the one nor the other.

First, then, is the reconquest of the Sudan, or of any portion of it, an Egyptian interest at all? It is no answer to the question to say that every Egyptian who thinks about such subjects would reply to it with an unhesitating affirmative, for Egyptians, like other people, are very far from always knowing what is best for themselves. The question is indeed one with regard to which a good deal may be said on both sides. For our own part we have little doubt that the possession of the Sudan, at least as far as Khartum, Kassala, and Sennar—the original Egyptian dominions prior to Ismail Pasha's vast but ill-digested conquests to the south and west—would be of material benefit to Egypt. It is her natural *Hinterland*, a country with which at all times she has stood in close intercourse, and the trade of which, once considerable, and

Digitized by Google

certain, with proper management, to become far more considerable in future, is an important element in her welfare. Moreover, this region contains the two most important positions in the valley of the great river which has created Egypt, the junction of the Blue and White Nile at Khartum, and the junction of the united Niles with the Atbara just above Berber. The mixture of races which inhabit this region are akin in faith and not very dissimilar in habits, ideas, and the degree of their civilisation to a great part of the population of Egypt proper. The system of government, which of late years has succeeded so well between Assuan and Wadi Halfa, would meet with no greater difficulty between Halfa and Khartum, if once the tyranny of the Baggara invaders had been broken down. Were geographical and ethnical considerations alone to determine the boundaries of states, no one would dream of drawing the boundary of Egypt north of the junction of the Niles.

But whatever may be thought of the interest of Egypt in the possession of the Northern Sudan, there can be no doubt of her supreme interest in its pacification.

'There can be no permanent rest for Egypt,' says Sir A. Milner, 'as long as a reign of explosive barbarism still prevails from Suakin to Darfur, and from Wadi Halfa to Wadelai. . . . Egypt is never likely to feel at ease, the Egyptian question can never be regarded as even approximately settled, until order is restored in the Nile valley to at least a considerable distance beyond Khartum.'

In other words, Egypt cannot live in peace with the Mahdist empire ever threatening her from the south.

For mere purposes of defence no doubt her present frontiers are as good as any to ward off Dervish raids. But is there never to be an end of raiding Dervishes? Is Egypt to acquiesce for ever in the presence at her gates of a barbarous military state, with which not even a truce is possible, because its whole *raison d'être* is to wage incessant war, and primarily to wage war on Egypt? A man may be fairly confident that his doors and shutters are strong enough to keep out burglars, but for all that he will hardly feel at ease with a gang of professional burglars permanently located in the adjoining street. It is not a better frontier that Egypt wants, but better neighbours. It may or may not be to her advantage to own Khartum, but it must be enormously to her advantage to make an end of its present owners—to destroy, as soon as she can destroy, that hostile power on her flank, which exists to compass her destruction.

Digitized by Google

It may indeed be said that Egypt, even if she overthrows the Khalifa and reoccupies Khartum, will not be free from frontier troubles—that she must be prepared to be on her guard against savage neighbours, wherever her borders are fixed. And this may be perfectly true; but the argument shows a great ignorance of the nature of the danger to which Egypt is at present exposed. It is one thing to march with unruly tribes, who may make occasional raids upon your territory, and whom it may be necessary from time to time to punish; it is quite another thing to march with a military despotism, barbarous indeed, but powerful and highly organised, which is permanently at war with you. Every civilised state with uncivilised neighbours must be prepared for occasional raids upon its territory. We ourselves have plenty of experience of them on the north-western frontier of India. But such forays, however irksome, are tolerable. It may even be better to put up with their recurrence than to attempt definitely to subjugate the wild tribes who can worry but cannot seriously injure us. But would it be tolerable to have the Ameer of Afghanistan permanently at war with us, and declaring his first duty in life to be the conquest of India? Should we in that case have any alternative but to conquer Cabul? No civilised power can, or ought to, tolerate the neighbourhood of a great barbarous state vowing and practising eternal hostility, or ever will tolerate it, except from sheer necessity.

And it is sheer necessity alone—her inability to put an end to the intolerable—which has caused Egypt to acquiesce for eleven years in the establishment of an implacable foe upon her southern frontier. That she has been able to exist at all with such a neighbour has been due, in the first instance, to the presence of a large British garrison, and latterly to the success of British officers in creating a native army which is an efficient fighting machine. The first duty of that army has been to protect Egypt against the permanent menace of Mahdism. Its ultimate object must be to put an end to that menace for good and all.

But is Egypt yet strong enough to make the attempt? That is the second and more difficult question which has to be answered by the advocates of our present action. And this is a question which it is, unfortunately, impossible to meet with a categorical affirmative. The Egyptian army may, contrary to the expectation even of many friendly critics, prove equal to the task of regaining Dongola, and

Digitized by Google

later on, if the Khalifa's power is undermined by that first reverse, of regaining Berber and Khartum. So far the omens are favourable. Moreover, now that we are once so deeply committed to a forward policy, the Egyptian army would doubtless, if need were, be reinforced by British or Indian troops. But the military part of the business, though anxious and difficult, is not the most serious part.

The Egyptian army may be equal to its heavy task. But how about the Egyptian exchequer? On this point it will be as well to cherish no illusions. Financially the Government of Egypt is not yet ready to undertake so heavy a burden as that of reconquering and reorganising any portion of the Sudan, and, if it tries to do so unaided, it will be beggared by the attempt.

No doubt, if it were possible to apply for this purpose the two huge Reserve Funds, which are in the hands of the Caisse de la Dette—funds amounting together to 4,550,000*l.*(E.)—the position might be different. But then, as regards one of these funds—that consisting of the savings effected by the conversion of the debt, which can only be used with the unanimous consent of the Powers—no one in his senses ever imagined that France would agree to its employment in the present emergency. And even the other —the General Reserve Fund—if available at all, a point which is still in dispute before the International Tribunals, is not available to anything like the necessary extent. Five hundred thousand pounds is a nice little sum of ready money with which to start on a campaign. But 500,000*l.* will not reconquer Dongola, still less Khartum. And yet still less will it suffice to provide these provinces, when they are reconquered, with even the rudiments of a civilised government.

But, even if it were possible, would it be right to devote the whole, or the bulk, of the Reserve Funds to the reconquest of the Sudan? Looking at it from the Egyptian point of view, we cannot honestly say that we think it would. After what has already been said, we shall hardly be suspected of underestimating the importance of that reconquest to Egypt. But, important though it be, it is not the most urgent of the many good objects which compete for the surplus revenue of Egypt. There is nothing in the world which that country needs so much as a liberal outlay of public money. Let not the economists, who are always declaiming—and not without reason—against the lavish and growing public expenditure of almost every civilised

Digitized by Google

nation, be too much shocked by this assertion. They are accustomed to rich countries, where the State, or some other public body, is often wheedled into doing extravagantly what private enterprise would do cheaply and better, or what does not need doing at all. But in Egypt there is, under an honest administration, no fear whatever of public money being thrown away. It is too urgently required for necessaries to be squandered on luxuries. The State is the great landlord, and almost the only capitalist. Whatever has to be done for the developement of the resources of the country must be done with the help of the State, or it stands little chance of being done at all. The difficulty of the Egyptian financier is not so much to defend the Treasury against unreasonable demands as to choose among the number of unquestionably good objects competing for his favour—which are the best and the most urgent.

It is quite unnecessary for the present purpose to inquire what place among good objects of public expenditure is occupied by the recovery of the Sudan. The reason why, if Egypt were free to dispose of her Reserve Funds as she chose, she ought not to devote them, in the first instance, to the Sudan, is that this single object would swallow up all that she has without putting her financially into a better position in the future. But in the condition in which Egypt at present finds herself the first maxim of sound policy with regard to expenditure is to devote it to objects which are not only good, but remunerative. The great need of Egypt is more revenue. And the best use for her spare money is to spend it on those purposes which are not only beneficial in themselves, but which, by increasing the revenue, will provide increased funds in future years for other good objects. But among wise projects of a reproductive kind there is one which at present stands out pre-eminent—the Nile Reservoir. Here we have an outlay which in a very few years is bound, humanly speaking, to add largely to the land revenue, not only without any increase, but even in the face of a reduction of the average rate of land tax. It is not only in itself the best and most popular purpose to which the Reserve Funds could be devoted, but it is one which will, if accomplished, hasten the fulfilment of many other cherished schemes. French obstruction, no doubt, may frustrate, or more likely only delay it, as it did the abolition of the Corvée, and so many other good works. But, be that as it may, this is the enterprise which a statesman, thinking only of the interests of Egypt,

Digitized by Google

would put first in his programme when considering how the Reserve Funds might be applied for the greatest benefit of the country.

These remarks, however, lie beside the main argument. It is needless to inquire whether it would be right to devote the Reserve Funds to the Sudan war, seeing that, with the doubtful exception of 500,000*l.*, it is impossible so to devote them. But, Reserve Funds apart, what means has the Government of Egypt to pay such a bill as is now being run up at Suakin and on the Nile reaches south of Halfa? Everybody who has the least acquaintance with the subject knows that it has none. The country no doubt is growing richer every day. The resources of the State, regarded as a whole, show the most satisfactory signs of expansion. But owing to the preposterous dual system, the result of international agreements, by which an enormous amount of revenue is swept every year into the Reserve Funds, while a quite inadequate sum is allowed for the expenses of administration—including, be it observed, all works of public improvement—the Government is artificially poor. By honesty, by ability, by thrift often verging upon parsimony, the British directors of Egyptian finance have nevertheless succeeded of late years not only in making both ends meet, but in securing a constantly increasing margin. Year after year a little additional money has been provided in the Budget for some necessary relief or reform, for the reduction of the land tax, the abolition of the Corvée, for public works, justice, schools, sanitation. And yet year after year the Government has closed its accounts with a small surplus, quite independent, of course, of the large surpluses which flow automatically into the coffers of the Caisse. But the annual surplus of the Government, thus painfully acquired, would not pay the expenses of the Sudan campaign for a single month. What then is to be done? The Government has no power to borrow, except to the extent of one million on current account. One of the many fetters imposed on the financial independence of Egypt (the 37th Article of the Law of Liquidation modified by the 25th Article of the London Convention) has taken care of that. When the million was exhausted the Government would be penniless. By infinite pinching and screwing, which would render them intensely unpopular throughout the whole country, the Treasury officials might succeed in finding the sinews of war for a little while longer. But for more than a few months even these desperate remedies would not

Digitized by Google

avail. Not only would every work of improvement be stopped, but the ordinary business of administration could not be carried on. The salaries of the officials could not be paid, and they would begin to pay themselves, as they do now in Turkey, as they did in Egypt in the time of Ismail. Finally, after plunging the whole administration of the country into disorder, the Egyptian Government would have once more to go cap in hand to the Powers asking for further financial relief, and ready to submit to any conditions, however onerous, in order to obtain it.

Of course things will never be allowed to come to this pass. Yet to this pass they would surely come if Egypt were to attempt, unassisted, to recover Dongola and Khartum. It cannot therefore be said that from the purely Egyptian point of view the time is yet ripe for such an enterprise. It is years too soon. No statesman looking to the interests, and relying upon the resources of Egypt alone, much as he might wish to see 'the Egyptian flag float over 'Khartum,' would dream of plunging into a Sudan expedition at the present time. He would feel that the sacrifice was too great, however desirable the object.

To say this, however, is not to condemn the action of our own country in pushing Egypt forward into the Sudan even at this, for her, premature moment. British Ministers, as they themselves admit, have had other things to consider on this occasion besides the interest of Egypt. There was the interest of the Triple Alliance, whom it is our policy to conciliate, in averting any fresh disaster to the Italian arms. There was the interest of Great Britain herself to forestall any other European Power in establishing itself in the centre of the Sudan and adding a fresh complication to the problem, already sufficiently complicated, of our future position in Egypt. Last, but not least, there was the interest of humanity in putting an end to a reign of cruelty in the Sudan more terrible than all the atrocities of the slave-trade. With all these objects in view, and knowing besides that for the sake of Egypt herself the reconquest of the Sudan was ultimately necessary, the British Ministry might well feel justified in urging Egypt to go forward, even before she was financially equal to the task.

But—in justice to Egypt—only on one condition. If we, the trustees of Egypt, use the power of our ward, partly no doubt for her interest, but partly also for our own, and that at a time when in her interest any such costly enterprise should be avoided, then clearly we cannot allow her to

Digitized by Google

bear the whole burden of the untimely effort. That she should share the burden is fair, for she will share the advantage. But to throw it all on her would be most unfair, for the advantage is not wholly hers, and the moment is not hers at all, but ours. Egypt in any case supplies the bulk of the men. She will in any case have to find at least some of the money. But there is a clear limit, beyond which we cannot in justice make her pay, and that is the point, where further payment would create disorder in her finances and throw her administrative machinery out of gear. And, in the absence of any substantial assistance from the Reserve Funds, that point is very easy to reach. It is most necessary for us to realise this, and from the outset to face the fact that, whatever the extent of the Sudan expedition may be, it is this country which will have to defray the lion's share of its cost. No doubt that is an unpleasant prospect for the Ministry. But it is not one which the country at large need contemplate with any great alarm. Nothing indeed would be more idle than, in view of all the uncertainties of the position, to attempt at this moment to make any guess as to the probable cost of the enterprise on which we are now fairly embarked. All that can be said is, that it will be the cheapest course in the long run to make a clean job of it. And even the reconquest of the whole Northern Sudan, if, as now seems possible, it can be effected with Egyptian troops, would not be such a very costly business. A sum which might spell absolute ruin to the Egyptian Government would not, except in the exaggerated language of party warfare, be very momentous to Great Britain. Say that it cost us, in the long run, two, three, or even five millions. No doubt that is a serious figure, and the House and the platform would ring with Radical denunciations of the incredible enormity of such an expenditure. But, after all, have we not made a clear eighteen millions out of the Government of Egypt by buying its most valuable asset at the time of its deepest financial embarrassment?

So much from the point of view of justice. But the necessity of preventing Egypt from falling into fresh financial straits over this Sudan business is forced upon us, not only by a sense of justice, but by the clearest considerations of self-interest. The relapse of Egypt into financial embarrassment and consequent administrative disorder would be in the highest degree discreditable to Great Britain. Our position in that country is legally weak; but as long as we can point to the continuous progress of Egypt under our

Digitized by Google

influence, as long as we can show—as for ten years past we have been able to show—that our presence there is an unmixed blessing to the Egyptians, the position, though legally weak, is morally strong. But if that progress were to cease—if to eight years of growing surpluses were to succeed a series of deficits attributable to a Sudan expedition forced upon Egypt by England—if, instead of adding year by year some new feature to the long list of administrative reforms, we were to omit or curtail first one and then another of those items in the Budget, which represent money spent for the advancement of the people—then the answer of England to those who constantly misrepresent and malign her policy would be gone. We should, by undoing our own work, destroy the very foundations of our position in Egypt, which rests on the general consensus of unprejudiced mankind, that our influence in the Nile Valley has been used unselfishly in the cause of civilisation, and that the community of nations has an interest in its maintenance.

And from a yet lower, but not unimportant point of view, that of the every-day diplomatic intercourse of the Great Powers, we should get into endless difficulties. When the Egyptian Government has a surplus, then Egypt is, in the main, despite all the endless petty vexations arising from the abuse of European privileges, administered by the Egyptian Government. In other words, Egypt with a surplus is, under present circumstances, virtually administered in accordance with the views of Great Britain. But when the Egyptian Government is in a deficit, then the administration of the country is in commission. The Caisse, the Mixed Tribunals, the other interested Powers, any or all of whom may, at a given moment, for reasons wholly irrelevant to Egypt, be disposed to cross and thwart British policy, have endless opportunities of interference. It is only necessary to carry back the mind to the state of things which existed in 1883–84–85, before the London Convention had opened a way of escape for Egypt from her financial embarrassments, and the improvement of the country under British administration had enabled her to avail herself of that way. During those unhappy years progress was almost stopped in Egypt, yet the Egyptian Question was the constant torment of the British Foreign Office, and one of the chief preoccupations of all the Chancelleries of Europe. Surely no British statesman with a memory, however much he might dislike asking Parliament to raise a couple of millions for the Sudan, would not a

Digitized by Google

hundred times sooner do that than face the interminable and dangerous diplomatic complications which a fresh period of Egyptian insolvency would produce.

It comes to this, then, that the success and the justification of the present forward movement in the Sudan depends upon the readiness of the Government and the country to face resolutely the fresh responsibility which it involves. The advance on Dongola was a bold move. Boldly persisted in, it will result in advantage alike to this country, to Egypt, and to the general interests of civilisation. But to insure such a result three things are necessary: that, however gradually we may advance, we should not desist till the barbarous despotism of the Khalifa is a thing of the past; that we should, from the outset, proceed to organise the administration of the reconquered provinces on our own lines; and that, whatever expense their reconquest and reorganisation may involve, we should not allow it to imperil the hardly-won solvency of the Egyptian Government. That may seem a large programme, but there is nothing appalling in the task. The Northern Sudan is ready for a return to civilisation. The flood of fanaticism which once submerged it has subsided. If only the alien tyranny of the Baggara is overthrown, the native tribes of the country will readily and joyfully revert—as indeed they are already reverting—to their allegiance to the Egyptian Government. Under that Government, even in its old unreformed condition, they lived for half a century, not indeed in prosperity and comfort, but in a condition which was happiness itself compared with what they have experienced during the last ten years. With the reformed administration which they will now experience, Egyptian in name, but British in fact, there is no reason why the peace of the country should ever again be seriously disturbed. To maintain the simple form of administration necessary to preserve order and to protect trade, the resources of the country will fully suffice. Some moderate outlay may be necessary to begin with, but, a fair start once made, the Northern Sudan will be self-supporting.

And to some extent the work of reorganisation will be facilitated if Great Britain has been obliged to provide the means of reconquest. If this country finds the money in whole or in part for the recovery of the lost Egyptian provinces, it will be difficult, nay, impossible, for any other Power to object to the arrangements which may be made between us and the Khedive with regard to their future

Digitized by Google

government. It is unnecessary at present to speculate about the details of those arrangements. Suffice it to say that if England, being already responsible for the good government of the Khedive's present dominions, chooses at her own cost to add to them any portion of the Sudan, she will be in a position, which no one can gainsay, to lay down the principles of administration which are to be applied to this reconquered territory. It may seem pedantic to insist on this point, but, as a matter of fact, it is of the greatest possible importance. Egypt, thanks to her administrative incompetence, lost the Sudan; Egypt, unaided, would never have regained it. If Great Britain recovers it for Egypt, she will have the undoubted right to establish in the recovered country an administration consonant with her own ideas of government, unfettered by any of these influences, native or international, which in Egypt itself have hampered, though they have not frustrated, our civilising mission.

The prospect, no doubt, is anything but agreeable to those politicians who disapprove *in toto* of our predominant position in the valley of the Nile. To the responsibilities, which we have already undertaken with regard to Egypt herself, we are about to add the duty of re-establishing civilised government in at least a considerable portion of the Sudan. It is possible indeed to represent this step as a necessary preliminary to our retirement from Egypt. That country, it may be said, was mistress of the Sudan on the day of Tel-el-Kebir. We were bound, before leaving Egypt, to restore to her the territories which belonged to her at the date of our occupation. This was the line of Lord Salisbury's argument in his speech to the Primrose League on April 29. But this line of argument, though diplomatically 'correct,' is in reality the reverse of convincing.

And it is the recognition of this fact which lies at the root of the violent opposition offered to the policy of the Government by a certain school of Radical politicians. To object to that policy on grounds of humanity is preposterous. 'A thousand men,' said Mr. Morley in his speech at Manchester on June 17, 'were killed the other day in Africa'—as though that settled the question. If ten thousand men were killed in the struggle with the Khalifa, it would be a cheap price to pay—from the point of view of humanity—for the overthrow of the ruthless and devastating tyranny which during the past ten years has prevailed throughout the Sudan. No, it is not the death of a number of Dervishes,

Digitized by Google

it is the extension of the influence and of the responsibilities of Great Britain which excites the indignation of the critics of the Government. They would do better to state their objection frankly. It is monstrous to represent the establishment of civilised government in the Sudan as inhuman. It would be perfectly arguable to maintain that it was an unjustifiable addition to the already enormous responsibilities of Great Britain.

But does the reconquest of the Sudan really add so greatly to these responsibilities? The answer to that question depends upon the extent to which we are already committed in Egypt. For this much may safely be asserted, that if we are in any case fixed in Egypt for an indefinite period our position will not be weakened, but strengthened, by overthrowing the hostile power at Khartum, which is a constant menace to that country. If, on the other hand, we are in a position to leave Egypt, either immediately or at some early date, and think it right to do so, then this forward move is a mistake, for it renders subsequent withdrawal more difficult than it would otherwise be.

We are thus brought face to face with the further and the main question—How deeply are we already committed in Egypt, independently of any extension of Egyptian dominion to Dongola or Khartum? And again, are our responsibilities in Egypt, however great, such as we should try gradually to escape from or frankly and fully accept?

To what extent are we committed? Let any intelligent reader take up the latest report of Lord Cromer on 'The 'Finances, Administration, and Condition of Egypt, and the 'Progress of Reforms,'* and answer that question for himself. The report referred to is not like some of those which have preceded it from the same hand, notably that of 1891,† a comprehensive review of the progress of the country over a number of years. It is little more than the record of a single twelvemonth's work. It preaches no doctrine. It seeks to point no moral, yet the moral stares at you from every page.

What is the lesson which the report teaches? That Egypt is steadily advancing on the road of civilisation? That in every branch of her administration, in finance, public works, justice, police, hygiene, hospitals, prisons, there is visible with each succeeding year some new improvement, some further inroad of energy, honesty, and common sense upon

* 'Egypt,' No. 1, 1896. † 'Egypt,' No. 3, 1891.

Digitized by Google

the old administrative lethargy, ineptitude, and corruption? That lesson no doubt may be learnt from Lord Cromer's pages, but it is one with which we have by this time become tolerably familiar. There is something else which must strike every observant reader of this unpretentious narrative, something which is not yet so fully realised in this country, but which is of the greatest importance to our present inquiry. Egypt is progressing rapidly—we all know that—but how is she progressing? What is the motive power in this incessant forward movement? How are humane and intelligent methods of government devised, introduced, sustained?

The answer may not be encouraging, but it is perfectly clear. The motive power is all from without. Reforms, moral and material alike, have to be imposed upon a people which does not understand them, always begins by suspecting them, and, even when rejoicing in their results, still fails to grasp the connexion between the effects which it welcomes and the alien methods by which they have been brought about.

Wherever you look it is the same story. The report deals at length with the improvements which have been effected in the administration of the provinces. For many years there was no improvement to chronicle in this respect, only incessant changes and unsettlement, one unsuitable system jostling with another till no one, from the governor of a province down to the village headman, knew what he was about. At length, in 1894, things came to a crisis. After the usual struggle an English Adviser was imported into the hitherto purely native Ministry of the Interior. From that moment light began to dawn upon the chaos. The powers of the various local authorities—Mudirs, Mamurs, and Police—were properly defined. The authority of the Omdehs, or village headmen, was subjected to certain limits, but within those limits it was legalised and confirmed. Instead of an irregular, arbitrary power, at once oppressive and inefficient, they now have clearly recognised functions, and as long as these functions are duly performed they enjoy valuable privileges. Responsibility is fixed. Rewards or punishments follow with something like certainty upon the manner in which it is discharged. Above all, selection by merit has now become the rule in appointing to all vacancies in the provincial administration. The nucleus is being formed of a native Civil Service, into which men are introduced on the ground of fitness, and in which pro-

Digitized by Google

motion will be by regular steps and dependent on the faithful discharge of duty.

All this is only common sense—the application to Egypt of principles approved by the experience of every civilised nation. Yet every step in the process was taken in the first instance in the teeth of native opposition, and so it will be with every future step of the same kind. The hope that the success of our past reforms will disarm prejudice against fresh changes proceeding from the same source has so far not been realised. Indeed it was never a reasonable hope. The habits of mind of a people alter slowly, and the methods of Western civilisation are alien to Egyptian habits of mind. In time, no doubt, if Egypt is allowed to live on under this imported European system, even the mental attitude of her inhabitants will gradually be modified by the permanent change in the external conditions of their life. But who, with the whole history of the East, with our own experience in India before him, can expect that transformation to be anything but a gradual one?

Our experience with regard to the reform of provincial administration is only a replica of what happened in the reform of justice. In an appendix to Lord Cromer's report, the Judicial Adviser to the Khedive, Sir John Scott, deals with the fortunes of his own department during the past year. In doing so he has occasion to refer specially to the good effects of two recent changes in the judicial system—the extension of summary jurisdiction by the multiplication of single-judge courts for small cases, and the creation of a Committee of Judicial Surveillance. He does not go on to say—what, nevertheless, will be within the memory of all who have followed the recent history of Egypt—that both these measures, which have proved so productive of good results, as well as the appointment of Sir John Scott himself, which was the beginning of all judicial reform, were violently opposed at the outset alike by the native bureaucracy, the native bench, and native public opinion.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the same kind from other portions of the report. But space compels us to confine ourselves to one more, perhaps the most striking of all. If there is any department of the Egyptian administration in which the success of the British controllers has been uniform and generally recognised, it is Irrigation. Moreover, the Anglo-Indian engineers, to whom that success is due, are personally popular. They are better known in every corner of Egypt than any other Europeans. The benefits

Digitized by Google

they have bestowed upon the country are palpable to the humblest fellah, and for these benefits men of all classes are sincerely grateful. Indeed, some of the British Irrigation officers enjoy a personal influence among the people, which no other member of the governing class, native or foreign, can equal. And yet almost all the great reforms which these officers have introduced, and to the good effects of which they owe this unique influence, were in the first instance opposed by native opinion. If popular approval had been necessary for their adoption, they would never have been carried out. And the heads of the Irrigation Department are evidently prepared for similar opposition in the future. Mr. Garstin, the Under-Secretary of State for Public Works, whose report for 1895, like Sir John Scott's, appears as an appendix to that of Lord Cromer, refers in a tone of grave warning to the danger of a deterioration of the soil of Egypt in consequence of the abuse of the opportunities of irrigation.

'A high-water level maintained in the canals,' he writes, 'tends to increase infiltration, and, by saturating the soil, to deteriorate it by slow but sure degrees. The habits of the Egyptian cultivator also assist in aggravating this evil. He takes no account of the amount of water actually necessary to insure the satisfactory maturing of his crop. Wherever he finds the water available, he deluges his field with it, and the soil is not only speedily caked by the rays of the sun, but eventually becomes sour, and loses, to a large extent, its productive powers.'

To check this evil the Public Works Department are considering the introduction during the winter and autumn months of 'a regular system of rotating the canals into 'fixed periods of high and low level.' Such a system, Mr. Garstin maintains, would be of material benefit to the land for more than one reason. But he is under no illusions as to the reception which the change will meet with from the people, who have so many reasons for putting confidence in the good judgement of the Irrigation Department.

'The introduction of such a system,' he continues, '*will doubtless at first raise an outcry.* It is to be hoped that the majority of landowners will in time understand the object of the measure, and appreciate its benefit. Those who do not must be *saved from themselves*, even if against their will.'

Saved from themselves! These three words sum up the essence of all our work for the benefit of the Egyptian people. If this is true even of irrigation, a matter comparatively simple, physical, within the understanding and daily experi-

Digitized by Google

ence of every peasant, how much more is it applicable to the complicated intellectual and moral issues involved in the reform of justice and of education, or in the gradual eradication of all the inveterate vices of a corrupt Oriental administration. The truth is—we had better make up our minds to it—civilisation is still an exotic in Modern Egypt. No doubt it has its native votaries, and they are an increasing number. But the time has not yet come—it is not yet even visible in the dimmest distance—when native energies will be adequate to sustain it. Take away the external influence which has imposed, and which is still constantly obliged to defend, the reformed system, and not only will there be an end of progress, but the work already accomplished will surely, if slowly, and perhaps not even slowly, crumble away.

The clear recognition of that fact is the 'beginning of 'wisdom' for the British people in considering the course of their future policy in the valley of the Nile. We have been too apt to hide the true state of the case from ourselves and from others out of anxiety to disclaim any selfish designs with regard to Egypt. Our object, we have declared over and over again, is not to keep Egypt for ourselves, but to enable her gradually to dispense with our guidance. As the best proof of our sincerity, we are fond of pointing to the fact that we have not sought to multiply English functionaries, but, wherever possible, have made use of Egyptian agents in the work of reform which we have initiated. Our best efforts, so runs our apologia, have been directed to educating the natives, whether in the Army, the Courts, or the Civil Service, so that they may be able to carry on that work for themselves, and the number of such educated natives is constantly on the increase.

All this is true, but it is not the whole truth. There is another side to the question, which, in order to avoid irritating French jealousy or hurting Egyptian feelings, it is thought politic to suppress. And so statements in themselves true, but partial, are allowed to create a false impression upon those who cannot read between the lines. 'If,' says the uninitiated reader, 'this work of educating the 'Egyptians in civilised methods and ideas is going on apace, 'then surely the time must be approaching when the people 'thus disciplined can be left to work out its own salvation 'without external aid. That time may not actually be close 'at hand, but it must at least be appreciably nearer than 'when the process of "teaching the Egyptians to govern

Digitized by Google

'"themselves" first commenced.' It is painful to have to dispel these agreeable inferences, but no one who knows Egypt really believes that the fabric of reformed government could now stand, or will at any measurable distance of time be able to stand, without the continued protection of the power that reared it. The plant, to adapt an old metaphor of Lord Salisbury's, is of too tender a growth to be able to dispense with the fostering care of the gardener. This would be the case even if Egypt were, except for British interference, an independent country. But the difficulty of Egyptian self-government is indefinitely increased by the anomalous privileges of every kind enjoyed within her borders by a host of foreigners of various nationalities. To govern in accordance with civilised principles a people still so backward as the mass of the Egyptians, and that in the face of all the delicate questions requiring infinite judgement, patience, and diplomacy for their solution, which arise from the suzerainty of Turkey and the quasi-tutelage of fourteen foreign Powers, is one of the most difficult political problems to be found anywhere in the world. To deal with it successfully would be utterly beyond the power of the civilised section of Egyptian society, were its numbers ever so much greater, its civilisation ever so much more ingrained, than they actually are. No doubt Lord Cromer's principle of 'European heads and Egyptian 'hands' will be carried more and more into practice as time goes on. It is possible to imagine, though even that is still far off, a reformed Egypt in which the actual work of administration would be almost wholly done, and well done, by natives. What it is impossible to imagine is a reformed Egypt, in which a purely native administration could successfully resist the encroachments of privileged aliens, the ignorant prejudices of the mass of the people and the selfish rapacity of the pasha class, without external support. That support need not always take the form of an army of occupation. The form of it may vary. The important thing is, that in some form or other it should always be known to be there. As long as the inhabitants of Egypt—native and foreign—believe that the same power which created the reformed system is still determined to uphold it, that system will stand. When they cease to have that belief, the system will begin to totter. Do what we will, Great Britain cannot escape from the burden of supporting it unless she is prepared to see it fall.

The choice before us is therefore still the old choice,

Digitized by Google

precisely the same which lay before us in the first days of the Occupation, unaltered by all the efforts and all the success of the intervening years. The alternative which then presented itself was Retirement or Reform, and it was an inexorable alternative. British statesmen did not like to face it. They foresaw correctly all the embarrassments which would result from our remaining in Egypt; yet they felt, on the other hand, the impossibility of leaving her just to welter on in increasing misery and disorganisation. And so they sought a middle course. They desired to retire, but they desired first to reform. As a matter of fact the pursuit of the latter object was bound to conflict with the attainment of the former. We have now been reforming for fourteen years, but retirement is not one whit nearer. Indeed, in some respects, it is more difficult to wash our hands of Egypt to-day than it would have been directly after Tel-el-Kebir. For to do so now would involve the sacrifice of all that has been achieved in the interval—a prospect which the British nation, proud as it is of the results of the British *régime* in Egypt, would never contemplate with equanimity.

But while the abandonment by Great Britain of her predominant influence has become not less but more difficult, the embarrassments arising from the exercise of that influence show no signs of diminishing. The hope that France might in time become reconciled to the existing state of affairs has so far been absolutely disappointed. It is not as if we had not done everything in our power to mitigate the annoyance caused to France by the spectacle of English predominance in the Nile valley. Over and over again we have sacrificed our own advantage—nay, more, we have sacrificed the good of Egypt, and at times gone near to imperilling the success of our whole work there, in order to allay French suspicions or to appease French jealousy. It has all been in vain. The supremacy of Great Britain in the Nile valley involves constant and very serious friction between this country and France.

And even that is not the end of the difficulty. Apart entirely from the peculiar irritation which it causes to France, our guardianship in Egypt is under present conditions a source of diplomatic weakness to us. That country is one in which a number of Powers have certain rights of interference recognised by international agreements. These rights of interference are no doubt reduced to narrow limits as long as the Egyptian Government is not short of money and the country prosperous and orderly. But in a greater or less degree

Digitized by Google

they always exist, and they are a weapon of some importance in the hands of any Power which may have reasons of its own for wishing to bring pressure to bear upon Great Britain. It is needless to go farther afield to seek for illustrations of such a contingency. We have only to consider what would have happened if our quarrel with Germany over the Transvaal—now happily in the course of being allayed—had led, we will not say to war, but to prolonged diplomatic tension between the two countries. The first thing Germany would have done would have been to range herself on the side of France and Russia in Egypt. The Egyptian Government would then no longer have been able to count on a majority of the Caisse, and a majority of the Caisse friendly to the Government, if not absolutely indispensable, is yet of great importance to the smooth working of Egyptian administration, and to the progress of reforms. The danger has for the moment been averted, but it is not removed. It is always possible that Germany, when she has any serious difficulty with England, may be tempted to turn the Egyptian screw. And the power thus possessed by Germany is possessed by others, though they may be less likely to use it. As long as we remain responsible for the administration of Egypt we give in a sense hostages for our good behaviour to every State which is in a position to worry the Egyptian Government. And that is a privilege not confined to the Great Powers. In a lesser degree it belongs even to the minor Powers, which enjoy the benefit of the Capitulations, and it may be used for our annoyance, not only by France or Germany, but by Spain, by Portugal, or by Greece.

And, lastly, our position in Egypt weakens our influence at Constantinople. We mention this point lest we should seem to have forgotten it; but in our own view it is of greatly inferior importance to those already referred to. No doubt it is unpleasant for the British Ambassador at Constantinople that, whenever he is trying to induce the Porte or the Sultan to follow British advice, he is liable to be met with some reference to Egypt. But the experience of recent years has shown that the likelihood of Turkey taking our advice, or any good advice, is in any case extremely remote. What the Turkish Government understands is force. When the suggestions of the British Ambassador seem to have force behind them, the Turkish Government will listen, a little less civilly perhaps, but no less attentively, because of our presence in Egypt. And, on

Digitized by Google

the other hand, even were we to come out of Egypt, any suggestions of ours to Turkey, unless supported by force, would still be disregarded, though perhaps in a rather more courteous manner than they might be to-day. It is evidently not worth while to sacrifice any substantial object of British policy to such an *ignis fatuus* as the hope of gaining a hold on the present Turkish Government. And as for the Turkish people, if ever they were to become a factor in politics, what reason should they have to resent our action in Egypt? What we have done for the Egyptians is just what the Turks, as a people, would wish to do for themselves, if only they had the initiative and the opportunity. With a reformed Turkey—if such a thing be possible—it might some day be of the highest importance for Great Britain to ally herself. But it is not to the party of reform in Turkey that our presence in Egypt is, or ever would be, objectionable. The Turkish argument therefore may for present purposes be put aside. The real difficulties arising out of our Egyptian policy are felt not at Constantinople, but in Paris, and to some extent in other civilised capitals. And those difficulties we have no wish whatever to underrate.

It is indeed impossible not to feel the great awkwardness of the situation. But the answer to it all is that we cannot get rid of Egypt altogether, even by abandoning that position of authority which alone enables us to keep her in the path of order and progress. By such abandonment we should be sacrificing the interests of the Egyptians without freeing ourselves from the incubus of the Egyptian Question. If indeed we could wash our hands of the country altogether, withdraw not only our troops but our administrators and the English officers in the Egyptian army, and make up our minds that we should for ever and a day trouble our heads as little about the internal condition of Egypt as we do about that of Peru, then our national responsibilities would be materially reduced. Such a course would be superlatively selfish, but it would at least effectually lighten the ship. But such a course has no advocates. No one even suggests that Great Britain can afford to be absolutely indifferent to the fate of Egypt. To let that country relapse into disorder and barbarism, however discreditable, might from a purely selfish point of view be regarded as a possible policy. But what is not possible, consistently with the protection of our most vital imperial interests, is to let her fall into the hands of another Great Power. And

Digitized by Google

the only sure, as well as the only honourable, way of preventing such a catastrophe is to keep Egypt from slipping back into such a condition of misgovernment as would tempt, if it did not necessitate, foreign intervention. But this involves either the continuance of the virtual protectorate of Great Britain or the substitution of some other form of protectorate, such as the Dual Control of Great Britain and France or the Multiple Control of all the Great Powers. Yet if we are to be responsible for Egypt at all, it is far safer and easier to be solely responsible. A Dual Control, a Multiple Control, would be just as much fraught —nay, more fraught—with dangers of international complications than the sole control of Great Britain, and it would be far less efficient for the purpose of securing the prosperity and peace of Egypt.

It must never be forgotten that our difficulties in that country did not begin with the bombardment of the forts outside Alexandria. They began with the breakdown of the native government under Ismail Pasha, a breakdown precipitated by Ismail's personal misdemeanours, but inevitable in any case as intercourse with Europe grew closer, and the solvent of European ideas came to be powerfully applied to the secular stagnation of Mahommedan Egypt. We have had many troubles over Egypt since the Occupation, notably in 'the years of gloom,' 1883, 1884, and 1885. But we have never had such troubles or run such risks as during 1881 and the spring of 1882, nor has civilisation in Egypt ever stood in such imminent peril. No embarrassments which our present position may cause us are to be compared for a moment with the embarrassment and the danger which would result from the recurrence of such a state of things. And there is only one way by which its recurrence can certainly be prevented, and that is by leaving order and civilisation in Egypt under the guardianship of a single Great Power. For as long as a single Power is responsible for the peace of Egypt any possible disturbers of that peace will hesitate to push things to extremes. But if the responsibility were divided they would always hope—and in view of the impotence of the 'concert of Europe' in other quarters they would surely hope with reason—that the mutual jealousy of the protecting Powers would paralyse them all. Under such circumstances, with Egypt once more, as in 1881, fast sliding into chaos, and with France and England, and probably in this instance not only France and England, at daggers drawn as to the means by which to save her, could we expect a second

Digitized by Google

time to get out of the difficulty with the same marvellous luck which we had in 1882? Surely it would be tempting Providence rather too wantonly to expose ourselves and Europe to the repetition of such an imbroglio.

Yet some perplexity of that kind would be the possible, nay probable, outcome of the substitution of any international guardianship for the present sole guardianship of England. And not only that, but in order to substitute the worse for the better system we should have to pass through a period of transition which would itself be full of difficulty and peril. The virtual guardianship of England, however unauthorised, is a reality, and, more than that, it is a proved and brilliant success. The only possible alternative, on the other hand, is a mere hazy idea, without form and void. To give shape and substance to it would require long and complicated negotiations, and possibly involve a European Conference. But there is probably no nation, except France, which would enter a Conference on the Egyptian Question without deep uneasiness.

The idol, we might almost say the fetish, of European diplomacy at the present moment is the *status quo*. So deeply impressed are all the Powers with the danger of disturbing existing political relations, however unsatisfactory, that they agree to tolerate hideous and threatening evils, like the condition of Armenia and other parts of Turkey, rather than risk the general conflagration which might result from attempting to put an end to them. While that is the general attitude, can anything be madder than to propose to disturb the *status quo* in Egypt, which is not only not an evil, but the greatest possible blessing, alike to the natives and to all the legitimate European interests in the country? France, no doubt, is hostile to the *status quo*, and as her hostility is based on sentiment rather than on reason, she may be expected to grasp at any opportunity of upsetting it, though the material advantage to herself, if she were to succeed in the attempt, is far from clear. And, in order to oblige France, it is possible, though by no means certain, that Russia may make a move in the matter. But Russian statesmen have many nearer preoccupations, and though they may feel bound to demonstrate their good will to their French allies by proposing a Conference, or otherwise harassing us, it may be doubted whether they would be ready to go to any great lengths in a question which is of little direct interest to their own country. That Russia should join France in going to war about Egypt—if indeed

Digitized by Google

France herself were prepared for so rash an enterprise—is more than unlikely, especially as it would be no easy matter even for the combined power of the two nations to turn us out of a country which is commanded from the sea. In face of a resolute attitude on the part of Great Britain, proposals to disturb the *status quo*, from whatever quarter they might emanate, would probably end in smoke. If, on the other hand, we allowed ourselves to be frightened out of our present position, the consequent unsettlement would not improbably end in war.

We have dwelt at length upon the negative advantages of the policy of retaining our control over Egypt, for no doubt the chief reason for clinging to our present position, with all its drawbacks, is that any other possible arrangement would be worse. But we must not be held to admit that there are no positive advantages arising to Great Britain from her predominance in the Nile valley. And these advantages are not only material. The success of Great Britain in the difficult task of raising Egypt from the depth of misgovernment and misery to her present comparatively high degree of prosperity and order has gained for us an amount of moral credit which it is difficult to overestimate, and it is of capital importance to the reputation of this country that that credit should be maintained. With the sole exception of the French, whom on this question no one regards as impartial judges, we have the testimony of all civilised mankind to the value of the results which have been achieved. It is no small matter to have played so successful a part on so conspicuous a stage. Egypt is one of the best-known countries in the world. Travellers from every corner of the earth flock there in increasing numbers. The work which England has done in Egypt is beginning to be understood and appreciated, not only throughout Europe, but in America, and wherever it is understood it adds to the prestige of the country by which it has been accomplished. It is a solid advantage that Great Britain should have given to all the world this new proof of her peculiar gift of ruling backward races, and guiding them firmly, but without violence and without tyranny, along the path of progress. It is hardly less important that the British officers of the Egyptian army should once more have demonstrated what Englishmen of a certain class can do in making trustworthy soldiers out of material apparently so unreliable as the fellahs of Egypt or the blacks of the Sudan. The lesson of

Digitized by Google

that achievement will not be lost upon our rivals, especially when it is borne in mind that Great Britain is peculiarly rich in the class of men who make such officers, and has in her Asiatic and African dominions an unlimited supply of fighting material, which British officers know how to train.

Thus, after making every allowance for the drawbacks involved in the maintenance of our virtual protectorate over Egypt, there still appears to be an overwhelming case against abandoning it. But if that be so, and if, as seems increasingly evident, the British people are now determined not to surrender their control over the destinies of Egypt, has not the time come for clearly announcing that determination? What possible advantage can there be in attempting to hide our resolutions from the world, or to meet the inquiries, which France is sure to make from time to time, as to the date of our withdrawal, with the old shuffling excuses?

It would surely be less dishonest to say at once that we find we are unable to do what we have so often declared that we were going to do, than to keep on repeating that we mean to do it, when we have not the least idea when or how. No doubt our declarations about withdrawal, absolutely sincere when first made, are very difficult to get over. But they will not become less difficult by being repeated now, when they have ceased to be sincere. And awkward as is the situation which we have created for ourselves by these rash declarations, it is possible to escape from it without dishonour if we would even now face it boldly and tell the simple truth. The truth is that at the time when we declared that we were going to leave Egypt as soon as we had restored order we did contemplate early withdrawal. We had not then the least idea of the magnitude of the task we had undertaken. But we soon found that to restore any order worthy of the name, any order that would last six months after the withdrawal of British bayonets, it was necessary to reform the administration of Egypt root and branch. And now that we have reformed it, we have learnt another lesson—namely, that the maintenance of the reformed system and of the order based upon it is only possible on one condition. That condition is that the Power which has restored prosperity and created good government in Egypt should for a length of time, of which it is quite impossible to foresee the limit, continue to watch over its work. And from that duty, the abandonment of which would be disastrous to Egypt and dangerous to the general peace, we

Digitized by Google

are determined not to shrink. We know more than we did when we made our original declarations, and in consequence of our greater experience we have changed our minds. Let the man or the nation, which has never gone back upon its word by the light of greater knowledge, cast the first stone.

No doubt, if any other nation had done anything upon the faith of our original declarations, which it would not otherwise have done—if we had, to use legal language, received any good consideration for them—then they might be regarded as honourably binding on us, however inconvenient, however mischievous, their fulfilment would be. Others having kept their part of the bargain, we should have been bound to keep ours. But, as a matter of fact, there never was a bargain with anybody. No nation can say that it was misled to its hurt by the course we have pursued. Nor is there, except in a single quarter, any disposition to reproach us, ready as foreign nations generally are to accuse us of perfidy, with bad faith in respect of Egypt. On the contrary, the services we have rendered in that country are acknowledged, the force of the considerations which have made us deviate from our original intention is admitted, by the generality of mankind. And the one nation which is constantly casting our declarations in our teeth—declarations, be it observed, that were not made specially to that nation, but to the world at large—is precisely the one which has the least right to complain of our conduct. It was France which first dragged us into a policy of active intervention in Egypt by means of the Joint Note of January 1882. It was France which, when the moment came to give effect to that warning, ran away and left us to do the work alone. When the fight was over, and we began the weary task of re-establishing order in Egypt, France instantly set to work to hamper and thwart us by every means in her power, and from that day to this whatever we have done for the good of Egypt has been done in the face of French opposition. Finally, when in 1887, after an endless course of weary negotiations, we had arrived at an arrangement with the Sultan, under which our military occupation of Egypt would ere now have come to an end, France once more stepped in, and by the vehemence of her menaces induced him to refuse to ratify the Convention he had agreed to. For the fact that British troops are in Egypt to-day France has no one to thank but herself. If, after all this, any Englishman feels serious compunction

Digitized by Google

because France is able to confront us with declarations about Egypt—not a whit stronger than those which she has herself made about Tunis, and of which we do not even take the trouble to remind her—his conscience must be sensitive indeed.

But if France has no moral right to hold us to the fulfilment of our first ill-considered professions, she certainly is entitled, if only on the ground of courtesy, to be frankly told what our real intentions are, now that we have had time enough and to spare to realise all the conditions of the problem. It is naturally maddening to the French to be treated like children, and put off again and again with these musty assurances with which in our deeds we do not even pretend to conform. Moreover, the abandonment of mystification, the plain avowal of what our action in Egypt really means, would be of great assistance to us in the discharge of our difficult task there. It must always be a principal aim of British policy, in its attempt to effect the maximum of improvement in Egypt, to free the Government of that country from some of those international fetters which so seriously hamper progress, and especially from the complicated and now wholly superfluous restrictions imposed on its financial freedom. With the guarantee which the control of Great Britain affords to the creditors of Egypt, the elaborate system invented to check the extravagance and dishonesty of her native rulers has become a useless incumbrance. It is unnecessary from the point of view of the bondholders, and it is a formidable hindrance to the developement of the resources of the country. But how can we even ask the Powers to modify that system, unless we are prepared to say in unequivocal language that we mean to remain responsible for the good government of Egypt and for the fulfilment of her international obligations? If that assurance were given, there is no reason whatever why the provisions with respect to the debt should not be rendered absolutely simple—a sum sufficient to cover interest and a liberal sinking fund remaining a first charge on the 'assigned' revenues, while the balance of those revenues and all the rest of the annual income of Egypt went straight into the Treasury, to be applied as the Government thought fit. It may be said that France would never agree to such a simplification, and we do not for a moment suggest that France would easily or at once agree. But the point is that, until our own intentions are made perfectly clear, we cannot even begin to move in the desired direction. At

Digitized by Google

present France clings desperately to every shred of international control in Egypt, because she hopes by these means to worry England into withdrawal. If it were once realised that the effort was hopeless, even France might be willing to surrender weapons which may indeed be used to the detriment of Egypt, and the use of which may make France odious in Egyptian eyes, but which are quite ineffectual for the purpose for which alone she employs them.

And, finally, the clear declaration of our intentions is necessary before we can hope to regularise our own position in Egypt. At present we are usurpers. However beneficent our authority, it is devoid of all legal title. The want of any international recognition of our virtual protectorate is a serious weakness, and lies at the root of all our embarrassments. As long as we cannot obtain that recognition we must go on as we are, but it should be a constant object of our policy to obtain it as soon as we can. Here again it may be said that France will never consent. But never is a long time, and France is not everybody. Moreover, it is doubtful whether even France would in the long run prove hopelessly intractable if frankly dealt with. The policy for which we have been contending would no doubt be very distasteful to France, and its enunciation might in the first instance evoke a vigorous protest on her part. But that policy after all is nothing like so bad, from her point of view, as the objects which the French believe us to be pursuing. They believe that we are cunningly paving the way for the annexation of Egypt. But the British people, if we read their mind aright, have no wish to annex Egypt. They do mean to remain responsible for her security and good government. They are determined not to let the work of the last fourteen years be undermined or overthrown, and they will not tolerate interference with it from any quarter. Now that is a policy to which the majority of the Powers are already tacitly consenting, and in which even France may ultimately be willing to acquiesce. No doubt she would prefer that we should renounce any predominance whatever in Egypt; but if that were clearly hopeless she might see more wisdom in joining with others to recognise the exceptional rights which our exceptional sacrifices have given us than in advertising her impotence by barren protests and ineffectual acts of annoyance. And, on the other hand, in order to ensure general recognition of our position as protectors of Egypt, there are many concessions, important from the point of view of French sentiment, which we

Digitized by Google

could afford to make. No doubt to arrive at any understanding with France would be a work of great difficulty. It might take a long time; but it is not hopeless if we can once make up our minds to let France and Europe know what we really mean. In the discussions which are sure to arise, both at home and abroad, with regard to the Sudan campaign and the questions arising out of it—questions like that of the powers of the Caisse or the extent of the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals—we shall have ample opportunities of making our objects and intentions clear. It is of importance that we should use them to free our diplomatic attitude with regard to the Egyptian Question from that evasiveness and ambiguity with which it has hitherto not unnaturally been reproached.

No. CCCLXXVIII. will be published in October.

Digitized by Google

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. CCCLXXVIII.

ART. I.—1. *Histoire du Second Empire.* Par PIERRE DE LA GORCE. Tomes I–III. Paris: 1894–96.

2. *Mémoires du Duc de Persigny.* Par M. H. DE LAIRE, Cte. d'Espagny. Paris: 1896.

3. *Souvenirs Militaires,* 1866–1870. Par le Général LEBRUN. Paris: 1895.

MORE than twenty-six years have passed since a crushing defeat suddenly terminated the existence of the Second Empire. A whole generation has since grown up to manhood. Only a few of the men who stood round the throne of the third Napoleon survive. The events of his reign have already become matters of history; and as, in M. Guizot's phrase, the history of 'the day before yesterday' is always imperfectly known, the policy of Napoleon III. is probably less familiar to many people than that of Napoleon I., and the character of the nephew than that of the uncle. Yet the last few years have done much to unveil the plots and counterplots which occurred and recurred during the whole course of the Second Empire. One by one the men who advised the sovereign have contributed to our knowledge of the past. We are no longer dependent on Victor Hugo's impassioned 'Histoire d'un Crime' to appreciate the circumstances in which the Empire had its birth. We know more than M. Zola knew when he wrote the 'Débâcle' of the causes which produced the final catastrophe at Sedan. During the last few months especially the publication of M. de la Gorce's 'Histoire du Second Empire'—a work which has been crowned by the French Academy—of M. de Persigny's

Digitized by Google

'Memoirs,' of General Lebrun's 'Recollections,' and of M. Émile Ollivier's reminiscences in the 'Revue des Deux 'Mondes,' has thrown new, and in some respects strange, light on many of the events of the period. We ought, in consequence, to be able to sum up the results of the reign, and to weigh the character of the sovereign, without being misled either by the passions or prejudices which affected contemporary writers a quarter of a century ago; and we propose, accordingly, to devote a few pages to the task, with the aid of the books to which we have referred, and whose titles we have placed at the head of this article.

In order that we may fairly appreciate the events to which we shall have to allude we must try to recall the circumstances in which Napoleon rose to the presidency of the French Republic in 1848. At that time a wave of revolution was sweeping over Europe. The election of a Liberal Pope, at the close of 1846, had stimulated the hopes of all those who were opposed to autocratic government. A feverish desire for change was affecting almost every nationality in Europe, and it was inevitable that a movement which was already causing disorder in Italy, and which was about to produce civil war in Austria, and a Chartist demonstration in London, should excite the susceptible population of France. Louis Philippe had reigned over the French people for nearly eighteen years. He had in M. Guizot one of the best-instructed and best-intentioned of modern statesmen as his adviser. All that was most respectable in the respectable middle class was in favour of the monarch and his minister. But France has never been governed for any lengthened period by the bourgeoisie, and no other class had any enthusiasm for Louis Philippe. Legitimists were still desiring the return of the legitimate representative of the Bourbons. The people were still longing for popular government. M. Guizot's sober policy and reasoned utterances failed to impress the imagination. 'The whole system of the Cabinet' (so a Deputy complained) 'may be summed up in the words, '"Nothing, nothing, nothing."' A policy of 'nothing' could not resist the force of a strong popular movement, and a demonstration, which might probably have been suppressed by a little activity, produced the fall of the minister and the flight of the monarch.

We need not recapitulate at any length the events of the succeeding ten months. The brilliant episode of Lamartine's

Digitized by Google

administration, the terrible rising of the Red Republicans in June, and the presidency of Cavaignac—all these things resulted, in some sort or other, in failure; and these failures led directly to the election of a Napoleon. Since the overthrow of the First Empire, France, in fact, had tried aristocratic government and hereditary monarchy, and had parted from both at the Revolution of July. She had tried middle-class government and constitutional monarchy, and had parted from both at the Revolution of 1848. She had tried popular government and republican institutions, and both had been discredited by the failure of Lamartine and the bloodshed of June. A terror of the Reds threw the friends of order together, and, as the two branches of the Bourbon family were impossible, induced them to concur in the election of the Prince who represented the achievements of the First Empire.

At the time of Louis Napoleon's election to the presidency there were many Frenchmen who had raised themselves to eminence by their abilities. Whatever may be the case in our own time, France in 1848 had no dearth of great men. In Victor Hugo she had a great man of letters, in Arago a great man of science, in De Tocqueville a great political thinker. But besides these men, whose temperaments and whose studies hardly fitted them to play a leading part in a great crisis, she had many others who had raised themselves to distinction in the field, in the Senate, and in the public service. M. Thiers was exercising a profound influence by his knowledge, his patriotism, and his oratory. M. Lamartine, during his brief administration, had impressed the charm of his genius on the nation; and M. Cavaignac had won many adherents by his ability and his character. In addition to these Marshal Bugeaud, the conqueror of Algeria, and General Changarnier, who held the command in Paris, had raised themselves to the front rank by their military capacity. France, therefore, was in no need of a new man. She had men of her own, of proved merit, qualified to fill the first place in her new Republic. And, till the eleventh hour, it seemed certain that the voice of France would be raised in favour of one of them. The Chamber had been just elected by universal suffrage; and M. Emile Ollivier has lately told us that, if the election of a President had been entrusted to the Chamber, more than two-thirds of its votes would have been cast in favour of Cavaignac.

Yet the name of Napoleon, and the memories of the First Empire, proved more potent factors than the oratory of Thiers

Digitized by Google

Memoirs of General Lebrun's 'Recollections,' and of M. Emile Ollivier's reminiscences in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' has thrown new, and in some respects strange, light on many of the events of the period. We ought, in consequence, to be able to sum up the results of the reign, and to weigh the character of the sovereign, without being misled either by the passions or prejudices which affected contemporary writers a quarter of a century ago; and we propose, accordingly, to devote a few pages to the task, with the aid of the books to which we have referred and whose titles we have placed at the head of this article.

In order that we may fairly appreciate the events to which we shall have to allude we must try to recall the circumstances in which Napoleon rose to the presidency of the French Republic in 1848. At that time a wave of revolution was sweeping over Europe. The election of a Liberal Pope, at the close of 1846, had stimulated the hopes of all those who were opposed to autocratic government. A feverish desire for change was affecting almost every nationality in Europe, and it was inevitable that a movement which was already causing disorder in Italy, and which was about to produce civil war in Austria, and a Chartist demonstration in London, should excite the susceptible population of France. Louis Philippe had reigned over the French people for nearly eighteen years. He had in M. Guizot one of the best-instructed and best-intentioned of modern statesmen as his adviser. All that was most respectable in the respectable middle class was in favour of the monarch and his minister. But France has never been governed for any lengthened period [illegible] the bourgeoisie, and no other class had any enth[illegible] Louis Philippe. Legitimists were still desiri[illegible] of the legitimate representative of the [illegible] people were still longing for popular governm[illegible] sober policy and reasoned utterances fo[illegible] imagination. 'The whole system of [illegible] Deputy complained) 'may be summ[illegible] "Nothing, nothing, nothing."' [illegible] could not resist the force of a s[illegible] and a demonstration, which m[illegible] suppressed by a little activity [illegible] minister and the flight of the [illegible]

We need not recapitul[illegible] succeeding ten months

Digitized by Google

[illegible] rising of the Red Republicans [illegible] Cavaignac—all these things [illegible] other, in failure; and these failures [illegible] election of a Napoleon. Since the [illegible] Empire, France, in [illegible] had [illegible] and hereditary [illegible] Revolution of July. [illegible] and constitutional [illegible] the Revolution of 1848. She had [illegible] and republican institutions, and [illegible] by the failure of Lamartine and [illegible] A terror of the Reds threw the [illegible] and, as the two branches of the [illegible] impossible, induced them to concur in [illegible] who represented the achievements [illegible]

[illegible] Louis Napoleon's election to the presi- [illegible] there were many Frenchmen who had raised them- [illegible] to eminence by their abilities. Whatever may be the [illegible] in our own time, France in 1848 had no dearth of great men. In Victor Hugo she had a great man of letters, in Arago a great man of science, in De Tocqueville a great political thinker. But besides these men, whose tempera- ments and whose studies hardly fitted them to play a leading part in a great crisis, she had many others who had raised themselves to distinction in the field, in the Senate, and in the public service. M. Thiers was exercising a profound influence by his knowledge, his patriotism, and his oratory. M. Lamartine, during his brief administration, had impressed the charm of his genius on [illegible] and M. Cavaignac had won many adherents [illegible] In addition to these M[illegible] and his character, Algeria, and General C[illegible] the conqueror of in Paris, had raised t[illegible] held the command military capacity. F[illegible] rank by their [illegible] She had [illegible] no need of a [illegible] merit, quali- [illegible] And, till the [illegible] France would [illegible] had been [illegible] Louis Olivier [illegible] President had [illegible] of the [illegible]

Digitized by Google

or the character of Cavaignac. From the moment that the Prince returned to France, and took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, his chances steadily improved. If he had not anything to offer, he was ready to offer everything. To those who had been alarmed by the outbreak of revolution he promised order; to the Catholics, the protection of religion; to the Liberals, religious liberty. He assured the friends of peace that peace was the first of his desires; he assured the patriots that his desire for peace would not prevent him from pursuing a resolute foreign policy.

'Je me dévouerai sans arrière-pensée à l'affermissement d'une république sage par ses lois, honnête par ses intentions, grande et forte par ses actes. Je mettrai mon honneur à laisser, au bout de quatre ans, à mon successeur le pouvoir affermi, la liberté intacte, un progrès réel accompli.'

These assurances, made on the eve of the election, fanned the increasing enthusiasm. France, as one of the Prince's supporters afterwards explained, had such need of a Charlemagne that it was pardonable to see a Charlemagne in a Napoleon. The people, by an enormous majority, elected the Prince, and the future Emperor became President of the Republic.

If the French had preferred an unknown prince to the proved capacity of Cavaignac, their preference had not been due to any belief in Napoleon's ability. Nearly all those who were acquainted with him had formed the lowest opinion of his powers. Lord Malmesbury, who had known him for nearly twenty years, described him, in 1829, as a wild harum-scarum youth, apparently without serious thought of any kind. Thiers said of him in 1848, 'Je l'ai beaucoup 'étudié de près et de loin. C'est un homme absolument 'nul.' His attempt at Strasburg and his dramatic descent on Boulogne had increased the contempt which was almost universally felt for him. We know now that the opinion which was formed of Louis Napoleon before 1848 was as erroneous as that which was formed of him after 1852. In later years, indeed, it was said with some point that he had twice deceived Europe—once by convincing men that he was a fool, and once by persuading them that he was a statesman. Posterity will not readily admit that the man who planned the *coup d'état* was a fool, but will equally hesitate to allow that the man who embarked on the Franco-German war was a statesman. The fact is that Napoleon had a genius for plot and counter-plot, which might have made the

Digitized by Google

fortune of the leader of a secret society. 'Rêveur et con-'spirateur,' writes M. de la Gorce, 'il le fut sur le trône et 'toujours.

There were, indeed, other phases in Napoleon's character which would have ensured for the man respect in almost any other capacity than that which he was called on to fill. M. de la Gorce ustly speaks of his excellent heart. He says elsewhere—

'Quelles que fussent les rigueurs de la politique, son penchant le porta presque toujours vers la clémence. Sa constante bonté lui valut quelques affections durables qui l'honorèrent, et s'honorèrent elles-mêmes par une fidélité plus forte que la disgrâce. Il eut le louable désir de la paix civile, et l'ambition de rétablir la liberté qu'il avait jadis abattue. Par-dessus tout, il aima le peuple, non pas spécialement le sien (car il était plus humanitaire que patriote), mais tous les peuples; c'est-à-dire les pauvres, les faibles, les déshérités. A la nouvelle de sa mort l'un de ses adversaires disait: "Je l'ai combattu, mais je n'ai pu me résigner à le haïr." Ce mot peint bien, je crois, la pensée commune: et, par une singulière indulgence, faite de compassion, faite aussi de gratitude pour une ancienne prospérité, la nation, qui a tant souffert des erreurs de son souverain, se contente de ne pas le regretter.'

The better side of the Emperor's character was reflected in the lady who became his wife. The strong religious views which the Empress entertained were frequently a cause of embarrassment to her husband. Those, indeed, who a few years ago read M. Thouvenel's 'Le Secret de 'l'Empereur' probably arrived at the conclusion that its author had no secret to disclose. But they must have been impressed by the evidence which M. Thouvenel produced of the vast influence which the Empress exerted on all questions of policy affecting the Roman Church. The Empress, however, was not merely strong in her devotion to the Church; she shared with the Emperor a genuine desire to alleviate the lot of the poor. There is a pleasant story that the municipality of Paris voted a sum of 300,000 francs to purchase her a tiara of diamonds as a wedding gift. She refused the present in these terms:

'J'éprouve un sentiment pénible en songeant que le premier acte public qui s'attache à mon nom au moment de mon mariage est une dépense considérable pour la ville de Paris. Vous me rendrez plus heureuse en employant en charités la somme que vous aviez fixée. Je désire que mon mariage ne soit l'occasion d'aucune charge nouvelle pour le pays auquel j'appartiens désormais: la seule chose que j'ambitionne c'est de partager avec l'Empereur l'amour et l'estime du peuple française."

Digitized by Google

We gladly dwell on these pleasant traits in the character of the Emperor and the Empress at the commencement of an article in which we shall have little else to say in favour of the Second Empire. The better qualities of the man cannot, indeed, be allowed to condone the faults of the sovereign; but, on the other hand, the faults of the sovereign should not wholly blind us to the better qualities of the man.

These amiable traits in the Emperor's character, however, could not redeem his fatal defects as a ruler. No man who has risen to a position of equal prominence has ever displayed so great a difficulty in making up his own mind. From the beginning to the end of his career he was incapable of decision; and the helm of State, which he hesitated to guide, was constantly grasped by firmer men who had the merit of knowing what they wanted to do. It is this circumstance which gives so much interest to the posthumous memoirs of M. de Persigny, which we have placed at the head of this article. There is, indeed, some difficulty in forming a just appreciation of M. de Persigny's character. If we follow M. de la Gorce we shall regard him as a 'personnage fantasque, dévoué, mais exigeant, tout à fait 'inégal à sa haute fortune.' If, on the contrary, we accept M. de Persigny's own account, we shall look upon him as exercising a controlling influence. The truth possibly lies between the two extremes.

In the first days of the presidency Napoleon desired to steer a middle course. He had promised to maintain the Republic, and he chose as his ministers the friends of republicans, like Thiers; he placed at the head of his Government Odilon Barrot, a man whose vehement oratory would have made him—so Cobden thought—a second Bright if he had been born in England, but who in M. de Persigny's opinion was a mere puppet in Thiers's hands, a man of whom a friend sneeringly said, 'No man in the 'whole world thinks so deeply of nothing.' All that M. de Persigny could do was to associate with Thiers's friends M. de Falloux, an avowed Royalist, whose memoirs should be carefully compared with M. de Persigny's narrative. But he wished to do much more. He thought that the Prince's election should have led directly to a change of men; that the President should have surrounded himself with ministers prepared to give effect to a new policy, and who, in their turn, should have removed almost every préfet in France.

Though M. de Persigny was unable, in the first instance, to enforce his own views on his irresolute master, he laboured

Digitized by Google

vigorously to counteract the error which he conceived the Government had made in neglecting to effect a summary change of officials. He feared that the old machinery would be powerless to prevent the triumph of the Red Republicans at the coming election, and that France, at the very commencement of the presidency, would be subjected to a new Reign of Terror. Widely as the ministers differed on other subjects from M. de Persigny, they shared his apprehensions, and they urged, as the best means of combating revolution, that Bugeaud should be brought, from his command at Lyons, to Paris, and made Minister of War. But, though M. de Persigny shared or inspired the apprehensions of the ministers, he wholly dissented from the remedy which they proposed. He thought that Marshal Bugeaud, instead of being brought to Paris, should be left at Lyons, at the head of the Army of the Alps, and that he should be instructed, if the necessity should arise, to join hands with Changarnier, who held the command in Paris, and to check, by concerted action, any popular rising.

Napoleon, so M. de Persigny thought, shared these views; but he shrank, characteristically, from formally adopting them. He contented himself with sending M. de Persigny to Lyons to confer with the Marshal. He evidently desired that the Marshal should accept the responsibility of deciding on the course to be pursued.

With such instructions—or rather without instructions—M. de Persigny left Paris on the eve of the general election. As he passed through Châlons the evident excitement of the populace convinced him that a new revolution was imminent. Groups of men ran through the streets waving the red flag, and shouting, 'A bas les Blancs! Vive la répu-'blique démocratique et sociale!' Lyons was in a state of disorganisation. Money had disappeared; it was not possible to cash a note. The préfet, frightened out of his senses, begged M. de Persigny to forward his resignation to the President, and to ask that his successor might at once be appointed. The news which arrived from neighbouring towns was grave.

'Ce n'était pas seulement dans la ville de Lyon et dans le département du Rhône, mais dans tous les départements voisins, que la liste des Rouges menaçait de l'emporter. Les populations . . . acclamaient partout les listes rouges. Le cri de: "A bas les blancs!" poussé dans les villes et dans les campagnes, bouleversait toutes les têtes.'

And the first news that arrived from the polling places was equally serious.

Digitized by Google

'Les résultats officiels des élections commençaient à parvenir . . . et malheureusement à chaque dépêche, arrivant des départements voisins, c'était une nouvelle victoire de la démagogie. Après le Rhône venaient l'Ain, la Loire, l'Isère, l'Ardèche, le Jura, la Haute-Loire, Saône-et-Loire, la Drôme, etc., toute une vaste région de la France avait acclamé les coryphées du Socialisme.'

There was a wide difference between Bugeaud and de Persigny. The former had risen to fame under Louis Philippe; and his faith and hope were with the Orleanists. The latter was an Imperialist by conviction, and the personal friend of the Prince President. But both of them were imbued with a terror of the Reds, and with a conviction that their success would lead to civil war. Persigny persuaded Bugeaud that the only hope of preserving order lay in the Prince President; and Bugeaud, alarmed at the disorders in Lyons, and afraid that the excitement surging in the city would extend to his troops, decided to evacuate the town, holding only its forts, to put his whole army, scattered from the Alps to the centre of France, in motion, to concentrate it on some point between Lyons and Paris, and, joining hands with Changarnier, to prepare for crushing the democracy. Happily, perhaps, for Bugeaud's reputation, better news came from the provinces before this decision could be carried out. If Lyons and its neighbourhood had supported the Reds, the rest of France rallied to the cause of order. The movement on which Bugeaud had decided became obviously unnecessary. The orders which had been issued to the troops were countermanded; they were directed to fall back on their original positions; and the experiment of the Republic was allowed to be tried for another two years.

If M. de Persigny's account of this episode is trustworthy —and it must be remembered that it rests on his authority— it shows that, from the election of the President, there stood behind his chair a man who held no office, but who had a power greater than that of any responsible minister—a man who saw from the first that, though the President owed his election to a plébiscite, Napoleonism rested on force, and that force must be employed, whenever the occasion arose, to maintain it in power. This view was to receive a striking illustration at the end of 1851. Affairs at that time, it may be admitted, were in a critical position. From the summer of 1849 to the autumn of 1851 everyone observed a growing tension between the President and the Assembly. Month by month it became increasingly evident that a

Digitized by Google

Napoleon elected by universal suffrage, and supported by the army, was necessarily drifting towards Imperialism. Month by month it became equally plain that the Assembly, composed chiefly of Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans, was opposed to the drift. In May 1850 it endeavoured to combat it by an electoral law which largely restricted the franchise. The passage of such a law constituted a direct challenge to the Prince, whose power was founded on a plébiscite. But, except for the reconstruction of the Ministry, the substitution of M. Baroche for Barrot, and the introduction into the Cabinet of men like Achille Fould and Rouher, who subsequently held high positions in the Empire, no definite step was taken till January 1851. At the beginning of that month Changarnier, whose tendencies had previously been in doubt, and who had earned in consequence the nickname of 'the Sphinx,' issued an order to the army directing the troops to abstain on parade from every manifestation and from every cry. The order was avowedly occasioned by the fact that, at a recent review, the soldiers had received the President with the shout: 'Vive Napoléon!'; and Changarnier was at once removed by the President himself from the command of the Army of Paris.

The removal of Changarnier was the first act of overt war between the President and the Assembly; and, by placing the Army of Paris under Baraguay d'Hilliers, a soldier in whom the President could confide, it led indirectly to the *coup d'état*. During the whole of 1851 the President was preparing for this event, and towards the end of October he precipitated matters by nominating a new Ministry of his own—by placing M. de Maupas over the police, and St. Arnaud at the head of the War Office—and by demanding the repeal of the electoral law of 1850. The obvious disinclination of the Chambers to do his bidding gave some sort of justification for what followed. On the night of December 2 the most prominent statesmen and generals in Paris were arrested in their beds. On the following morning Paris awoke to find the streets covered with placards, announcing the dissolution of the Assembly, the institution of universal suffrage, and the approaching election of a President for a term of ten years. Troops, carefully stationed at central positions, controlled the streets, and prevented the assembling of the Chambers. The Deputies who endeavoured to meet elsewhere were summarily arrested. Before the dawn of December 3 two hundred and thirty-five

Digitized by Google

of the representatives of the people, including twelve statesmen of Cabinet rank, were in prison. Before the following day had closed Paris ran red with blood. Resistance in the provinces was subsequently stamped out with the ferocity which had been displayed in Paris.

'None will ever know,' wrote Kinglake, 'the number of men who at this period were either killed or imprisoned in France, or sent to die in Africa or Cayenne; but the panegyrist of Louis Bonaparte and his fellow-plotters acknowledges that the number of people who were seized and transported within the few weeks which followed the 2nd of December amounted to the enormous number of twenty-six thousand five hundred.'

We do not forget that Louis Napoleon's conduct was approved by Lord Palmerston, and that it was subsequently condoned by a vote of the French people, when we record our deliberate opinion that the *coup d'état* was one of the greatest crimes against society which any ruler of any civilised nation has committed during the present century. There may be occasions of great national emergency when it may be the duty of those who are responsible for the safety of a State to arrogate to themselves unconstitutional powers, but nothing that had occurred in France in 1851 justified such an usurpation. No doubt a serious tension existed between the President and the Assembly; no doubt the peculiar Constitution of 1848, which omitted to entrust the President with the power of dissolution, created some embarrassment; but the head of the State was the last person in France who should have encountered the evils of civil war for the purpose of terminating the crisis. It might have been his duty to resist the attacks of others, but nothing could justify his attacking the Constitution himself.

M. de Persigny has the merit to conceal in his 'Memoirs' the precise part which he may have taken personally in the *coup d'état*, and he has shown elsewhere so clear a desire to arrogate to himself the credit, or discredit, of the various measures by which Napoleon rose to the throne, that perhaps we may absolve him of direct responsibility and say, with Kinglake, that the hand of Persigny was not the hand employed to execute the measures of the Elysée. But, if we may acquit him of complicity in the crime of 1851, we have his own confession that he took a leading part in introducing the Empire. The story is usually told that the préfet of Bourges, where Napoleon slept on an autumn progress in 1852, gave the people instructions to shout

Digitized by Google

'Vive Napoléon!' But it is added that he wrote 'Vive 'Napoléon!!!' and that the people, mistaking the three notes of admiration for a numeral, hailed the Prince as 'Napoleon III.' But the story reads very differently in M. de Persigny's pages. M. de Persigny declares that, on the eve of the President's journey, he asked the Cabinet for definite instructions as to the policy which he should pursue during the progress. 'What instructions can you want?' asked his colleagues. 'We are on the eve of a great crisis,' M. de Persigny answered. 'The people have been saved from 'the dangers of anarchy; they will probably show their 'enthusiasm in their cries. Suppose they raise a shout of '"Vive l'Empereur!"' The Cabinet at these words was in positive uproar. They rose from their seats, broke into small groups, and angrily asked M. de Persigny if he wanted civil war. Napoleon himself was agitated by the unexpected scene. He deprecated any desire for change, and any attempt to bring about any unconstitutional demonstration. M. de Persigny seemed entirely isolated. Napoleon had emphatically disapproved his counsel. His colleagues asked him whether he did not intend to resign.

Instead, however, of resigning, Persigny pondered over the situation. He had no doubt that the people, on the one hand, were expecting and desiring the restoration of the Empire, and that, among the cheers with which Napoleon would be greeted, isolated cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' would be heard. But he had also no doubt that the authorities, left without instructions, would feel it their duty to suppress these cries, which would accordingly be drowned in the more general shout of 'Vive la République!' So thinking, on the eve of Napoleon's journey, he decided on sending for the préfets of the departments which Napoleon would reach first; and as M. Abbatucci, the Minister of Justice, was the personal friend of the préfet of the Loire, he passed him over and summoned M. Pastoureau, the préfet of the Cher, the department in which Bourges is situated.

M. de Persigny thus describes his interview with Pastoureau:—

'There is a train,' he began, 'leaving Paris for Bourges in an hour. Take care to catch it. Resume your duties without seeing any one here, and without letting a soul know your secret instructions. These instructions are, "L'Empire!" "Vive l'Empereur!" And let us not make a mistake. The Duke de Reichstadt never reigned. But he was proclaimed Emperor by his father. Render, then, this homage to the memory of a great man, and announce the nephew as Napoleon III.

Digitized by Google

I have already told you to summon all the municipalities of your department. Set in hand, without losing a moment, flags inscribed "Vive l'Empereur!" on one side and "Vive Napoléon III!" on the other. Place the same inscriptions on the triumphal arches under which the Prince will pass. Preserve the utmost secrecy in these preparations, and, when the day comes, telegraph to me, from hour to hour, all that occurs.'

The préfet was electrified by these instructions. He assumed—as he well might assume—that they were the orders of the Government. He returned to give effect to them; and, as he telegraphed the details of the Prince's reception and the enthusiastic cries which had greeted Napoleon III., M. de Persigny at once communicated the news to the rest of the departments. The electric telegraph was used to galvanise France into enthusiasm for the Second Empire.

If it be really true that M. de Persigny issued these orders to the préfet without the knowledge of, or rather in defiance of, the wishes of the President and his own colleagues, we can only say that he took upon himself a graver responsibility than any other public man of the present century has incurred. The mere fact that he judged the situation more correctly than others, and that France approved by a plébiscite the proclamation of the Empire, cannot condone the disloyalty of his conduct. And, if his narrative be correct, he was guilty immediately afterwards of a less important but similar treachery. The crown had been firmly set on Napoleon's brow; but it was still necessary to gild it; and the Cabinet, at the suggestion of M. Fould and with the approval of the Emperor, agreed to propose a civil list of 12,000,000 fr. (480,000*l.*) a year. M. de Persigny from the first thought the proposal a mistake. Louis Philippe had received a civil list of 18,000,000 fr. The civil list of Louis XVI. had amounted to 25,000,000 fr. Fifty millions in 1853 was, in M. de Persigny's judgement, the equivalent of 25,000,000 fr. in the latter half of the eighteenth century; and a civil list of 12,000,000 fr., therefore, was practically only one-fourth the sum which had been thought necessary to support the dignity of Louis XVI. The Cabinet, however, adhered to M. Fould's proposal. The Emperor himself, when M. de Persigny approached him on the subject, declined to allow him to reopen the question. And the matter was apparently settled.

Nothing, however, was ever settled when M. de Persigny was opposed to the decision, and on this occasion, as on the

Digitized by Google

more important one to which we have already referred, 'a sudden thought' came across his brain and suggested a new act of treachery. The Senate was on the eve of meeting, and M. de Persigny summoned his carriage and drove to the Senate. He met M. Troplong, its president, at the entrance, holding in his hands the proposal for 12,000,000 fr. M. Troplong had been present at the Cabinet at which this amount had been agreed upon, and had rather feebly supported M. de Persigny's more liberal suggestion. M. de Persigny now assured him that his arguments had had a wonderful effect on the Emperor, who had come round to the larger view and consented to the 25,000,000 fr. M. Troplong accepted M. de Persigny's assurance, entered an adjoining room, and altered the amount. Within a few hours the civil list of 25,000,000 fr. was voted by the Senate.

If this story be true it affords striking proof of the unscrupulous character of one, at least, of the men who stood round Napoleon's throne. But we hesitate to accept it on the testimony of a man who charges himself with a gross lie. We cannot but think that M. de Persigny, on this occasion at any rate, was less guilty than his confession makes him appear, and that the message which he carried to the president of the Senate was delivered with the approval, or at any rate with the knowledge, of the Emperor.

Through plot and bloodshed, falsehood and treachery, Napoleon had now reached the goal of his ambition. President, Emperor, Napoleon III., he had it all—all that his brooding imagination had ever contemplated. But the hardest portion of his work was still before him. He had to live up to the name which had won him the throne; and this was the very thing which he was unlikely to be able to do. It is said that Jerome Bonaparte once said to him, 'You have nothing of the Emperor about you;' and that the Emperor replied, 'You are mistaken, my dear 'uncle: I have his family.' In all other respects the new Emperor had none of the qualities which distinguished the old. What talents he possessed had already been displayed in the plots and intrigues which had procured his elevation. We might almost thenceforward apply to him Carlyle's saying of Brienne, 'It took such talent and industry to 'gain the place that to qualify for it hardly any talent or 'industry was left disposable.'

It was obvious, too, that no little ability was required to place the new Emperor in a firm position. The excitement of the moment had procured his elevation to the throne;

Digitized by Google

but the recollection of the *coup d'état* could not be permanently obliterated. 'It was necessary,' as Kinglake put it, 'to distract France from thinking of her shame at home 'by sending her attention abroad.' The Emperor, indeed, to do him justice, was probably averse from war. He endeavoured to reassure the Continent by his striking declaration, 'L'Empire, c'est la paix,' and he tried to reconcile the people to his rule by inaugurating a system of public works, which almost involved the reconstruction of Paris and the embellishment of every provincial town. He had the good fortune to find in M. Haussmann an administrator who was prepared to carry out his sovereign's suggestions at any cost. We are not now going to criticise a policy which, on the one hand, covered France with works of which she is naturally proud, but, on the other, crippled her with an expenditure which has left an enduring mark on her finances. We content ourselves with recording M. de la Gorce's pregnant saying of M. Haussmann, 'De 'toutes les créations du Second Empire, la sienne est presque 'la seule qui ait complètement survécu.'

But, however much the Emperor may have hoped to avoid the necessity of war by occupying the people at home, events proved too strong for him. In Great Britain, indeed, apprehensions were everywhere entertained that a new Napoleon would endeavour to avenge the defeat of the First Empire by reversing the verdict of Waterloo. But, though genuine alarm was felt both by statesmen and people in this country, perhaps there was never any great danger of a conflict with France at that time. In the first place, most of Napoleon's advisers realised the grave risks of attacking a country which was predominant at sea; and, in the next place, Napoleon himself, during his long exile, had formed many friendships in England, and was reluctant to quarrel with a country whose power he had learned to respect and whose hospitality he had enjoyed. Some other issue had to be discovered which the strength of France could be employed to determine. There was one cause in which popularity could obviously be acquired. France was both a religious and a Catholic country, and the party of order, which had rallied to Napoleon's support, was precisely that which was most anxious to sustain the interests of the Church. Already, at the commencement of his presidency, Napoleon had resolved on that occupation of Rome which—with one short interval—was destined to continue till the closing months of his reign. In the East,

Digitized by Google

however, questions were arising of almost as great interest to devout Roman Catholics as the maintenance of the temporal authority of the Pope. In 1740 France had acquired, by treaty with the Porte, the right of protecting the holy places at Jerusalem. But an age which was reading Voltaire, and which was preparing the Revolution of 1789, cared comparatively little for the right which it had thus obtained; and, as time went on, Russia succeeded in extracting from the Porte several promises inconsistent with the privilege which had been accorded to France. These discordant concessions, however, had attracted little attention till the French ambassador at Constantinople was instructed to demand the strict execution of the arrangements of 1740. The Sultan was thus placed in a position of great difficulty. He could not comply with the demands of France without withdrawing the concessions which he had made to Russia. Throughout 1852 he endeavoured to gain time. But before the year closed the persistence of the French compelled him to yield; and this concession, profoundly irritating to Russia, induced the Czar to strengthen his armies on the Turkish frontier, and, in the beginning of 1853, to despatch Prince Mentschikoff on a special mission to the Porte.

We have neither the space nor the inclination in this article to describe the negotiations which followed, or the events of the terrible war which interrupted the forty years' peace. If the Crimean war was justifiable, there is no necessity for defending the Emperor's conduct. If, on the contrary, it was both a mistake and a crime, France and her Emperor were not the only criminals. In connexion, however, with what we have already said it is interesting to observe how largely M. de Persigny was responsible for the rupture. He was the one of Napoleon's advisers who desired to resent the foolish conduct of the Czar in addressing the Emperor, after his accession to the throne, as 'Monsieur et bon ami,' instead of as 'Monsieur 'mon frère;' and, later on, he was the minister who—against the advice of all his colleagues—induced Napoleon to take the decisive step of ordering the French fleet to Salamis. It is worth while also observing that, if the results of the war were not commensurate with the exertions which it called forth, and the sacrifices which it necessitated, the one man in Europe who gained most from the struggle was the Emperor himself.

'Les vrais fruits de la victoire,' writes M. de la Gorce with great justice, 'c'étaient la nouvelle consécration de son nom, l'impuissance

Digitized by Google

désormais avérée des partis, et par-dessus tout, aux yeux de l'Europe comme de la France, la légitimation de son avènement.'

The months which followed the close of the war, in fact, saw the zenith of Napoleon's career. He had succeeded, so far, in all he had attempted. He had raised himself and his country to the first rank among sovereigns and nations. He had conquered his enemies abroad, he had stifled opposition at home. He had apparently persuaded his people that a benevolent despotism was the best of all possible governments; and with increasing prosperity at home, with peace apparently assured abroad, he had almost induced them to forget the liberties which they had lost.

For some years, indeed, after the conclusion of the Crimean war the position of France and the power of the Emperor seemed apparently undisturbed. Armed to the teeth, the country was regarded as the most formidable of Continental nations. The peace of Europe, to all appearances, depended on the will of her sovereign, the undisputed master of her legions. Yet Napoleon himself could hardly have been deceived by the circumstances which alarmed the European world. He must have been conscious of increasing difficulties both at home and abroad. At home the elections of 1857 resulted in the return of an Opposition, small indeed in numbers but fertile in resources, whose growing strength ultimately compelled the Emperor to introduce large and liberal innovations into his system of government. Abroad the persistence of Count Cavour was gradually forcing the claims of Italy into prominence, and compelling the Emperor to assume an attitude which was destined to drive him into a new war. Few statesmen, indeed, at the time foresaw the consequences of the Franco-Austrian war of 1859; yet M. de la Gorce is hardly wrong in attributing the ultimate downfall of the Empire to the Emperor's Italian policy. He is scarcely exaggerating when he writes, 'C'est en Italie que s'est décidé le sort du Second 'Empire.'

Many reasons, both public and private, induced the Emperor to hesitate before finally determining to throw in his lot with Piedmont. The policy of Cavour was directly opposed to the cause of Rome; and the Emperor, both on public and private grounds, had every desire to keep on good terms with the Pope. The attitude of religious France, the views of the Empress, were equally opposed to a quarrel with the head of the Catholic Church; and the Emperor himself was aware that the support of the Pope

Digitized by Google

would impart strength to his own throne, and improve the prospects of his son's succession. French statesmen, moreover, were disposed to regard the consolidation of Italy as unfavourable to the interests of France. It was the tradition of the Foreign Office that their country should be surrounded by weak neighbours, and they considered it a mere act of madness to further the creation of a second Prussia behind the Alps. In addition to these weighty reasons there was a practical difficulty in insisting on the non-intervention of Austria in Italian affairs. For if Austrian troops were occupying the States of the Church, French troops were holding Rome itself; and, as Lord Clarendon adroitly reminded Cavour in 1856, if Piedmont was determined to protest against Austrian action, how could she avoid following up her protest by denouncing the French occupation of Rome?

If a man with either less ability or more scruples than Cavour had presided over the ministry at Turin, these reasons would probably have prevented the Franco-Austrian war of 1859. But no arguments and no difficulties ever weighed with Cavour against his resolute determination to make his own country supreme in Italy. The first decisive step which he took in this direction was taken when he prevailed on the Western allies to accept the assistance of Piedmont in the Crimea. Though France and England refused to pledge themselves to ulterior measures in return for this assistance, Cavour succeeded in establishing, by his action, a strong claim on their future goodwill. And this claim was recognised by the admission of Piedmont to the Congress, summoned after the war, at Paris, while Cavour gained at it the further advantage of securing an informal discussion of the condition of Italy. These successes raised Cavour in the eyes of Europe, and placed the Italian question on a new basis. But Cavour probably attached still more importance to the unofficial expressions of sympathy and support which he obtained from the Emperor both before and after the Congress. 'Tell Walewski in 'confidence,' so the Emperor said to the Piedmontese minister before the Congress met, 'what you think I can do for 'Italy.' He added, after the Congress was over, 'I cannot 'at the present moment make war upon Austria. But do 'not distress yourself; I have a conviction that peace will 'not last long.'

It is probable that the Emperor at the time meant little by these expressions. Habitually irresolute, he certainly

Digitized by Google

had not made up his mind to risk all the consequences of a fresh war. But his words naturally induced Cavour to persevere in his policy. In the early months of 1857 the Piedmontese minister encouraged the formation of the Société Nationale Italienne, a society which openly advocated the cause of Italy in Piedmont, and secretly enrolled its supporters in Lombardy and Venetia. The society, or Cavour, influenced the press both in Piedmont and in Europe. Attention was thus everywhere directed to the wrongs of Italy, and the minister lost no opportunity of pressing its cause on the Emperor, on whose decision the whole issue seemed to depend.

Matters were thus slowly progressing when Orsini made his horrible attempt on the Emperor's life. Orsini was an Italian refugee; he had laid his infamous plans in this country; and the French press and the French colonels loudly complained that, under the pretext of hospitality, an allied nation should afford shelter to assassins. Lord Palmerston, who was at the height of his power, was driven from office because he was supposed to have insufficiently resented the complaint. But London was not the only capital in Europe which was affording shelter to Italian refugees. In no country were they more numerous than in the kingdom of Sardinia. A journal, moreover, published in Piedmont had the hardihood to excuse Orsini's crime. Walewski, the French Foreign Minister, demanded the suppression of the paper, and invited the Government of Piedmont to provide for the security of mankind. Frenchmen of all parties besought the Emperor to abandon the ungrateful people who repaid his kindness with murder. And M. de Hübner, the Austrian Minister at Paris, declared that the moment was come for forming a strict alliance between France and Austria. Thus for a few weeks statesmen seemed justified in thinking that all Cavour's hopes and preparations had been destroyed by Orsini's outrage. The understanding between France and Piedmont, so carefully prepared by Cavour, was apparently shattered by the explosion of Orsini's bombs. But it is the unforeseen which constantly happens in history. In undertaking Orsini's defence Jules Favre did not attempt to deny the crime; but he endeavoured to excuse it by representing the assassin as a martyr, laying down his life for the cause of Italy; and he concluded his defence by reading a letter from Orsini to the Emperor, in which the murderer made a strong appeal to his intended victim.

Digitized by Google

'J'adjure votre Majesté de rendre à l'Italie l'indépendance que ses enfants ont perdue en 1849 par la faute même des Français. Que votre Majesté se rappelle que les Italiens, au milieu desquels était mon père, versèrent avec joie leur sang pour Napoléon le Grand, partout où il lui plut de les conduire; qu'elle se rappelle que tant que l'Italie ne sera pas indépendante, la tranquillité de l'Europe et celle de votre Majesté ne seront qu'une chimère. Que votre Majesté ne repousse pas le vœu suprême d'un patriote sur les marches de l'échafaud; qu'elle délivre ma patrie, et les bénédictions de vingt-cinq millions de citoyens la suivront dans la postérité.'

The testament of Orsini—as Jules Favre called it at the time—followed up, as it was, by a second letter to the Emperor on the eve of his execution, made an extraordinary impression. The Emperor himself was profoundly moved by the appeal which had been made to him. Whether in his earlier days he had been the 'complice des libéraux 'Italiens,' whether as such he recognised that his old fellow-conspirators had special claims on him in his new position, or whether he was simply unnerved by the horrible nature of the attempt on his life, and alarmed at the possibility of its repetition—these are questions to which it is impossible to give a decisive answer. What is certain is that the very attempt, which seemed at first to have destroyed the Franco-Piedmontese alliance, drew France and Piedmont still more closely together, and that Orsini's letters in February were followed by the secret meeting of Cavour and Napoleon at Plombières in June.

Even in the life of the third Napoleon few incidents are more discreditable than the details of this famous interview. The most powerful of European sovereigns, and the ablest of European statesmen, deliberately devised a pretext for attacking Austria. With equal deliberation they decided what Piedmont should receive, and what she should cede. They rearranged the map of Italy and the boundaries of Southern France; while one, at least, of the two men fixed on the actual date at which this conspiracy should take effect. Napoleon, indeed, pursued for some months after Plombières a policy of concealment, which made it impossible for statesmen to divine his true intentions. He half persuaded Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon, who visited him at Compiègne during the autumn, that peace would be undisturbed. And though, on the first day of 1859, he startled the world by his famous complaint to M. de Hübner, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris—'Je regrette 'que nos relations avec votre gouvernement ne soient plus

Digitized by Google

'aussi bonnes que par le passé' *—and though he sanctioned, or rather inspired, the famous pamphlet 'Napoléon III 'et l'Italie,' he repeated, in February, in opening the French Legislature, the promise of his reign, 'L'Empire c'est la 'paix,' and he readily grasped at the good offices of this country to arrange possible terms with Austria. But the negotiations which ensued were, from the first, destined to fail. The question of peace or war rested with the Emperor; and the Emperor, at Plombières, had placed himself in the hands of the statesman who was resolved on war, and who was determined that Napoleon should not forego the engagements which he had made.

In the first instance the Franco-Austrian war increased the Emperor's reputation. Europe was startled to observe that the Emperor, while professing that he was unprepared, was able to throw a formidable army across the Alps; to defeat the best troops of Austria in two battles; and to drive the Austrian army before him into the famous Quadrilateral. On the other hand reflection showed that the Emperor had failed to carry out his avowed intention of freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, while statesmen knew that the armistice, which was concluded at Villafranca, was attributable to Napoleon's necessities and fears, and not to his moderation. Possibly, indeed, the Emperor's better nature was touched by the sufferings which he witnessed at Solferino, and by the knowledge that serious sickness was spreading among his troops. But it is certain that he was profoundly alarmed by the attitude of Prussia, and by the possibility of a fresh campaign being forced on him on the Rhine † while his best troops were engaged in Lombardy. By embarking on the war he had earned the distrust of every Power in Europe. By desisting from the war he had estranged himself from his new ally. Every step which he took in future increased his growing difficulties, till the war

* This is the accepted account of the incident. But we have it from one, to whom Count Hübner related the affair, that the Emperor's words, whatever they were, were not intended, and not understood, to convey a threat. They were, however, overheard, and misunderstood, by the Secretary to another Embassy, who immediately reported to his Government, and put in public circulation, the phrase —with the menacing signification—that alarmed all Europe.

† Count Vitzthum told Lord Malmesbury in May that, if Austria were defeated, nothing would prevent Germany from rising, and that if the allies gained a battle 400,000 men would march on Paris ('Memoirs of a Minister,' p. 486).

Digitized by Google

appeared in its true light, as M. de la Gorce calls it—'funeste, mais pour la France seulement.' The cause of Italy did not, indeed, suffer from the alteration in the Emperor's policy. But the Italians were taught to recognise that all that was effected both in 1859 and in 1860 was accomplished in opposition to the Emperor. In 1859 the Duchies and Tuscany voluntarily threw in their lot with Piedmont, and Italy understood that they owed more, in doing so, to the diplomatic labours of English statesmen than to the previous interposition of France. In 1860 Garibaldi's invasion led to the conquest of the Two Sicilies, while Lamoricière's defeat at Castelfidardo procured the annexation of the States of the Church to Piedmont. The Piedmontese kingdom became the kingdom of Italy. Religious France saw with surprise and regret the abandonment of the Church. Military France saw with mortification the defeat of a French general in command of French volunteers. Political France saw with dismay a new and powerful country consolidating on its south-eastern frontier.

Throughout the period in which these decisive events were occurring the Emperor was in a state of almost ludicrous irresolution. Just as, before the Italian war, he had inspired the publication of 'Napoléon III et l'Italie,' so at the close of 1859 he inspired the equally famous pamphlet 'Le Pape et le Congrès.' He tried to prove, in its pages, that the Pope's position would be strengthened by the voluntary sacrifice of his temporal power; but its publication defeated all the objects at which he was aiming. The French Foreign Minister, M. Walewski, resigned office, because he was unable to obtain an official disavowal of its contents. The Congress, on which the Emperor had set his heart, became impracticable, from the mere knowledge of his views; and the Catholic party in France broke from the Emperor.

If M. de Persigny may be trusted, he strove vigorously to persuade the Emperor to take another course. He protested strongly against Lamoricière being allowed to go to Rome; and he advised the Emperor to occupy the Marches with French troops, instead of suffering their defence to be entrusted to Lamoricière's feeble forces. In 1860, however, M. de Persigny no longer exercised the influence which he had exerted in the earlier years of the Empire. The Emperor listened, but did nothing. Yet M. de Persigny's advice was supported by Napoleon's official counsellors. M. de Grammont, the French ambassador at Rome, wrote

Digitized by Google

to M. Thouvenel, the Foreign Minister of France, begging that he might be authorised to contradict the rumours of French inaction, which reached him from every quarter. M. Thouvenel, in his turn, wrote to the Emperor, who was at Marseilles, and begged for instructions. The Emperor affected to believe that the whole question was so clear that it was hardly worth examination. He was perfectly ready to write to the King of Piedmont, but he should write in such terms as these: Should the Piedmontese troops eventually cross the frontier to preserve order, or to put down an insurrection, France would have nothing to say. But if, while a French army was occupying Rome, a Piedmontese army should invade the territory of the Church, France would be compelled to withdraw her minister from Turin. In vain M. Thouvenel urged the Emperor to despatch a positive ultimatum to Piedmont; the Emperor toned down its language till it became a friendly message.

'Entre la dépêche impériale et la rédaction libellée au quai d'Orsay on remarquera la différence. Ce qui, dans le projet de M. Thouvenel, avait la forme d'une sommation devenait, sous la plume de l'Empereur, une humble et anodine prière.'

The great Italian minister was not, of course, likely to be turned from his purpose by the prayers of his old ally. He saw plainly that, in the interests of Piedmont, the time for action had come, and that the irresolute attitude of the Emperor made it important to act quickly. The frontier was crossed; the battle of Castelfidardo was fought; Lamoricière was defeated; and the Pope, notwithstanding the presence of a French army in Rome, found himself stripped of his richest provinces.

The consequences in France were disastrous to the Emperor. As M. de Persigny said—

'En laissant s'accomplir cet acte funeste . . . l'Empereur jetait sa politique dans des complications inextricables. Aux yeux de toute l'Europe son gouvernement était frappé de discrédit. Il avait voulu empêcher l'unité de l'Italie, et l'unité de l'Italie s'accomplissait. Il avait voulu protéger le Saint-Siège, et le Saint-Siège perdait ses plus riches provinces. . . . Faiblesse ou mauvaise foi, telle était la seule explication de l'attitude du gouvernement français.'

In the French Chamber, where the Emperor had just consented to allow the introduction of reporters, a Deputy used still stronger language.

'La France a changé sa politique; la France a reculé non devant le

Digitized by Google

petit Piémont, non devant l'Angleterre . . . la révolution incarnée dans Orsini, voilà ce qui a fait reculer la France.'

More significant still, the speech was followed by a division in which the Government only succeeded in defeating its usual supporters by 126 votes to 91.

It was not, however, only in France that the Emperor suffered. This country had been the warm ally of the Empire. Nothing had done more to confirm Napoleon's position than the English alliance. But England saw with alarm the power which Napoleon had exerted on the plains of Lombardy. She regarded with dislike and disapproval the rectification of the southern boundaries of France by the annexation of Savoy and Nice. Public men in England thenceforward never lost their distrust of the Emperor, while the nation generally showed their opinion of him by originating that great volunteer movement which still endures.

There was, however, one other quarter of Europe where the policy or indecision of the Emperor was to produce more serious consequences. The union of Italy naturally imparted fresh strength to that desire of nations to combine which has so profoundly influenced the politics of the century; and in Central Europe a more powerful race than the Italians were longing for union. The defeat of Austria gave Prussia her opportunity. 'La Prusse, charmée des 'défaites autrichiennes, mais inquiète des victoires françaises, 'flottait entre sa jalousie satisfaite et sa peur qui commençait 'd'éveiller.' Napoleon, moreover, had not only placed Prussia at the head of Germany by defeating her rival at Solferino; he had put a strong weapon in her hands by signing the treaty of Villafranca. For Italy could never rest satisfied while Venetia remained Austrian; and Prussia, therefore, whenever she chose to pick a quarrel with Austria, could safely rely on Italian help, and reckon on placing her enemy between two fires. Singularly enough, too, Napoleon was to find in Prussia a statesman as resolute and as uncompromising as Cavour himself. Cavour had moulded the Emperor's policy as the potter moulds the clay. Bismarck was to crush him with a grasp of iron.

Twice, indeed, in the ten years of power which were still left to him Napoleon had the opportunity of arresting the growing power of Germany. In 1864, in conjunction with England, he might have stopped the invasion of Denmark; but, with unusual directness, he told Lord Clarendon that if he went to war he must strive for other objects—the

Digitized by Google

freedom of Venice, the acquisition of the Rhenish provinces —and the Government of this country, in consequence, refused to embark on a struggle which must have involved a continent in bloodshed. Two years later, if M. de Persigny may be trusted, the Emperor had the chance of stopping the union of Germany; for Austria, threatened with war by Prussia, made overtures which, if they had been accepted, must have altered European history. In M. de Persigny's words—

'Voici quelle était cette proposition: l'Autriche consentait à céder la Vénétie à l'Italie à deux conditions: la première, que la France et l'Italie resteraient neutres dans le conflit entre l'Autriche et la Prusse; la seconde, que, si l'Autriche sortait victorieuse de la lutte, elle s'indemniserait par la Silésie de la perte de Vénétie, sans prétendre à rien de plus; enfin M. de Metternich ajoutait que, quant aux provinces du Rhin, il n'appartenait pas à l'Autriche de disposer d'un territoire allemand en faveur de la France; mais que, comme c'était surtout une question à vider entre la France et la Prusse, si d'une manière ou d'une autre ce territoire venait à tomber dans nos mains, l'Autriche n'y ferait aucune opposition.'

But the Emperor, bound by a secret understanding with Italy, and Italy, bound by her engagements with Prussia, felt unable to accept this offer. The war began, and the supremacy of Prussia in Germany was assured.

After Sadowa war between France and Prussia became, sooner or later, inevitable. The French could not permanently endure the consolidation of a first-rate military Power on their Rhenish frontier; the Germans could not patiently tolerate the heavy burden of a period of prolonged preparation for the struggle. It required, therefore, no perspicacity to foresee that war would, in all probability, occur; and, as Sir C. Dilke has recently pointed out, the chances were, if war ensued, that it would take place in the course of 1870. For Prussia had the disposal of the North German armies up to the spring of 1871, and if the great statesman who controlled her destinies desired to strike a decisive blow it was reasonable to suppose that he would deliver it while the whole strength of Germany was at his disposal. Napoleon had these facts before him. Though he was as ignorant as our own statesmen of the organisation and strength of the German armies, though he was partially blind to the disorganisation and defects of his own forces, he must have known that the struggle, if it took place, would be severe, and that it was necessary to take decisive measures to provide for it. The light which General

Digitized by Google

Lebrun throws both on what the Emperor did and what he failed to do, at this time, with this object, imparts peculiar interest to his 'Souvenirs Militaires.'

It seems clear, from General Lebrun's account, that, in 1866, the French army was defective both in men and material. Nominally consisting of 600,000 men, the Crimea and Italy had both proved that it could not spare more than 150,000 troops for a foreign expedition. In 1866, moreover, it had been further enfeebled by losses in Mexico, and by M. Fould's unseasonable retrenchments. Aware of these facts, immediately after the Prusso-Austrian War, the Emperor appointed a commission to consider whether the army should be permanently increased. The military members of the commission were strongly of opinion that large additions should at once be made to it. The ministers who served on it, however, declared that their political position would be untenable if they were compelled to ask for more men and more money from the Legislature. The Emperor, hesitating between these conflicting opinions, endeavoured to compromise the matter by supplementing the regular army with a Garde Mobile, to be employed only in France, and to defend the frontiers and garrison the fortresses in time of war. But even this expedient was not carried out; the ministers objected to ask the Legislature for the necessary funds: and the army—while the nation was drifting towards war—was suffered to remain weak.

Arms, moreover, were as defective as men. The French artillery was markedly inferior to the artillery of other nations. French officers, specially selected to inquire into the matter, were amazed and alarmed at the superior practice of Belgian cannon. The French rifle was still more plainly inferior to the Prussian needle gun, whose power had been incontestably proved both in Denmark and at Sadowa. The Emperor's military advisers had, at any rate, done their best to procure a substantial addition to the number of men; but they resisted any improvements in the arms. The needle gun, they declared, would lead to an inconceivable waste of ammunition; superior artillery could be defeated by new tactics; and the French army—whatever its equipment—would always be ready to sustain the honour and the cause of France. The men at the head of the French army—as General Lebrun bitterly complains—closed their eyes to the light, and slumbered in an optimism from which nothing could arouse them.

One expedient, however, was still possible. If France could not be persuaded to raise either the quantity or the

Digitized by Google

quality of her armaments, she might, at least, obtain additional strength from alliances with other nations. At the beginning of 1870, the Archduke Albert, an officer of distinction and the uncle of the Emperor of Austria, was sent to France: nominally to study the organisation of the French army, but, in reality, to propose a strict alliance between France, Austria, and Italy. The Emperor was so much impressed with the proposal that he consented to send an officer to Vienna, to concert a plan of campaign against Prussia with the Archduke; and in May 1870 General Lebrun, who was entrusted with the mission, discussed with the Archduke an elaborate scheme for the invasion of Prussia by the three Powers, presumably in the spring of 1871. The Archduke based his whole plan on the assumption that France could mobilise her forces so quickly that she could throw a formidable army across the frontier on the fifteenth day after the declaration of war; and that Prussia would take, on the contrary, seven weeks to concentrate her armies. On this hypothesis, he assumed that the French could reach Nuremberg in force before the Prussians were ready to move. The Emperor of Austria, who subsequently had an interview with Lebrun, assured him that if the French, in occupation of Southern Germany, were to proclaim themselves the liberators of German territory, public opinion in Austria would justify him in joining in the war; and the French and Austrian armies might then join hands in Saxony. Some tidings of this scheme, which was laid before Napoleon in the closing days of June, probably reached Count Bismarck's ears, and induced him to make a new move. If war were to come he was determined that it should come at a time of his own choosing, and he accordingly met the projected alliance between France and Austria by encouraging the Hohenzollern candidature for the crown of Spain. France, as he probably foresaw, insisted on the withdrawal of the candidate. But France—as he could hardly have foreseen—was not satisfied with the withdrawal. Though the projected alliance suggested or necessitated a policy of waiting, she had the folly to demand a guarantee for the future which Prussia could not give. Whether the French ministers were deceived on the state of their armaments; whether they were alarmed at visible symptoms of discontent in the army, and thought war essential to secure the permanence of the dynasty—with light hearts and with inadequate preparations they plunged into the struggle which in-

Digitized by Google

volved the downfall of the Empire and the prostration of their country.* The event proved at once the worthlessness of the Archduke's calculations. Under their irresolute Emperor, the mobilisation of the French forces was protracted over weeks. Under their resolute Minister, the mobilisation of the German armies was accomplished in days. The projected invasion of Germany was turned into an invasion of France; and Austria was deprived of the opportunity, which, in the opinion of her Emperor, would alone have afforded any justification for interference.

We have endeavoured, in what we have written, to select the few passages in the Emperor's career which illustrate at once the story of his rise and of his fall and his capacity or incapacity for government. We have had no space to dwell on the transition from autocratic to constitutional government during the later years of the Empire, on the disasters of the Mexican campaign, and the advantages of the Commercial Treaty with this country. We have made no allusion to the negotiations respecting Luxemburg, or to the infamous proposals for the partition of Belgium which Bismarck published in 1870, and whose publication did so much to deprive the Emperor of English sympathy. We have endeavoured to follow the central thread of the narrative. Greatly as we disapprove of the Emperor's policy, we have tried to do justice to the better points of his character. We are far from regarding him as a bad man. We believe that he honestly desired to do his duty in the great position to which he had risen, and that, frequently as he drifted into plot and crime, his instincts—if he had only possessed the strength to follow them—would have usually guided him into a better course. We cannot, moreover, be wholly insensible either to his relations with this country or to the unparalleled catastrophe of his fall. We feel something like gratitude for the one; we are moved to pity by the other. The spectacle of the Emperor at Sedan, indeed, softens our criticism. In compassion for the physical and

* M. Emile Ollivier, during the last few weeks, has endeavoured to justify the policy, for which he was largely responsible, by citing the projected alliance with Austria and Italy, which General Lebrun has disclosed. 'So certain was the alliance,' he asserts, 'that the plan of campaign, for which the Emperor has been so much blamed, was imposed on us by the German military staff.' But M. Ollivier has omitted to explain why the French Ministry, knowing that the alliance was projected, should have hurried on the war while the negotiation for the alliance was still incomplete.

Digitized by Google

mental sufferings of the man we almost forget to blame the faults of the ruler.

Yet we must not forget that, from first to last, the story of the Empire is a story of crime, and that the story of the Emperor is the story of a conspirator. Through plot and counterplot he made his way to the throne; through plot and counterplot he moved to the Italian war, which was the commencement of his downfall; through plot and counterplot he drifted into the final struggle which ended at Sedan. His idea of statesmanship was intrigue; like the mole, he burrowed underground. Like the mole, his course was so tortuous, and so concealed, that those who were nearest to him were frequently unable to see whither he was trending.

The tortuous nature of his policy was partly due to his fatal irresolution, his chief disqualification for rule. He drifted from point to point on the flood and ebb of decision and indecision; and, while he hesitated, the helm, at the chief crises of his career, was seized by bolder men. In the earlier years of his power the policy of the sovereign—if M. de Persigny may be believed—was moulded by M. de Persigny. In the middle of his career the Emperor's hands were forced by the resolute policy of Cavour and the atrocious crime of Orsini. At the close of it, while the Emperor was intriguing with Austria or commanding and countermanding the mobilisation of his own troops, Prince Bismarck assumed control of the situation; and the Emperor was as powerless to withstand the great Prussian chancellor as, eleven years before, he had proved powerless to resist the policy of the great Italian minister.

Irresolution is a defect in any ruler; but it is disastrous when the ruler is a man with ambitions to satisfy and ideas to fulfil. That the Emperor was ambitious, everyone will acknowledge. The nephew—as M. de la Gorce puts it—had inherited not merely the name but the ambitions of the uncle. That he was an idealist will be equally admitted. During his years of patient waiting, he clung to the idea or the dream of a second empire; during his years of successful and unsuccessful rule he equally clung to the idea that France, under his rule, should follow the example of the ancient world; and that, as the first Napoleon had achieved, like Julius Cæsar, political and military success, so the third Napoleon should revive the polish and magnificence of the Augustan age.

At one moment of his career the idea was almost realised. The first exhibition in France showed the people of neigh-

Digitized by Google

bouring nations how much had been done to increase its wealth and beautify its capital. Amidst all the anxieties of a great war, the Emperor—so it seemed—had neglected nothing that could multiply the resources and add to the dignity of his empire. Luxury, wealth, beauty, wit were concentrated in his Court; and the visitor at Paris might almost have repeated the words of the Queen of Sheba, 'Behold the half was not told me: thy wisdom and prosperity 'exceedeth the fame which I heard.'

Yet all this prosperity rested on a hollow basis. The highly civilised community, indeed, which trusts to its ruler for the measures or for the reforms which it should initiate itself, will always be at a disadvantage. It will lose the habits of self-help and relf-reliance, the qualities that make for greatness in all countries and in all ages; and, dependent on the views and ambitions of one man, will cease to have views and ambitions of its own. The ruler, moreover, whatever may be in theory his power, will be unable to carry out what the nation can easily accomplish. Napoleon, at the height of his power, had not sufficient influence to insist on the addition to the strength, and on the improvements in the weapons of his army which he knew were indispensable, and which might have saved—if they had been effected—his dynasty from downfall and his country from disaster. But the proposal, insufficient as it was, provoked an opposition which led to its withdrawal. Contrast this failure with the recent policy of this country where the opinion of the public has forced on two successive governments vast additions to the navy. It is the government of the many, and not the government of one man, that acts strongly and decisively in great crises.

If, as we have said, the story of the Empire is the story of a crime, it is the story also of a misfortune. Amidst the many changes through which France has passed since the Revolution she has experienced nothing so disastrous as the Second Empire. It cost her huge sacrifices both of men and money, and it did not afford her even the scanty consolation of success. But it is, perhaps, possible that the Empire inflicted even worse evils on France than the defeat of her armies and the dismemberment of her territory. It crushed out all that was best and purest in French politics; it substituted, for what it destroyed, a policy of corruption. Perhaps, however, the Second Empire accomplished one good thing. It made—let us hope—a return to Imperial institutions impossible.

Digitized by Google

ART. II.—1. *Santa Teresa: her Life and Times.* By GABRIELA CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. 2 vols. London: 1894.

2. *St. John of the Cross: Life of, and Works.* 'The Ascent 'of Mount Carmel,' 'The Dark Night of the Soul,' &c. 2 vols. Translated by DAVID LEWIS, M.A. London: 1889, 1891.

3. *Blessèd Henry Suso: Life of.* Related by Himself. Translated by T. F. KNOX. London: 1865.

4. *XVI Revelations of Juliana of Norwich.* Reprint. 1843.

THERE are certain terms of general classification that seem predestined to breed confusion in criticism and thought; and among these the term of Mysticism might be almost considered one of the most pre-eminently bewildering. Under the head of Mystics we find included indifferently a Sta. Teresa and a St. Francis d'Assisi, a Maeterlinck and a Paul Verlaine. The epithet, indeed, is one of those of which the significance embraces such varying characteristics that no dictionary can keep pace with the subtle developements it is perpetually acquiring. In this case, as in many another, no effort of scientist or philosopher avails to set barriers to the fresh interpretations of ancient formulas. The friction of common use wears away old limits, and the daily language of daily life, hurrying past, confesses its poverty of invention by a constant adaptation of old verbal symbols—begged, borrowed, and stolen from the most unlikely sources—to its own immediate exigencies. Thus it is, as we all know and continually forget, that, while the diction of bygone days survives, senses utterly unfamiliar to the past attach themselves to every part of speech, making, in the matter of meanings, a recurrent game of definitions for the grammarians of each successive generation. The threefold problem of past, present, and future is always confronting us in the vocabulary of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. What did these words mean once to those in whose footprints we tread, whose voices we echo, with all that gulf of dissimilarity a lingering likeness serves to accentuate. What will they mean on the lips of those to come after us, associated with accumulated combinations of memory, recoloured with the atmosphere of unborn years, when the very thoughts of which language is to-day the sign audible will have assumed aspects our fancy swerves in anticipating?

Digitized by Google

Thus, arrested by the strange riddle of that phase of human life and thought and feeling, presented in the records of those men and women of mediæval Europe to whom by common consent the name of Mystics has been specially accorded, it becomes necessary to circumscribe and restrict the designation. Further, to analyse what general quality is indicated, from this narrowed point of view, by the term recently applied, without discrimination of species, to so many forms of Supernaturalism, to all systems of Symbolism, and to most of the obscurer manifestations of emotional or intellectual Spiritualism. To do this effectually we must in the first place divest Mysticism of some of its attributes and accessories—from the dogmas of special sects, and from the fantastic extravagancies of special schools—with which it has been intimately connected.

That the Catholic Mystic of the West has been inseverably allied with the miracle-worker and vision-seer is undeniable. That he and his Protestant brethren, both in the portraitures of life and of fiction, are often and justly identified with the crude idea of Supernaturalism—with, that is, the idea of preternatural and extraneous powers working by personal or material agencies—is equally apparent. Yet, if supernaturalism be regarded as the continent, mysticism holds within that continent a fortressed rainbow country of its own. Even more, it is alleged by certain initiates that the creed of the supernaturalist is hardly consonant with that of the genuine mystic viewed in the light of later interpreters. And there is an under-stratum of truth in this apparent paradox, for to the mystic, although in outward substance and form his miracle or vision might be the very same as the miracle or vision of the mere supernaturalist, the cause would claim another origin. By the writers of earlier ages a clear difference was recognised between one vision and another. The external or 'bodily showing,' of which they speak, and which may be classed as the supernatural vision, was not confounded with the 'ghostly seeing' of the understanding, albeit the same person might at one and the same time possess both faculties of vision. 'All this was showed by three parts,' a fourteenth-century seer says, 'by bodily sight, by words 'formed in my understanding, and by ghostly sight.' And Serenus de Cressy, the de Cressy of whom the author of 'John Inglesant' has drawn a winning if not an historical portrait in the romance to which he owes his literary reputation—writes, that those visions 'which were more

Digitized by Google

'pure, *intime*, and withal more certayne, were wrought by a 'divine illapse into the spiritual [as distinguished from the 'sensual] part of the soul.' These latter constitute, strictly, the visions of mysticism.

Indeed, this pervading idea of under-currents of life, of lives within lives, forms an elementary characteristic of the mystic's creed. What to the supernaturalist proper lies without to him lies within, and while, broadly speaking, the tendency of the supernaturalist has generally been to materialise spirit, that of the mystic has always, however unconsciously, led him to spiritualise the animal creation and to vitalise matter. Sir James Stephen, writing in this journal of St. Francis d'Assisi, makes the assertion that 'each living 'thing was a brother or sister to him in a sense which almost 'ceased to be figurative. To all inanimate beings he ascribed 'a personality and a sentient nature in something more than 'a sport of fancy;' and Mrs. Graham, in her introduction to the Life of Sta. Teresa, notes the *naïf* sympathy with nature and animal life, the community of obedience and worship, with birds, beasts, and plants, belonging to what may be called the mystic period of Sta. Teresa's order. Thus it was no fantastic childishness that impelled St. Francis to preach to *mie sirocchie*, the birds, or to undertake the conversion of such four-footed felons as the *ferocissimo lupo d' Agobio*. These legends, and they are many, embody a deep-sighted recognition of the multitudinous souls of creation, and as such are but a rational invocation to the life-created to laud and serve the life-creator, as to this day the churches sing 'Benedicite, omnia opera Domini . . . .' Later exponents of the mystic's faith have betrayed a kindred sentiment. Nature, animal and vegetable, matter itself in its most inert substances, is to the mystic so replete with dormant energies that theoretically there is little scope left for exterior interpositions. Earth, if we may so express the position, can perform her own miracles—in fact, is always performing them. Such phrases as that employed by Novalis, in whom Moravian traditions lingered, when he says that the plants are language to the earth's thoughts, are no empty figures of speech. Life—the faith has been summarised—slept in the stones, dreamt in the plants, and wakened in man.

'That this creed is capable of being converted into an 'irreligious pantheism I well know,' Coleridge acknowledges, referring to Tauler, the fourteenth-century Dominican, to Jacob Böhme, the Lutheran theosophist of the sixteenth, and to other teachers of German mysticism. But he con-

Digitized by Google

fesses that their writings at once served to prevent his mind becoming imprisoned by any single dogmatic system, and kept alive, to use his graphic expression, 'the heart in the 'head.' During his wanderings in the wilderness of doubt, he adds emphatically, if they were a moving cloud of smoke by day they were always a pillar of fire by night, and by their aid he 'skirted without crossing the sandy desert of 'unbelief.'

Whatever, nevertheless, might be the intellectual doctrines of mysticism to whose instrumentality Coleridge owed redemption, it must be borne in mind that in practice and action, in countries, times, and minds where primitive supernaturalism was a dominant habit of thought, each was commonly co-existent, if not co-extensive, with the other, and that both found similar manifestations in inspired revelations and divine visions, whether the seer were a German ascetic, a heretic cobbler, or a Spanish ecstatic.

Nor is the admixture of mysticism and supernaturalism the only element of confusion in the definition of the former. At every page it is the inevitable fate of the mystic to employ the phraseology of symbolism. There is a recurrent point where the imagery by which he intends to convey the conception of an actuality is fused with the language by which he intends to convey the conception of an allegorical figure (*Wahrzeichen*). A determinate boundary line exists, as Novalis points out, to the mental capacities of definite conception, beyond which representation cannot retain strength or form. There the utterance of the mystic becomes perforce that of the symbolist. Thus the stanzas of Fray Juan de la Cruz—a puritan among transcendentalists—are written in the language of pure similitudes. He paraphrases the apostrophes of the Song of Solomon, of Spanish serenades, of pastoral verses with equal boldness.

> 'Where hast thou hidden Thyself
> And abandoned me in my groaning, O my Beloved?
> Thou hast fled like the hart,
> Having wounded me;
> I ran after thee crying; but thou wert gone,'

are the words the saint of asceticism places in the mouth of the soul. And in another poem, when the soul sets out on her pursuit of perfection, he thus describes the search:—

> 'In a dark night,
> With anxious love inflamed,
> O, happy lot!

Digitized by Google

Forth unobserved I went,
My house being now at rest
In darkness and in safety,
By the secret ladder, disguised.
O, happy lot!
In darkness and concealment
My house being now at rest.'

Or, mimicking the accents of pastoral verse:—

'A shepherd is alone and in pain,
Deprived of all pleasure and joy,
His thoughts on his shepherdess intent,
And his heart by love cruelly torn.'

In such allegories San Juan strives, as he himself explains, to convey those meanings to the mind of his readers that common speech could not convey. On the other hand, when Henry Suso sees the Eternal Wisdom seated beside his soul, 'which, leaning lovingly towards God's side, and encircled 'by God's arms, lay entranced,' he is evidently attempting to depict what was to him an actuality of spiritual vision. The blending of either method, when the vision of the utterable passes into the vision of the unutterable, should not, however, be suffered to blur the distinction between the attitude of the pure mystic and that of the pure symbolist. To the mere symbolist the interconnexion of the emblem with that which it allegorises is accidental, temporal, and artificial, but to the believer in the undercurrents of nature's vitalities a symbol must be more than a symbol. It must not only represent as an arbitrary cypher the spiritual object symbolised, it must have some fundamental affinity with it; it must possess some radical correspondence of life with life, permanent, essential, and vital.

Setting, however, aside this aspect of the question, it remains to solve the problem, to detect when and where the written language should be taken to represent a similitude, and when and where it must be accepted as signifying an actuality. To unravel this riddle is the thankless task of the commentators, who, each according to his own creed, adhere to the literal or the metaphorical interpretations of equivocal passages, or again explain both away.

'In their simplicity of soul'—Coleridge here is paraphrasing Schelling—'the mystics made their words the immediate echoes of their feelings. . . . Under the excitement of grasping new and vital truths the uneducated man of genius may easily mistake the tumultuous sensations of nerve, the spectres of fancy, as parts or symbols of the truths opening upon him.'

Digitized by Google

Nor to those who are careful to inquire is such a line of apology without plausibility, though San Juan de la Cruz—than whom was no more competent judge—offers a sterner solution. 'Their mind and sense and feelings [of aspirants 'yet imperfect in the path of God] are full of fancies, 'whereby they very often see imaginary and spiritual visions '. . . wherein the devil and their own proper fancy most 'frequently delude the soul.' His sentence was doubtless as well merited as it was uncompromising.

Yet when every vision, every sensation, has been sifted, every inspiration analysed, when the mystic's position has been accurately formulated, and his claims confuted or allowed, we, of the laity, may chance to feel that in matters of mysticism the critic labours but in vain. He may reduce it to a system, the 'science absolument exacte,' of M. Huysmans's * biographical fiction; he can supply modern synonyms of obsolete terms, and elucidate the social or historical surroundings of bygone thought; he can define its species—theopathetic, theosophic or theurgic, transitive or intransitive. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, we are inclined to repudiate our obligations to the pen of the expositor, nay more, some amongst us might be well-nigh tempted to believe that we could have understood the text had it not been for the commentary!

The truth of the matter is that mysticism is rather an atmosphere than a system, if we except that anomalous school of scholastic mysticism represented in the twelfth century by Hugo de St. Victor, in the thirteenth by Bonaventura (one of whose works was translated into English verse as early as the year 1330), and by which, no doubt, San Juan de la Cruz was strongly influenced. But apart from this school, and considering mysticism from a personal point of view, it plainly belongs to that evasive part of a man's individuality that we confusedly call temperament, rather than to that more definite and self-determinative fraction we name character. Its very essence is undefinableness; it demands not an explanation but an interpretation.

Such interpretation is to be found, if anywhere, in the qualities distinguishing the Catholic mystics of earlier ages, by the study of their lives and of such writings as they themselves have bequeathed to us. Nor are these few in number or inconsiderable in bulk. In the sixteenth century Fray Juan de la Cruz, the great master of contemplation, as

* *En Route*, Huysmans, 1895. Paris.

Digitized by Google

well as Sta. Teresa de Jesus herself, left works adequately representative of the mystical asceticism of their day. Behind is a multitudinous company of volumes:—St. Bridget* of Sweden filled many in the fourteenth century; St. Mechtild† (the saint whom German criticism has striven to identify with that Matilda of Dante's who gathering flowers by the clear stream has bewildered the commentators of the 'Divine Comedy') wrote five books of spiritual grace; the Visions of B. Angela‡ of Foligno, taken down by her confessor, also belong to the fourteenth century. Henry Suso was author of the 'Book of the Ever-'lasting Wisdom,' as well as the author—or relater—of his 'Life.' St. Catherine§ of Siena dictated her 'Ecstatic 'Dialogue.' Juliana of Norwich, to cite those only whose works modern Catholicism has attempted to popularise, became likewise, though in different guise, what the gentle monk Blosius denominates 'a secretary of God.' It is a literature full of monotonous repetitions, of raptures that by force of reiteration become the very platitudes of emotion; but full also of a fantastic human interest, of a distinctive beauty of colouring, of a shadowy delicacy of perception, and moreover it possesses not seldom 'a miracle and passion' of thought that not even the barbarisms of language or the vapidity of modern translation can nullify.

Of the 'undaunted Daughter of Desires' commemorated by the poet Crashaw in stanzas of transcendent enthusiasm, Santa Teresa de Jesus, Mrs. Graham has given what may practically be regarded as an exhaustive account. From the first, the story of her personal life is crowded with picturesque incident, and its picturesqueness has lost nothing at the hands of her recent biographer, whose intimate knowledge of the time and country of which she writes lends a graphic vividness to her portrayal of the persons, scenes, and surroundings of that old Spanish world.

'On Wednesday, Day of San Bertoldi of the Order of 'Carmelites, on the 29th day of March, 1515, at five in the 'morning,' so runs the brief entry found after her death in Teresa's breviary, 'was born Teresa de Jesus, the sinner.' Daughter of an illustrious race, Teresa spent her childhood

* Revelations of St. Bridget (translated). London, 1874.

† Select Revelations of St. Mechtild (translated). London, 1875.

‡ Visions and Instructions of B. Angela of Foligno (translated). London, 1871.

§ Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena (translated). London, 1896.

Digitized by Google

in the city of Avila. The arms of dead soldiers of her blood carved on tombs, blazoned over gateways and arches, on church pillars and in stained windows, confronted her at every turn with memories of their past achievements and of the unforgotten traditions of their fame, as she grew up in the town set amid the wild sierras of Central Spain, where the sombre dignity of mediæval Gothic stonework was mingled with the grace of Moorish arabesque. At six years old she too is inspired with dreams of glory; she

> 'Thinks it shame
> Life should so long play with that breath
> Which spent can buy so brave a death.'

Taking with her a like-minded child-brother, Teresa sets out for the land of the Moors, 'that so,' she tells the episode in the 'life' written by herself, 'we might be 'beheaded there.' The child's play of martyrdom frustrated, it was succeeded by games of make-believe hermitages built in her garden, where spiritual books are spelt over, and the refrain of eternity, 'for ever, for ever, for ever,' is continually upon the lips of the two baby playmates. Thus, as in most such lives of the saints of Catholic mediævalism, the gospels of holy childhoods, embroidered with many a fable and legend, are handed down to us by their grave chroniclers, possessing, like the spurious gospels of Christ's infancy, a charm that sets sober truth at defiance. Teresa's first childhood over, the page is varied with new imaginations. Chivalrous romances supersede spiritual studies; for rosaries and crucifix and hermitage come gay dresses and vain companionships; dreams of the world evict the dreams of immortality. But the terror of hell overtakes her renegade heart; the stern doom of sanctity has fallen upon Teresa. It was no light doom in those days, and to fulfil its obligations she must seek the rule of the cloister. The call to the religious life comes, and she obeys, but 'the sharpness of 'sense I felt on going out of my father's house was so 'extreme, that I believe it will not be greater in the agony 'of death,' she writes.

Nor, for the moment, did it seem as if the experience of that second agony would be long delayed. Maladies, the revenge, it might seem, that the soul wreaks upon the body when spirit victorious tramples the vanquished senses underfoot, take deadly hold upon the delicately nurtured frame of the girl-nun; she suffers all the tortures—racked nerves, crippled limbs, and that intense sadness which disjoints the

Digitized by Google

mind and reason—that physical pain can inflict upon its victims. Yet Teresa is of the fibre that dies hard; neither the sickness nor the remedies avail wholly to kill her; and as the seasons pass by in the Convent of the Encarnacion—where twenty-five years of her life were to be spent—her health in some measure comes back, and it is her soul that suffers a relapse. In that lax social atmosphere of the unreformed convent locutorio, the ring of the swords and spurs of gay cavaliers mingles with the jingle of the nuns' rosaries, secular guests come and go, and Teresa, beautiful of feature, young and keen-witted, trusted by her superiors with honourable freedom, forms friendships with the world which her conscience proclaims to be enmities with God. Again conscience prevails; these vain preoccupations are abandoned. God allows no rivalry of loves, and Teresa must be not only a saint but an ascetic. A new and second birth of her soul lands her, as it were, with feet upon a new shore; she enters a region whose boundaries she had before but faintly descried. Raptures and ecstasies, visions and illuminations succeed one to another, and the converse of angels replaces the lost comradeship of friends. 'I knew 'not,' she says, 'that it was possible for one to see anyone 'but with the eyes of the body;' but henceforth her inner eyes are open. What relation these mystic annals of Teresa's girlhood and earlier womanhood, whether written by herself or by her priest-biographers, bear to reality, it is difficult to divine. Their aim in writing does not correspond to our aim in reading, and where they are endeavouring to inscribe the life of a saint we are attempting to decipher the character of a girl. Mrs. Graham has fully appreciated, and to a great extent surmounted, the difficulty in her effort to reconcile the two—the life of the woman with keen imaginations thwarted, with vehement affections detached and human instincts broken from their earthly anchorage, and the life of the spiritual politician whose invulnerable courage and pure intention endowed her with power to revolutionise the lives of men and women, monks, nuns, courtiers, sinners, and saints who fell under her sway. From the period lying between her forty-first and forty-third years, Teresa's record as a simple religious becomes obliterated in the events of her active career of some twenty-six years; her *vie intime* of the soul becomes subordinate to the claims of practical life as the design of restoring the rule of her Order to its primitive rigour rises and developes in her mind. Toil, anxiety, fame and offence, honour and strife are henceforth hers, until on

Digitized by Google

the evening of an October day, in the year 1582 (the nun who had charge of the convent infirmary tells the story):—

'Sitting at a low window of the room where Teresa lay, she [the narrator] heard a confused kind of noise . . . and soon after saw a great number of persons all in white and glittering with wonderful splendour, who, passing through the monastery . . . came near to the bed where the blessed mother lay; immediately she surrendered her soul to God.'

The well-known events of her life as one of the great monastic reformers are public property, and she takes her valiant place among the St. Francises, the St. Dominics, the Loyolas of the past ages, claiming the praise and dispraise, the love or enmity of men. It is needless here to review the familiar chronicle of Teresa's successes and failures, her triumphs and defeats in that vivid world of Philip II.'s reign—a world of chivalry and enterprise and crime—of the Holy Inquisition and of the massacres of Peru. It is with Teresa in her character, or the character ascribed to her, as a mystic; with that chapter of her personal experiences (limited, we are informed, to her first years of convent life, and to ten years of her later career), and with those pages of her writings that record and analyse those experiences, that we are concerned. As a mystic Teresa will probably live in the classification of the Church. Yet we are compelled to admit the truth of her latest biographer's repeated assertions—the Seraphic Doctor of Castile was not essentially or typically a mystic. Mysticism with her lacked somewhat, although it is difficult to define what it is that is absent. The vision of the mystic is there, but the eyes that see it are not the mystic's eyes, and, rapturous as may be the ecstasy of joy or suffering, we are still constrained to feel that it is not Teresa who is absorbed by the vision, but the vision that is absorbed by Teresa. Mysticism with her is rather an episode than a temperament. It is not the single-hearted, the single-aimed life of narrower or more passive natures, nor can we help being dimly aware that the brain was ever in some degree a spectator in that spiritual theatre where, by mystic rule, the soul alone might enter.

It is possible that outward circumstance had more than a little influence in determining the quality of her ecstasies. The story of Teresa's miraculous communications with the unseen is a singular commentary on the popular belief that the visionary was at all costs and times a growth stimulated and encouraged by authoritative Catholicism, a belief at

Digitized by Google

which Vaughan,* or his Nonconformist conscience, connives. For a long season—the dates are indefinite—Teresa's visions were made the subject of incredulous scrutiny. Discountenanced alike by her most intimate friends and by her spiritual advisers, she was held at the bar of judgement. At that time, the period of her divine revelations, it would have taken but a hair's weight more of suspicion and the Inquisition would in all probability have claimed her for its prey, for the Church of that day was fully prepared to endorse the modern dictum that if the mystic of the East is always a slave, the mystic of the West is usually a rebel. Teresa's mind was tortured by the contagion of doubt and disparagement; while indomitably sincere to her perilous faith in herself, that faith became the faith of the accused, it lost its spontaneity, its freedom, and its simplicity. In the necessities of self-defence it became guarded, analytical and controversial; nor when adversaries were silenced and opponents convinced, is she left wholly victor of the field. Her own mind has played traitor and in part gone over to the enemy, nor to the very end are these doubts, ambushed in her own keen intelligence, cancelled. 'That she 'was never entirely satisfied as to whether she was not deceiving herself is evident to anyone who has read her "Life" 'with an unbiassed mind. Her doubts as to whether these 'things were of divine or diabolical origin tormented her in 'life and were only stilled as she was nearing the grave,' says her biographer, and, though possibly the statement is exaggerated, it seems on the whole just. As a hero, as a soldier, as even a humourist, her brilliant figure stands out, with beauty of body and beauty of soul, among the kings and courtiers, the saints and the sinners of her time.

> 'By all thy dow'r of lights and fires,
> By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
> By all thy lives and deaths of love,
> By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
> And by thy thirsts of love more large than they.'

By all these things Teresa will be remembered when her mysticism is forgotten and out of mind. Teresa's own words, spoken on death's threshold, prefigure the years to come with partial accuracy. 'This "Saint,"' she said, and aged, tired, and sick, her voice has its old ring of laughter, 'will be no longer wanted.' Of Teresa, as a mystic, the

* Hours with the Mystics.

Digitized by Google

world truly, for loss or gain, has no need; and the world's memory knows what it wants, and for what it does not want it has a convenient trick of oblivion.

If the practical uses of mysticism may be traced in the records of Teresa's career, the scholarship, the intellectuality, the poetry of mysticism, found in the sensitive austerity of the humblest of saints, Teresa's greatest disciple, San Juan de la Cruz, its most passionate exponent. The Galahad of Monks, he celebrates the divine union of love in a hymn of almost unparalleled temerity in its adaptation of the language of human passion to the expression of the mysteries of the soul. Reading, we are not surprised to learn that the sordid persecutions, the bodily tortures inflicted upon him by unworthy brethren, imprisonments, scourgings, and disgrace, left his spirit serenely untroubled. Thrice only, amongst all the storms of his life, was he accused that he had sinned by discomposure. Once his humility rebelled against a painter who had painted him by stealth; once, again, when a careless speaker had seemed to liken the poverty-loving Carmelite to the great Bridegroom of Poverty—St. Francis. The third occasion is unchronicled. The most compassionate of ascetics, it was said of him that his body 'was the only 'creature of God to which he showed no mercy.' Of all mystics, he represents perhaps most completely the extreme phase of the emancipation of the spirit from every bond—more, from every faculty—of human nature. His is the mysticism of mysticism; the idea itself becomes but a symbol, the most abstract thought less than a metaphor, in relation to what lies behind it. Forms, figures, and natural apprehensions are but hindrances; in the 'dark 'night' of the lonely soul (the phrase is old as mysticism itself) can the spirit alone attain illumination and achieve its brideship with the divine Bridegroom. It is the mysticism of the supreme surrender of self, with its supreme compensation—the 'having nothing, and yet possessing all 'things.'

But from the lives and works of the Teresas and San Juans, the leaders and marshals of the host, we turn instinctively to those less-known, less-remembered figures, who shared the conditions of that enigmatical spiritual life without participating in its renown. Contradictory as it may seem, the fame of the individual is apt to obscure, if not to pervert, our conceptions in the study of a type. The criticism of history has touched and retouched the outline of

Digitized by Google

the features, partisan prejudice has alternately defaced and restored the original, shifting traditions have tinted and retinted its primary colours, and, perhaps, more than all those accidents of celebrity, we are dimly, but penetratingly, conscious, as we look on the portrait exhibited, of the eyes of the thousands who have gazed on it before, who gaze on it now; and in the sense of those thronging beholders we lose possession of that hermitage of thought in which surely the mind should dwell if it would appreciate the spirit of that mysticism whose birthplace was solitude, the profoundest solitude of all solitudes, the innermost cloister of the soul.

Therefore it is that, from the study of such books as Suso's 'Life' and Juliana's 'Revelations' we seem to glean a sharper, because a more single, impression—an impression akin to a sensation—of the atmosphere and temperament (apart from the doctrines and systems) of the mystic's life. Suso himself occupies a midway station between the two great phases of mysticism: that of the annihilation of human nature and that of its spiritualisation. The outline of his external record is commonplace enough. Heinrich von Berg, known to the world by his mother's name Suess, Latinised Suso, to himself as Amandus (which name was revealed of God), was born at Ueberlingen, in the first year of the fourteenth century. The whole desire of his mother, we learn incidentally, was to live a spiritual life; but her husband was full of the world. Through this diversity she—possibly his father also—had much to suffer. At thirteen Heinrich entered a Dominican monastery, at eighteen he was 'perfectly converted to God;' he became, finally, after enduring much suffering at the hands of his brethren in religion, Prior of one of the communities of his order, and died at Ulm at the age of sixty-five. His 'Life' was taken down from his own relation by one of his spiritual daughters, and added to in later years by his own hand, curiously enough, in the name of the nun (Elizabeth Staglin) by whom the earlier portions had been inscribed.

His story lies in a sombre historic framework. A devotional world, mad with terror under the lash of plague and pestilence, was offering its holocausts of victims to superstitions which were the sacrilege of faith. A panic-stricken impulse to penitence had clothed itself in the grotesque masquerade of contrition—the rites of the Flagellants. Condemned by the more sober authorities of Church and State, they formed a vagrant pilgrim brotherhood, recruited from every

Digitized by Google

sex and class. They passed from town to town, a dark train, blazoned with the red cross symbolic of propitiatory suffering, lacerating themselves on the highways, in the streets and market-places with the iron-pointed scourge—the badge and instrument of their confraternity—offering to the eyes of fanatic mobs the spectacle of their self-inflicted tortures. The 'Geisslerlied,' the song of bloodshedding, rang through the lands they traversed.

> 'Sinner, canst thou to Me atone,
> Three pointed nails, a thorny crown,
> The Holy Cross, a spear, a wound?'

Miracles and crimes followed in their wake, the massacre of thousands of Jews testified to the savage fierceness of this moral plague. Amongst the Christians the thirst for slaughter spread like a fever, while amongst the victims a thirst for martyrdom outrivalled the lust for blood. Meanwhile the undevotional world was peopled with apparitions, with phantasms of witchcraft and magic, and dominated by the shadowy imaginations of astrologers, soothsayers, and alchemists. In Suso's narrative the spirit of this century is pictured with a vividness and reality Froissart himself, his contemporary, does not surpass. Miracles occur—the miracles of a period when men found belief in miracles more easy of credence than belief in imposture, when every facility of deception existed in a life full of illusions, when the saint was as often the dupe of his disciples as the disciples of the saint, and common incidents and trivial accidents were seen and interpreted by those to whom the agency of the supernatural was a familiar key to all enigmatical phenomena. We follow Suso through scenes of peril and adventure told with the disjointed directness of a child's narrative, and more than once the incidents of the story recall the wanderings of Charles Reade's poor hero, the pious but timorous monk Gerard, of 'The Cloister and 'the Hearth.'

One such episode, for sake of its quaint picturesqueness and unconsciously grim humour, is worthy to be cited at length, all the more as in it we seem to see embodied in flesh and blood the outward character of the man whose inner record lies upon so different a plane:

> 'Once upon a time, when the Servitor [Suso] was returning from the Netherlands, his road lay up the Rhine. He had with him a companion who was young and a good walker. Now, it happened one day he could not keep up with his swift companion, for he had

Digitized by Google

become very tired and ill, and in consequence the companion had gone ahead of him. The Servitor looked back to see if anyone was following in whose company he might go through the forest, at the skirts of which he had arrived, for it was late in the day. The forest, moreover, was of ill repute, for many persons had been murdered in it. The Servitor therefore waited to see if anyone was coming.

'At length two persons approached at a very rapid pace, the one a young and pretty woman, the other a tall ferocious-looking man, carrying a spear and a long knife. The Servitor was struck with dread at the terrible appearance of the man. . . . He thought within himself, "O, Lord! what kind of people are these! How am I to go through this great forest, and how will it fare with me?" Then he made the sign of the cross over his heart and ventured it. When they were already deep in the forest, the woman came to him and asked him who he was. As soon as he had told she said, "Dear sir, I know you well by name. I pray you hear my confession. . . . Alas, worthy sir, it is with sorrow I tell you my sad lot. Do you see the man who follows us? He is by trade a murderer, and he murders people here in this wood. He never spares anyone. He has deceived me and carried me off, and I am forced to be his wife."

'The Servitor was so terrified by these words that he nearly fainted, and he cast a very sorrowful look all round if haply there were any mode of escape; but there was no one to be seen or heard in the dark forest except the murderer. Then he thought within himself, "If, weary as thou art, thou triest to flee, he will soon overtake and kill thee; if thou criest out, no one will hear, and death again will be thy lot." He looked upwards very wofully, and said, "O, my God! what is to become of me? O, death, how nigh thou art!"

'When the woman had finished confessing, she went back to the murderer and besought him privily, saying, "Come now, dear friend, go forward and make thy confession also, for it is a pious belief that whoever confesses to him will never be abandoned by God. . . ."

'While the two thus whispered to each other the Servitor's terror knew no bounds, and the thought came to him, "Thou art betrayed." Now, when the poor Servitor saw the murderer advancing, his whole frame quivered with dread, and he thought, "Now thou art lost." At this point the Rhine ran close to the wood and the narrow path lay along the bank. Moreover, the Brother was forced to walk on the side next the water. As the Servitor went along in this manner, the murderer began to confess all the murders and crimes he had ever committed. Especially he spoke of a horrible murder he described thus: "I came once into this wood, as I have done to-day, and meeting a venerable priest I confessed to him while he was walking beside me at this very spot, and when the confession was over I ran him through with this knife, and thrust him over the bank into the river." These words, and the gestures which accompanied them, made the Servitor turn pale, the cold sweat of death ran down his face; he kept looking every moment that the same knife would be thrust into him, and that he would be pushed over into the river. . . . The murderer's damsel caught sight of his woe-stricken face, and

Digitized by Google

running up .... said, "Good sir, be not afraid; he will not kill you." The murderer added, "Much good has been told me concerning you, and I will let you live; beg God to help and favour me, a poor criminal, at my last hour, for your sake."'

So the story is told, and strange above all its incongruities of realism is the fact that this frightened monk, whose fear of death is confessed with such perfect simplicity, is the same who narrates with equal simplicity the details of his self-inflicted tortures of twenty-two years of perpetual penance! Their very recital sickens the imagination as he tells how, with ingenious device, he made each hour an unrelenting martyrdom, until macerated and enfeebled, when nothing remained except to die, God bade him leave this 'lower school of detachment' and live to endure the sharper pains of soul and heart in store for him. 'Hitherto thou 'hast struck thyself, now I will strike thee,' is the relentless sentence of the Divine decree, recognising the incompetence of man's self-immolation to exact the last farthing of the sacrifice. And God, who has hitherto spoilt him as a child with consolations, will now let him wither and starve. Is it not, Suso questions with undeviating faith, by ancient right that love and suffering go together? Love's martyrs in God's calendar, no less than in the annals of mankind, 'must be ever, ever dying.'

It is impossible to ignore the fact, from whatsoever point of view we regard the mystic's visions—whether as the morbid phantasms of hysteria, or as the miraculous manifestations of Divine grace, or as the rising to the surface of that inner life of whose existence the senses are normally unconscious—that to the elder mystic they were bought with a price, with the abnegation of all earth's treasures and the purchase money of the body's utmost anguish. Born before the day of cheap merchandise, his traffic was in truth and literally a dear bargain of hunger and thirst, of tears and blood. If the prize he sought was an illusion, the cost was, at least, the very reality of all that makes life, to most of us, endurable.

Thus Suso bought those radiant hours he chronicles with such candid spontaneity that his faith—or his credulity—infects our imagination, if not our reason. For a moment we seem to look through an open door into that far-off land of the mystic, where, in the matter of religion, there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, east nor west, Greek nor Barbarian. From the grated window of the Dominican's cell we catch a glimpse of the flowers of

Digitized by Google

another country, the sunsets of another sky, or, if we perhaps fail to see the vision, we still see the eyes that saw it, those cloistered eyes to whose boundless outlook the narrow walls of his spiritual prison could set no horizon. One by one the visions rise. In the solitary chapel, where he keeps painful vigil until the watchman's horn announces the day-break, as the morning star ascends, voices sound with exceeding sweetness singing 'Arise and be illuminated, O 'Jerusalem.' Bright princes of heaven bid him look into himself and see how God plays His play of love with his soul, heavenly musicians lead dances 'swelling up and falling 'back into the wild abyss of God's hiddenness.' Then come stages where visions and contemplations fuse, nor is it easy to detect if the narrative deals with what Suso regarded as an outward image, present to his sight, or an inward image, present only to his understanding. Making of material life but an allegory of the immaterial, or—in the sceptic's prose—making the reality into a dream that the dream may become a reality, he transmutes the customs of earth into the rites of the soul:

'Thus he kept carnival, and thus on New Year's night, when young men in their folly go out to make their sweethearts give them garlands, he, too, would go to his eternal love and beg of Him a wreath. So, too, on May Day eve he would set up a spiritual May-tree, saying, "Hail, heavenly may bough of the eternal wisdom! I offer thee to-day, in place of red roses, a heart-felt love; for every little violet, a lowly inclination; for all lilies, a pure embrace; for all flowers of heath or down, forest or plain, tree or meadow, a spiritual kiss; for all songs of little birds on any May Day flight, praises without end."'

Was it any marvel that in such blendings of earth and heaven the boy monk whose childhood had ever greeted the sweet maid, God's mother, with spring's first rose, should see on his two hands and covering his feet, in the weariness of later years, the red roses and green leaves of celestial betokenings? Indeed, to such a nature as Suso's, a nature which, as somewhat wistfully he confesses, 'could not re-'main without a love,' with unsullied human affections, and a sensitive temperament charged with that keen emotional joy in beauty which to-day makes of a man a poet or a painter, the doctrine of that inner mystical life must have dawned as a gospel of divinest revelation. For there sight might survey loveliness, ears might revel in melodies of unsubstantial sweetness, unblamed; there, too—how pathetically significant is the frequent recurrence of this vision in the ascetic chronicle!—childless manhood and barren

Digitized by Google

womanhood might hold the childhood of the whole world, epitomised as Mary's Baby, in the arms of the soul. It was to Suso a doctrine sanctifying his humanity, illuminating the barred and sterile twilight of his empty cell, extending the precarious possibilities of time into the secure infinitudes of eternity.

Nor are his writings tainted with the cold egoism of a meaner sanctity. 'God so willing,' are the words of Angela of Foligno, the earlier Tuscan mystic, whose 'Visions and 'Instructions,' taken down by Brother Arnold, her Franciscan confessor, are not without passages of imaginative beauty, 'it happened at that time that my mother died, 'who was a great obstacle to me in the way of God. And 'in like manner my husband and all my sons. . . . I re-'ceived great consolation from their deaths.' Nor when, in Divine vision, the Virgin brings her sleeping Child, and He lies with closed eyes in Angela's embrace, does her rhapsody of adoring tenderness efface our remembrance of that cold reference to those dead children of her earthly home who in other days had lain in the arms and been cherished upon the breast where now the Eternal Baby rests. Such estrangement—to use no harsher epithet—from natural human love is wholly absent from Suso's character. The chapter which tells of his sister's fall from the obedience of her convent vows, of her sin and sorrow and forlorn abandonment, betrays in every sentence how firmly the fibres of his heart clung to their old attachments. 'When he heard he 'became like a stone for sorrow, his heart died . . . he 'went about like one out of his mind. Then the thought 'came to him, "Cast aside all human shame and spring into '"the deep gulf to her and lift her up."' So he seeks and finds the poor refugee of sin, sick and lonely, sitting on a cottage bench. His eyes fail him for grief; taking her in his arms he cries, 'Alas, my child! alas, my sister! alas, 'gentle maiden! St. Agnes, how bitter has thy feast day 'become!' She, falling at his feet with great tears, pleads —in some sort we divine Suso's own teaching in the plea— for pardon. 'Reverence,' she prays, 'God in me.' 'Alas, 'my child!' is Suso's cry, 'thou, from my childhood up 'my heart and soul's joy, come hither to me;' and, in a later episode, 'still,' he says of a deeply corrupted and impenitent sinner, whose slanderous accusation has heaped dishonour upon his own fair fame, 'I honour in her the 'dignity of all pure women.' The scene of quaint pathos, where the baby child of his false accuser is brought to his

Digitized by Google

cell, may well stand foremost amongst the most incongruous situations of the great human comedy of real life, where love and tenderness recklessly set at nought the wisdom and prudence and justice of the world.

Towards the close of the 'Life,' when, one is inclined to guess, the greater part of Suso's sixty-five years of mortality have passed over his head, stilling his impulses and silencing the last whispers of unsatisfied cravings, 'the exterior 'manifestations' gave place, he says, to those which were interior. Then it is that, with a touch of dispassionate indifference, he attempts to analyse the gift of the vision-seer in words with which Sta. Teresa and Fray Juan de la Cruz were possibly familiar, for Suso's writings, as well as those of Tauler and Eckart, were freely circulated in Spanish translations in the century following his death. We are not concerned with the truth or rationality of the creed of transcendental theology, professed by each saint alike; it is truly a region upon whose threshold the foot of the heretic may well falter. But whether it be of those profoundest ecstasies of the wholly emancipated soul, or of those simpler visions that, according to their doctrine, lie lower and nearer to humanity (visions of the 'sensual soul'), most of us, though with no arrogant nineteenth-century self-complacency, will concur assentingly in the sentence with which Suso concludes his exposition—the same phrase occurs in Sta. Teresa's writings—'only they who have experienced 'can understand.'

These autobiographical fragments of Suso's life present us with a picture of the mystic ascetic in his more active personal, spiritual, and divine relationships. The revelations of Juliana of Norwich serve as a complementary type, perhaps the most striking extant, of the modes of thought of the passive ecstatic.

'XVI Revelations of Divine Love, showed to a devote 'servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an anchorete of 'Norwich: who lived in the Dayes of K. Edward the 'Third'—which Revelations were revived from an ancient copy and published in 1670 by Hugh Paulin Cressy—is the account of the book supplied by the preface and title-page; and various later editions, Catholic and Protestant, of this eloquent Old England volume, of days when Chaucer was making his 'Canterbury Tales,' and Sir John Mandeville had lately finished his 'Travells,' testify to the permanent interest it excited in a certain section of the religious public.

It is a book of far less picturesquely coloured imagination

Digitized by Google

than the book of the Revelations of St. Mechtild with its vestures of white and rose colour, its golden bells and diadems of precious stones, its raiment like Heaven's blue besprinkled with blossoms of gold, and its fair five-petalled rose that covers the Heart of God. It has not the practical note of St. Bridget's inspired instructions, which, at least in the selections made by her English editor, betray the accent of the reformer and teacher whose eyes, like those of Sta. Teresa, behold the daily life of earth no less clearly than the spiritual images of eternity; nor will it ever be asserted of Juliana's work, either in praise or depreciation, as the recent translator of St. Catherine asserts of her famous 'Ecstatic 'Dialogue,' that 'it is nothing more than a mystical exposi- 'tion of the creeds taught to every child in the Catholic 'poor schools.' For, humble daughter of her Church as Juliana was, her mysticism belongs to a region where truly dogmatic catechisms have no entrance.

It is a mysticism at once profoundly personal as it deals with the inner relationship of Juliana to God, and fervently apostolic as it regards the relationship of God to Juliana's 'even Christen'—her equals in the commonwealth of Christ. Life, indeed, to her possesses no other aspects. The distractions of Teresa's great apostolate, the intellectual vistas of San Juan's theological scholarship, even the interruptions of Suso's community life and missionary labours, are unknown to the solitary anchorite. No faintest shadow, no passing echo of battles and sieges, of Spanish wars and poisoned princes, penetrated the cell where Juliana, 'a 'simple creature, unlettered, living in deathly flesh, on the '13th night of May in the year of our Lord 1373, tooke all 'her rites of holie church and went not to have liven till 'daie.' Condensed into some few sentences—their brevity accentuates the force of the narrative—we follow the record of those night hours of six hundred Mays ago, hours which were to serve as a mere preface to the fifteen ensuing years of mortal sickness, the period of her visions. It is a prelude recalling to our memory the words of St. John of the Cross, 'The soul unable to bear the ecstasies in a body so 'frail cries aloud to God, "Turn away Thine eyes from me. '"Turn them away, O my beloved!"' and the fable of the 'Morte d'Arthur' is here verified, 'When the deathly flesh 'beheld the spiritual thing it began to tremble right hard.' As we read we become witnesses of the scene. We see the slow dying, the speechless lips, the eyes on which darkness settles like a weight; the limbs are numb, the breath fails,

Digitized by Google

and the woman's soul burns itself free. The picture is complete in all its details. The priest is there and he sets the cross before her.

'I have brought thee,' he tells her, 'the Image of our 'Saviour, looke thereupon and comfort thee.' But she already thought she was well, 'for mine eien were sett up-'right into Heaven.' Yet, for obedience sake, she looks. Then the earthly framework fades, one passing mention of the red signet ring upon her hand, to which 'for round-'head' the blood-drops that in ghostly sight fall from Christ's lacerated brows are likened; one simile drawn from the water that dips from 'the evesing of an house after a 'great shower,' in which we seem for a moment to catch the sound of May rain on the roof, and all the events of transitory life are obliterated. The sharpness of that long dying still encompasses her, the natural life of the body, of the senses, of the intellect, has surrendered its last citadel, but in that eclipse of mortality the soul, disenthralled from the restrictive conditions of time and space, drawing in its royal train the subjugated faculties, beholds the invisible, hears the inaudible, and apprehends the unknown. And yet with Juliana, as with Suso, it is not so much the manumission of the spirit from the flesh, of which we are made aware, as it is of the infection of the flesh with spirituality. The images presented are no vacant metaphors. Sight has remained sight, only the soul has opened a new avenue into the eternities on either side; hearing has remained hearing, but by that spiritual contagion its capacities are extended into the infinite. Above all, the heart of the woman has remained a heart, now 'glad and merry in love' for that Lord of hers 'who will be trusted for He is full homely and 'courteous,' now broken with compassion at the spectacle of His despiteous passion. 'I saw the sweet face as it were 'dry and bloodless with pale dying and dead languring,' thus she describes the opening of one of those earlier visions; she saw 'the bloodshed and the pain and the 'blowing of the wind and cold,' and how, she questions, 'might any pain be more than to see Him that is all my life, 'all my bliss, and all my joy, suffer?' The love of a human womanhood rings through every sentence of the sequel.

'"Look up to heaven," a proffer, as it had been friendly, 'said to me. "Look up to heaven to His Father." I 'answered inwardly with all the might of my soul, "Nay, I '"will not. Thou art my heaven."' 'I had liefer have been 'in that paine till doomsday,' she adds, 'than have come to

Digitized by Google

'heaven otherwise than by Him,' and human, well we recognise it, is the vehemence of that reiterated exclusion of all other paths to joy. 'Me liked,' she says, 'none other 'heaven.' Once again she touches the same octave, condensing in a single phrase which has seldom been transcended in its brief expression of the possession that leaves the infinity of love's desire still unsatiated: 'I saw Him and 'I sought Him, I had Him, and I wanted Him!' Fletcher's tenderness, Ford's passion, lose colour placed side by side with the utterances of this worn recluse whose hands are empty of every treasure.

And round all her 'even Christen,' God's lovers in heaven and on earth, not omitting those dear sinners whose sins by God's great courtesie—it is the word she uses almost oftener than any other in connexion with the Deity—are forgotten, her warm affections cling. For St. John of Beverley, who it seems was a 'kind neighbour and of her knowing;' for our Lady St. Mary, a simple maiden, but little waxen above a child, as she stood to Juliana's beholding; for God Himself, the Lord who 'took no place in His own House,' who 'is a very noble Lord and will save His word in all 'things' (the language of chivalry echoes fantastically from the outward world of the Black Prince's day), 'and will make 'all well that is not well,' for these her love clothes itself as with the tender impetus of a child's caress. God, it is true, has His secrets; sin and hell trouble her betimes, as they have troubled many another before and since; but a certain gay optimism of faith and hope triumphant, surmounts that infirmity of fear. 'Sin is behovely, but all shall be 'well and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall 'be well,' is the refrain of page after page—and little marvel it is, for 'she saw an high privity hid in God, which shall 'be known in heaven to us. In which knowing we shall 'verily see the cause why He suffered sin. In which sight 'we shall endlessly have joy, and all say with one voice, 'Lord, blessed mote Thou be. For because it is thus, 'thus it is well.'

Strange too is it, in an epoch when the physical hell of fire and torture—such hells as that of Teresa's later vision, 'with long narrow lane, low and dark and close, with 'mire of reptiles and contracting walls,' had branded itself upon the orthodox—to read Juliana's quiet words: 'To me 'was showed none harder hell than sin; hell was as sin to 'my sight;' and from sin, she gives sad assent to the inexorable law of human weakness, 'we may not in this life

Digitized by Google

'keep us.' Yet, even as she makes her concession to the inevitable, the old jubilant faith reasserts its sure basis of final victory. 'In each soul that shall be safe is a goodly 'will, that never assenteth to sin ne never shall,' and in the end 'blame shall be turned into endless worship, though 'how and by what deed there is no creature beneath Christ 'that wot it.' Even those to whom her gospel conveys no certificate of truth may find something to learn in that doctrine of good cheer.

This is to give but some slight sketch of those conditions of mind and body and thought belonging to the mysticism of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. To track its influence in literature, to follow its developements in the copies fiction made from life, and in those other more recent plagiarisms life is accused of having made from fiction, is a task far beyond our scope. That it left the trace of its spiritual glamour is plain enough. The German school of chivalric romance, as represented by Fouqué in his legends (mis-estimated in England as children's stories), or by Novalis in his unfinished 'Heinrich von Oftendingen,' is permeated with it. Perhaps some kindred film crept over Hawthorne's pen when he wrote his tales, where, trembling on the brink of the unseen, the figures of his men and women rise in the moonlight of his creative fancy. George Sand, in her strange chronicle of spiritual inheritances 'Spiridion,' has caught something of its atmosphere. Its symbolism is echoed —we are tempted to say their pose approaches a parody —by many so-called 'mystics' of our own time, who are fain to assume the gift of the ascetic's vision while they withhold the guarantee of the ascetic's sacrifice. Spurious mysticism there has ever been, superficial imitations and artificial emotions. Men forget that to see a vision is not to have become a mystic. To be, if one may borrow the journalists' term, an anti-naturalist, is not to have attained the ethereal kingdom that flesh and blood cannot inherit. The 'Chevalier Malheur' may pierce the hand of the dreamer; 'le rêve qui pleure' may visit the dead eyes of the living sinner; to the remorseful penitent 'les soirs mystiques,' with their vibrations of 'les angélus roses et noirs,' may come;* the experiences of Huysmans's hero, the Parisian 'mystic' of to-day, whose studied emotions and self-absorbed egoism would be less revolting as features of his sins than of his repentances, may be true to life. But the fact remains

* 'Sagesse,' Paul Verlaine.

Digitized by Google

that to adopt a symbolic phraseology is not to have assimilated a spiritual temperament, although be it allowed that in days when originals are lacking the copyists themselves may be unconscious of the fraud.

And towards them, as towards all who bear by right, or have taken in good faith, the title, the world may well exercise a judgement of forbearance. Sleeping dreams there are of the brain, the recital of which in a land, were there any such, where sleep is dreamless, would read as an impostor's fable. Waking dreams there may be of the soul, towards which our attitude is perforce of a like incredulity; yet, may be, even so and to us, they have their value. Is it not perhaps true, in a wider sense than the writer intended, that 'ohne die Träume würden wir gewiss früher alt'?

Digitized by Google

ART. III.—1. *Woman under the English Law.* By ARTHUR RACKHAM CLEVELAND. 1896.

2. *The Law of the Domestic Relations.* By W. P. EVERSLEY. Second edition. 1896.

WE live in times much given to murmurings and to the expression of dissatisfaction both with ourselves and our institutions. The good old days of self-complacency, so irritating to Mr. Matthew Arnold, are past. No need now for any of us to mutter under our breath, 'Wragg is in 'custody.' Our Navy is inadequate and unmanned, our Army costly and inefficient, our clergy are unloved, our public schools failures, our commercial morality rotten at the core. Betting on horses we have never seen, and on the rise or fall of stock we have never held, are our most prosperous industries, and the drink traffic is our only roaring trade; whilst, as for our manufactured articles, they are all (almost) made in Germany. In this querulous state of mind the Mother of Parliaments is not likely to escape domestic criticism. On all sides we hear complaints of both Houses. The Upper House has little to do, and the Lower House does nothing. Governments cannot pass their measures because of the garrulity of private members, those 'minor 'orators' of whom Mr. Chamberlain in his meridian splendour speaks so contemptuously; whilst private members themselves cannot pass their own little bills because the Government has taken all the time. It is a pitiable picture. Yet in important matters it is well to take large views, to forget the mishaps of the hour, to look back a bit and then forward; for so alone can we mark the progress of events and the course of law.

Every middle-aged Englishman, fat and pursy citizen though he may have become, has lived through a revolution effected by law—a revolution, or rather a series of revolutionary events, some of them hailed by salvoes of leading articles and thunders of popular applause, whilst others have passed barely noticed; nor would it be paradoxical to assert that the new laws which most nearly concern us, which affect not only our conduct but our ideas, which cut most deeply into our social life, are those which attracted the least observation during their passage through Parliament.

The title of Mr. Cleveland's interesting book which stands at the head of this article has suggested to us a subject second to none in social importance, which has been revo-

Digitized by Google

lutionised by Statute Law in our own day, and in order to judge in detail how complete that revolution has been it is only necessary to refer to Mr. Eversley's learned and scholarlike work on 'The Domestic Relations'—a book which, though technically belonging to the forbidding ranks of 'law books,' is yet full of human interest, and written, moreover, in the English language.

If it be the business of parliaments to make laws, to upset (if justice demands) established things, and to substitute in their place what is conceived to be equitable, and to do this fearlessly, nor always at the bidding of constituents or in consequence of 'mandates' from ill-attended public meetings, or minatory letters from underbred secretaries of declining associations, but in obedience to a true legislative instinct—why, then the history of our recent legislation with regard to married women is alike honourable in itself and a complete answer to those conceited babblers who would have the country believe that parliamentary institutions stand self-condemned to uselessness and public impotence.

Women may be roughly divided into two classes, married women and single women; for widows may, for legal purposes and without impropriety, be included, for the nonce, amongst the single. Apart from certain civic disqualifications and professional exclusiveness, our old Common Law never thought fit to bully single women, who, when of full age and of sound mind, have always been left free to manage their own property, whether real or personal, and to make and alter their wills and codicils as and when they in their good sense or caprice might think fit. No family council of males ventured to control them, nor was any limit placed either upon their acquisitiveness or their powers of inheritance. Single women amongst us have from time immemorial chaffered and sold, kept shop, and farm, and inn, driven to market, collected their rents, made their investments, sued their debtors, compounded with their creditors, and, in a word, lived their life exposed to nothing worse than a good deal of time-honoured and heavy jesting about 'single blessedness' and their supposed desire for, or alleged aversion to, that holy estate of matrimony, into which, for one reason or another, they never entered.

Very different, indeed, has been the history and plight of the married woman in England. Our laws are far more imaginative than our novels, being the creatures of the oddest preconceptions and the most original fancies Our

Digitized by Google

German forebears entertained a highly poetic and imaginative conception of matrimony. In the face of facts, doubtless notorious even in the 'Germania' of Tacitus, our ancestors insisted upon treating marriage as a suspension of the independent existence of the wife, and as an absorption by the husband of the woman and all her belongings. Henceforward the two were one, and that one the husband. To this hour, if 500*l.* is bequeathed to Jane, Peter, and John in equal shares, and Jane and Peter should chance to be man and wife, the legacy is divided, not into thirds, but into halves, for Jane and Peter are treated as one person, and take but a moiety between them, whilst the lucky John goes off with the other. It is not too much to say that the revolution it is our business to describe consists in the undoing in the latter half of the present century of the legal consequences flowing from the imaginative conception of marriage formed in the forests of Germany two thousand years ago.

This conception might quite easily have been otherwise. To use a literary expression, it was not in the least 'inevitable.' The Latin nations took no such view, and accordingly in the Civil Law husband and wife are and always have been considered as different persons who club together their resources to provide a home and an inheritance in which both have certain defined and mutually enforceable rights.

But however accidental the original preconception may have been, it fell upon fruitful soil in England and grew and prospered. The notion of the unity of the husband and the wife, meaning thereby the suspension of the wife and the lordship of the husband, seems from the first to have been particularly agreeable to the race of English lawyers, tickling their grim humour and gratifying their very limited sense of the fitness of things. Whenever they approached the subject a grin seems to have spread itself over their liberal expanse of countenance. How pleasantly, how good-humouredly, does Blackstone—he who first taught Law, as Bentham said, to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman—handle the theme in the first book of those inimitable Commentaries of his, now shamefully mangled beyond recognition by a succession of heartless editors. 'Even the 'disabilities which the wife lies under are for the most part 'intended for her protection and benefit, *so great a favourite* '*is the female sex of the laws of England!*' Blackstone, we know, wrote his famous book with a bottle of port by his side; and we would wager a dozen that after writing the words we have put in italics he sipped his glass and

Digitized by Google

chuckled. Until Lord Lyndhurst we are not aware that any lawyer of eminence quarrelled with the great Unity Theory of the German forest.

And how did that theory work out in practice. We will take the year 1857 as a period of time, and inquire what was the law to which married women were then subject. First, as to their property; second, as to their persons; and lastly as to the custody and guardianship of their children—matters, all of them, it will be admitted, in which they were not a little interested. First as to property.

By the act of marriage the wife made a present to her husband of all her personal estate. What was hers became his, and his it remained to the end of the chapter. It was his to spend or to save according to his humour or inherited instincts. It was his, her trinkets and trifles excepted, to leave to whom he chose by will. Did the wife during the continuance of the union become possessed of further personal estate, it all went straight into the same pocket. Had she lands and houses, her husband became her rent-collector without any liability to account; and if there was issue of the marriage, his right to go on receiving the rents and profits continued till his death, even though his wife had pre-deceased him. Contractual power the wife had none. Testamentary power she had none. Prior to 1857—our imaginary date—the plight of the married woman was worse than it had been in earlier times when the Common Law divided a man's goods on his death into three parts, and gave his widow one of them; but this customary division very early became obsolete except in Wales, the Province of York, and the City of London, in which places it was abolished by Acts of Parliament passed in the reigns of William and Mary, William III., and George I. (See Mr. Cleveland, 173.) In the same way the widow's ancient right to dower—namely, to a life interest in a third of her husband's freehold estates, was destroyed first in actual practice by the devices of conveyancers, and again in 1834 by an Act of Parliament, which enabled husbands to bar their wives' right to dower by a simple declaration in the deed whereby property otherwise dowable was conveyed to him. It is worth remarking that this dodging of dower was not attributable to men's hatred of their wives, but was really the work of conveyancers and lawyers, and was done in order to simplify titles which were not readily transferable if the concurrence of widows had to be obtained. The husbands really knew nothing about it.

But to resume. If a husband left his wife to make her

Digitized by Google

own way in the world by her skill in any industry, or her proficiency in any art, the small earnings she might so acquire, and any tiny investments she might make therewith, however necessary for her sustenance or the maintenance and education of his children, were absolutely at her husband's mercy; and did he make a raid upon her the law stood sheepishly by and let him rifle her pockets and carry off the plunder to spend how and on whom he chose. 'Courts of Law,' said the Lord Justice Turner, in 1861, 'deny 'married women both the power to contract and to enjoy.'

Such was the Common Law of England, declared by Coke 'to be the birthright of the subject, inasmuch as every 'member of the community is of right entitled to the benefit 'and protection of those laws under which he is born.' And so far as Statute Law had touched the Common Law it had made it worse for married women.

But no sooner have we laid down the law than an exception has to be made—an exception curiously characteristic of the practice of our laws and yet incongruous with their spirit. Our old and somewhat discreditable friends—'the classes and the 'masses'—here lift their snaky heads and begin hissing. Those married women who belonged to 'the masses' lived and died in this matter of property subject to the Common Law, their ancient and usually their only birthright. Having for the most part no property of their own when they married, save, to use a vulgar phrase, the shifts they stood in at the altar, their pre-nuptial attention was not especially directed to the legal consequences of their change of *status*. They looked to their husbands to support them, they contributing household labour and a woman's wit; and, indeed (for it is a foolish thing to allow yourself to be carried away by a subject, even though you chose it for yourself), who dare say that in this England of ours a woman's state of marriage was ever (save in melancholy but exceptional cases) a pauper's state? Common Law or no Common Law the grey mare often proved herself the better horse; nor would it ever, we suspect, have been safe, at any period of our history, for either gentle or simple totally to have disregarded the opinions of the good wife at home.

In the case of women who were either in their own right or by the proposed provision of their parents possessed or put in possession of property before the date of their marriage, the Common Law has, for two centuries at least, been superseded by the system of marriage settlements and the interposition of trustees. This machinery, fostered and

Digitized by Google

protected by the Court of Chancery, secured for married women what was called their 'separate estate,' which was free from the disposition and control of their husbands. The 'class' woman has enjoyed the usufruct of this separate estate for two hundred years, and in respect of it was always treated by a Court of Equity as a *feme sole*. This kind of property might be acquired either by contract with the husband before marriage or (subject to the rights of creditors) by gift from him after marriage, or, if fit words were used, by gift, or under the will of any third party, and over this property the married woman might have such a power of appointment after her own death as amounted to a complete testamentary disposition.

Thus did the wily race of conveyancers, sitting in their dusty chambers, outwit the heavy Germans, and upset the great 'Unity' theory.

It would, however, be a huge mistake to attribute this equitable doctrine and the practice of conveyancers to a revolt against the subjection of women. It was nothing of the kind, but sprang from the desire of wealthy parents to protect the fortunes they wished to bestow upon their daughters and grandchildren from dissipation by sons-in-law, whilst it spread and became general because of the opportunity it likewise afforded intending husbands, engaged in the risk of trade, of making a snug provision for their dear wives, and therefore for their still dearer selves, which should be beyond the reach of creditors in case of disagreeable eventualities. In our law marriage has always been what is called 'a valuable consideration'—that is to say, property vested in trustees for the benefit of a woman you are about to, and do subsequently, marry, and her children, cannot afterwards be taken back on the ground that the effect of the transaction was to remove from your creditors assets that would otherwise have been divisible amongst them. Thus has it come about that many a man who has failed for thousands of pounds, and made a hundred homes desolate, has yet been found spending his old age in a veritable garden of roses appurtenant to the neatest of villas, all bought and maintained out of that 'separate estate' with which, in the ardent yet far-seeing days of his courtship, with loving prudence he had endowed the lady of his heart.

That the object of marriage settlements was not independence, but security, is shown by the growth of the equitable doctrine. Lord Thurlow, being interested in the fortunes

Digitized by Google

of a Miss Watson who was about to be married, invented out of his own head a clause known as the clause 'in re-'straint of anticipation,' the effect of which is to prevent a married woman from forestalling a single halfpenny of the income of her estate. A woman thus hampered is as much a slave as ever the old Common Law could have wished her to be; but she is a slave worth possessing, for every quarter her trustees, who are in law, though not in equity, the owners of her capital, pay her a round sum, and are bound to go on paying it to her year after year, whatever happens. No doubt, when once the quarter's income has found its way into the wife's pocket, it is a question for the husband whether or not he should cry 'Halves!'

Much injustice has resulted from this arrangement. A penniless husband and a wealthy wife restrained from anticipation are not nice neighbours. The wife wants a new greenhouse, and bids her husband (her lord at Common Law) when next he strolls through the village to step in and ask the carpenter to take the order. The honest workman greatly rejoices at his good luck, and, though the job is rather beyond his means, cheerfully undertakes and completes it. But no sooner is it done than the 'married 'woman restrained from anticipation' turns huffy, vows she never wanted a greenhouse, least of all such a greenhouse as this; maintains, at all events, that it was not she who ordered it, and that anyhow she won't pay for it. It was her husband who gave the order, not she; and any tradesman who knew his business would have taken the pains to ascertain whether a man who lived with his wife in a house rated at 200*l.* a year was good for 100*l.* For the luckless carpenter there is no relief save bankruptcy; he must be sold up and lose his money, and, what is worse, his faith in English justice. To this poor man our equitable doctrines, our system of marriage settlements, our practice of conveyancers, must seem dire and even devilish things. Were he a reading man he would exclaim with the hero of the 'Bon Gaultier' parody of 'Locksley Hall'—

> 'Cursed be the marriage-contract that enchained thy soul to greed
> Cursed be the sallow lawyer that prepared and drew the deed;
> Cursed be the foul apprentice who the loathsome fees did earn
> Cursed be the clerk and parson—cursed be the whole concern.

To sum this matter up. We find that until the recent legislation, to which we must hereafter refer, married women belonging to the masses lived and died subject to

Digitized by Google

the tender mercies of the Common Law, which sank them in their husbands and destroyed their capacity either to hold or to enjoy. In a word, for the exceptions are few and trifling, property they could have none. For the classes, there were trustees and marriage settlements, whereby married women were converted into mere income-receiving machines, and were left powerless to touch the capital of their fortunes, or in any way to manage their own affairs.

Coming now to the delicate subject of the protection granted by law to the persons of married women, we do not find here any equitable doctrines modifying the rigour of the Common Law, which ranked a man's wife with his children and apprentices, and were he of a pedagogic turn, his scholars. Obedience was (in theory) the badge of all the tribe of married women, and our old lawyers allowed themselves pleasantries on the supposed right of husbands to chastise their wives with sticks no thicker than their own thumbs. That, as a matter of fact, Englishmen have beaten their wives is indisputable; one of the many lords of the Wife of Bath used to beat that lady (nor did she, if Chaucer is to be believed, like him any the less on that account), but within legal memory a man who laid violent hands upon his wife might be bound over at her instance to keep the peace. The subject is an ill one for jesting, and we regret that Blackstone (after a sip and a chuckle) should have thought fit to make the allusion he does to the exercise by the lower rank of the people, who 'were always fond of the Common Law,' of this alleged ancient privilege of assault. Our laws are responsible for a good deal of the ingrained brutality of 'the lower ranks 'of the people.' Quite apart from chastisement, married women were left almost entirely to the mercy of their husbands, who might drag them where they would, and did the poor things manage to make their escape and set up for themselves, might pay them domiciliary visits and despoil them of their belongings. If, however, the husband so far forgot himself as to commit adultery or acts of cruelty of a kind dangerous to health, or if he deserted his wife for two years, she might, were her friends wealthy enough, consult a proctor and obtain from the Ecclesiastical Courts a divorce *a mensa et thoro*—i.e., from bed and board. But if she did, what was her lot? Let Lord Lyndhurst describe it. Speaking in the House of Lords on May 20, 1856, Lord Lyndhurst said:—

'A wife is separated from her husband by a decree of the Ecclesiastical Court on account of his cruelty it may be, or his adultery,

Digitized by Google

From that moment the wife is almost in a state of outlawry. She may not enter into a contract, or if she does she has no means of enforcing it. The law, so far from protecting her, oppresses her. She is homeless, helpless, hopeless, and almost destitute of civil rights. She is liable to all manner of injustice, whether by plot or by violence. She may be wronged in all possible ways, her character may be mercilessly defamed—yet she has no redress. She is at the mercy of her enemies.'

It is a grim picture. In the same speech 'the old man 'eloquent' proceeded to denounce the heartlessness of the law which did not allow the wife, whose alleged adultery was made the subject-matter of an action of criminal conversation brought by her husband against her supposed paramour, either to appear at the bar or to give evidence.

'Mark,' exclaimed Lord Lyndhurst, 'the injustice. As far as the plaintiff and defendant are concerned it is a matter of money. But is it so with the wife? With her it is a matter of life and death. If the action succeeds, all is lost with her. She is driven from society. She has no refuge. No one will receive her. Yet in actions of that description she is not so much as heard. She dare not lift up her voice. She is not permitted to appear in the case or to give evidence.'

Prior to the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1857, a remarkable measure, skilfully pioneered through the Commons by Sir Richard Bethell and furiously debated by Mr. Gladstone, no woman, whatever her matrimonial grievances, could obtain a complete divorce, that is such a severance of the tie as left her a free woman. The most she could get was that divorce *a mensa et thoro*, entailing the disagreeable consequences so feelingly depicted by Lord Lyndhurst. With men it was different, provided always they were rich. A wealthy man who had convicted his wife of adultery in the Ecclesiastical Court and held her up to infamy in the infamous action of *crim. con.* could obtain, by means of a private Act of Parliament, complete relief and liberty to marry again; and thereon hangs a really merry tale. The Bishops in the Lords were accustomed to insist upon the insertion in each Divorce Bill of a clause prohibiting the re-marriage of the parties during each other's lifetime; but this done, they proffered no objection to the clause so inserted being dropped prior to the third reading. We are indeed a remarkable people, with a positive genius for subterfuge and evasion, but that right reverend prelates should play such tricks ought to be, though it is not, just a little surprising.

It cannot be said that until recent legislation our law

Digitized by Google

afforded married women the protection to which they were fairly entitled for their persons. If a wife ran away from her husband he could, if guilty of no matrimonial offence himself, obtain an order of the court requiring her under penalty of imprisonment to return to the conjugal life. Mr. Mill, in his remarkable but now, happily, to a great extent obsolete book, 'The Subjection of Women,' speaks feelingly of the deep degradation to which married women might be compelled to submit by the law. The subject is a painful one, but, as we proceed, it will be discovered that the law is now free from all reproach in this matter, which must always remain a very serious one.

We pass now to a subject choked with emotion and brimful of mothers' tears—the custody of children.

Here the Common Law is to be found asserting itself in its well-known masterful manner. By the Common Law children belong to their father; they are his, and unless it can be proved that his ill-usage endangers their health or is calculated to corrupt their morals, his they must remain. As Blackstone puts it, 'mothers, *as such*, are entitled to no 'power—only reverence and respect.' Poor things! and yet it was they who bore the children in sickness and in travail. This right to the children was a terrible tyranny. As Lord Cottenham once said, it often made it impossible for a woman to assert her rights as a wife without injury being done to her feelings as a mother. We will, at the risk of being tedious, take an illustration from what lawyers reverentially call 'the books.' In the early days of the present century an Englishwoman of some fortune and considerable expectations married a Frenchman resident in this country, and a child was born of the union. The husband, so at least the wife deposed by affidavit, ill-used her, and she fled from him, taking her baby, still at the breast, with her. The Frenchman studied our laws, and succeeded in recovering possession of his property; but, owing to the pardonable treachery of a nurse, the infant was restored to its mother. But Frenchmen are persistent, and one dark, wet night in April 1804, the father made a raid upon his wife's house, snatched the child from her breast, and drove away with the baby 'half-naked,' as the wife deposed. This time there was no friendly nurse at hand, and the mother was left desolate and afflicted. Having money at her command, she sought advice, and obtained a writ of *habeas corpus* requiring her husband, M. de Manneville, to bring up the child into the King's Bench

Digitized by Google

and show cause why he should retain it. For this purpose she employed three costly counsel, Erskine, Garrow, and Gibbs; but, alas! costly counsel can say no more when they have no case than the cheapest tyro of the law, and though they made what play they could with the fact that M. de Manneville was an alien enemy, and might be expected to take the child out of the jurisdiction, Lord Ellenborough and his learned brethren made the only order the law allowed them—namely, 'Let the child be remanded 'to the custody of the father,' and so accordingly it was.

But it was a pertinacious child, and after some delay made its bow in the High Court of Chancery under its proper title as 'Caroline Thomas de Manneville, an infant 'of the age of eleven months.' Here, on petition to be restored to her mother, the luckless babe, through the mouth of its next friend, poured out her piteous tale into the ear of Lord Eldon. This time the counsel employed were Romilly, Fonblanque, and Cook. Lord Eldon heard without surprise that Lord Ellenborough was helpless in the matter, remarking contemptuously that the Court of King's Bench had not 'within its constitution any of that 'species of delegated authority that exists in the King as '*Parens Patriæ*, and resides in the Court of Chancery as 'representing his majesty.' So, in the first instance at all events, little Caroline de Manneville had toddled into the wrong court, only to be rebuffed. What can Erskine and Garrow and Gibbs have been thinking of? The Lord Chief Justice of England, Cabinet Minister though he was, could do nothing in the case. Of course not! She must come to the Lord High Chancellor: Codling is the infants' friend, not Short.

But when Caroline de Manneville did find herself before the deputy *Parens Patriæ*, that great authority was puzzled. He had no faith in Frenchmen, and the wife was of respectable parentage and had a snug little fortune; still, to take a baby of eleven months old—a female baby—from a father who, though a Frenchman, was not alleged to be an atheist, or even a notorious ill-liver, was more than Lord Eldon was prepared to do, so he concocted an order requiring the Frenchman to give security that he would not take his daughter out of England. The Frenchman, naturally enough, could not find security, and thereupon Lord Eldon made a stringent order restraining him from removing or taking any step whatever in the direction of removing the

Digitized by Google

child out of the country. The Chancellor evidently had some plan in his head, but what it was we cannot say, for just at this point Miss Caroline de Manneville disappears from legal history. She may still be living somewhere in an honoured age, despite her early exposure. We hope she is. Were we at liberty to guess what happened, we should conjecture that her mother bought her back from her father for money down, since paternal affection such as M. de Manneville's is usually capable of being expressed in figures.

Upon the cognate subject of appointing guardians to children after death there is little to be said. By a statute of Charles II. a father was permitted by will to nominate guardians for his infant children, but a mother, even though a widow, could not do this. Thus, in 1865, a man died, leaving behind him his wife and four infant children. He forgot to appoint guardians, but he left all his property to his wife for life, and after her death amongst his children equally. The wife did not survive a year, but made a will whereby she purported to appoint guardians for her orphans. No sooner was she in her grave than rival relatives began disputing who should be guardians, and the Court of Chancery was appealed to. The judges pointed out that the wife's nomination had no legal warrant, but they regarded her wishes by appointing the same persons as she had selected. We mention this case to show how, in 1865, a widowed mother, to whom her husband had left all his property for life, could not legally appoint guardians for her own infant children, even when their father had forgotten to do so.

We now gladly turn over the page and begin inquiring what Statute Law has done in these important matters since 1857, our agreed point of view. First, as to property. Here what earliest attracted the attention of lawyers—for be it said all the reforms we are now concerned with have proceeded from liberal-minded and kind-hearted practitioners of the law, stimulated, it may be, by intelligent and generous women—was the evil case of those women who, though flung upon their own resources, were yet liable to be plundered of their earnings by a thief whom the law protected because he was also a husband. The twenty-first clause of the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1857, enabled a married woman whose husband had deserted her to obtain from a police magistrate or from justices in petty sessions an order protecting her earnings, and placing her in respect

Digitized by Google

of them in the same position as if she had never been married. This relief, valuable as it was, did not meet the justice of the case, and from that time forward private members of Parliament, at irregular intervals, obtained leave to introduce bills into the House of Commons seeking to protect the separate earnings of married women, whether deserted by their husbands or not. In 1868 a bill of this kind was read for the second time by the casting vote of the Speaker, the House being equally divided—123 on each side; but this bill was dropped at a later stage. In 1870 the late Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London, who possessed in no small measure that parliamentary influence which is only bestowed upon men of high character, good sense, and stern veracity,* succeeded—being ably supported by Sir George Jessel and Sir John Duke Coleridge—in passing the Married Woman's Property Act of 1870, a measure which, though since swallowed up in the revolutionary Act of 1882, was a great advance at the time, since it effectually protected the wages and earnings of married women, and the investments made with such wages and earnings. This bill was mainly, though not entirely, supported as a poor woman's bill, though of course its opponents, chiefly lawyers of the pettifogging type, denounced it as the beginning of a time when marriage would no longer destroy the legal individuality of the wife. Nor were these 'thin-end-of-the-wedge' gentlemen wrong, for in due course, after a few nibbling amendments that need not detain us, came 'silent, flooding in the main,' the measure of 1882. January 1, 1883, is a great date in the annals of married women, for a marriage celebrated after that date no longer deprives a woman of her legal capacity either to hold or to enjoy. What is hers remains hers as her separate estate; what becomes hers no longer goes (in the first instance at any rate) into her husband's pocket, but straight into her own. It is hers to save or to spend, and it is hers to leave to whom she chooses. Her wages and earnings are hers and hers alone; in short, marriage makes no difference. As against this, she must now pay her own prænuptial debts, and if she enters into contracts she will be credited

* 'The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel are the opinion of his honesty and the opinion of his wisdom. The authority of these two will persuade when the same counsel uttered by other persons less qualified are of no efficacy or working.'—Ben Jonson's 'Discoveries of Men and Matter.'

Digitized by Google

with the intention of fulfilling them out of her own property; nay more, she must, out of her separate estate if she has any, keep her husband and children off the rates. A married woman may also be made bankrupt. What an emancipation is this! Nothing is left of a married woman's ancient birthright, the old Common Law, except, indeed, that trifling little vagary we have already mentioned about the legacy of 500*l.* left to be equally divided between Jane, Peter, and John; for even though Jane and Peter have been married after the glorious 1st of January, 1883, they will take but 125*l.* apiece, whilst John will still go off with 250*l.*, because our ever-sentimental judges will have it that for this solitary purpose Jane and Peter are still one. Over this luckless couple the trees of the German forest rustle as of yore, but it is a point of much insignificance.

It would be interesting to ascertain the effect the Act has had upon the number of marriage settlements. Probably now, when mature women who have tasted of the sweets of liberty and grown accustomed to manage their own affairs marry, settlements are frequently dispensed with; but in the case of the marriages of the young women of the well-to-do class they are still in use, and likely to remain so. Fathers-in-law are not likely to lose sight of the wheedling propensities of sons-in-law, and intending husbands engaged in commercial pursuits—and nowadays who is not so engaged?—or fond of a flutter on the Stock Exchange, are no less keen than they ever were to seize the opportunity of their approaching nuptials to place a portion of their own property out of the reach of the Official Receiver. No Act of Parliament can prevent a loving woman from putting her hand into her separate pocket, if she has got one, to relieve the anxieties of a husband in pecuniary difficulties, and therefore prudence and family foresight will always favour those settlements which place the wife's fortune out of her reach in the hands of trustees only authorised to invest it in sound securities, and to pay her no more than the income, unless, indeed, it be for the advancement in life of the children —for is it not at least possible there may be children to be considered? An accomplished lady has lately, we are aware, written a history of her sex from early ages down to the present time, in which she has not found it necessary to refer to the fact that women, and women alone, are the mothers of mankind; but the less philosophical writers, whose business it is to prepare marriage settlements, would hardly earn their fees if they did not in those documents

Digitized by Google

make some provision for possible issue. But the law has made married women free, and it can do no more, for to forbid marriage settlements would be foolish and tyrannical.

Let us now see what protection modern legislation has bestowed upon a wife's person.

Prior to the Divorce Act, as it is commonly called, of 1857 the most an injured wife could obtain was a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and what her plight then was Lord Lyndhurst has told us. The Act substituted judicial separation for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and it conferred upon a woman so separated the status of an unmarried woman, thus enabling her to protect herself. By the same Act, for the first time, women could, if sufficiently aggrieved, obtain a complete divorce; but her husband's unfaithfulness alone is not offence enough to enable the wife to break the matrimonial bonds: he must be cruel as well, or have deserted her for two years, to set her free. With men it is different. An unfaithful English wife need add no other sin to her catalogue to enable her husband, if so minded, to dissolve the union between them. In Scotland the spouses have equal rights of divorce; whilst in Ireland the old law holds good—no divorce at all except by Act of Parliament in each case, and then only at the instance of the man. We are not quite a united kingdom even yet!

In 1878 an Act was passed enabling a wife, whose husband has been convicted of an aggravated assault upon her, to obtain from a magistrate, if he should be of opinion that her bodily safety requires it, an order releasing her from any obligation further to cohabit with a brute, and putting her in the same legal position as if she had obtained a judicial separation in the Divorce Court. This cheapened the process very much.

In 1884 a remarkable statute was passed, rendering nugatory a decree of the court for the restitution of conjugal rights. No doubt there always was a difficulty about enforcing these orders. To compel a couple to live together as man and wife would tax the resources of a whole army of sheriff's officers. Nor did the law ever attempt to do so. All it did was to clap the obstinate spouse into gaol and keep him or her there at the public expense until he or she purged his or her contempt, apologised, promised to make amends in the future for past remissness, and paid costs. He or she was then let out, and told to go home. In 1884 even this process was abandoned, and the question was then mooted, What are the rights of, let us say, a husband who,

Digitized by Google

guilty of no matrimonial offence, has obtained from the proper court an order for restitution of his conjugal rights and yet cannot persuade his wife to live with him and be his love? The great Jackson case in 1891 decided that rights he has none. There, Mrs. Jackson preferred the society of her relatives to that of her husband, and paid no attention to the decree of the court requiring her to observe her vows. None the less she was in the habit of going to church, for it was whilst returning from public worship that she met her husband in full pursuit of what he conceived to be his private rights; he hustled her into a cab, and *in facie Ecclesiæ* drove her to what ought to have been, but was not, her home, where she was allowed as much liberty as was consistent with her not running away. Mr. Jackson, in fact, treated his wife as Queen Elizabeth treated the Roman Catholic bishops who declined to recognise her new Settlement of Religion—she, we remember, quartered them on their Protestant successors, where they enjoyed, what Burleigh styled, 'free captivity.' The bishops acquiesced, but Mrs. Jackson was made of sterner mould, and sued out, through her friends, her *habeas corpus*. She was brought up by her husband, who made his return to the writ, stating his case, but after full argument the Court of Appeal made an order in words instinct with English liberty, 'Return bad, and wife to go free.' Lord Halsbury and Lord Esher, in highly rhetorical judgments, simply danced upon the Common Law; but the Lord Justice Fry, though he moved to a statelier measure, being in truth somewhat encumbered with the learning on the subject, agreed with the rest of the court that by English law a husband has no right to keep his wife in any kind of custody, even though he knows that the first use she will make of her restored freedom is to walk out of his house for ever. We own to a wish that the same question had arisen during the time of Buller and Bayley, justices.

A recent Act of 1895, repealing the earlier Act already referred to of 1878, and an intermediate Act of 1886, enables a married woman, whose husband has deserted her, and also a married woman whose husband has assaulted her, to obtain from any Court of Summary Jurisdiction a maintenance order not exceeding 2*l.* a week, as well as the equivalent of a decree for judicial separation.

It would be difficult to say what further protection Statute Law could give to a wife's person. The apparent heartlessness of magistrates, as shown by the trivial punishments they inflict upon wife-beaters, is in most cases attributable to the

Digitized by Google

refusal of the wife to be separated from her husband and to the futility of any other relief.

It is now only left to us to notice the custody and guardianship of children.

The barbarity of the Common Law was first mitigated by statute in the year 1839, when an Act was passed, in consequence of the exertions of Talfourd, the amiable author of 'Ion,' the friend and biographer of Charles Lamb, and afterwards a Justice of the Common Pleas. By this Act mothers were permitted to petition the Court of Chancery for access to their infant children, and if such children were under seven years of age, for their custody until that age; but no mother who had been found guilty of adultery either in the Ecclesiastical Court or in an action of *crim. con.* was entitled to the benefit of the Act.

In 1873 the age was raised from seven to sixteen, and in 1886 the widest possible discretion was conferred upon the judges to make any order they might think fit 'regarding 'the custody of any infant and the right of access thereto of 'either parent, having regard to the welfare of the infant, 'and to the conduct of the parents, and to the wishes as well 'of the mother as of the father.'

After this Act, it cannot now be said that infants belong to either parent; for if father and mother are foolish enough to quarrel the judges will decide between them, having regard to the welfare of the infant only. It is great power to put in the hands of anybody, but it is hard to see what else could be devised.

In the matter of religion, the father is preferred; for though our courts are, as at present constituted, determined that every child should be taught some recognised creed, they have no longer any predilections of their own, and get quit of the difficulty (cleverly enough) by maintaining the father's religion to be preferable to the mother's in case of difference. But if the child is old enough to appreciate religious distinctions, and has been well indoctrinated in one set of opinions, the court will refuse to sanction a change.

When there is only one parent living, the Act of 1886 does not apply, and then the only interference possible is by the court as *parens patriæ*, or rather deputy *parens patriæ*. Since the Judicature Acts of 1873 and onwards, the old differences between Coke and Bacon, Ellenborough and Eldon, the Queen's Bench and the High Court of Chancery have been finally healed. Both Codling and Short are now alike the infant's friends, and even on *habeas corpus* in the

Digitized by Google

Queen's Bench the judges can, and will, exercise about the custody of a child the widest possible discretion. In 1893 the Court of Appeal from the Queen's Bench on *habeas corpus* refused to allow a widow the custody of her daughter on the ground that in their opinion the infant (who was however fifteen years of age) had been already so much separated from her mother, who was a very struggling person of somewhat ill-defined occupations, that her welfare would not be consulted by restoring her to that custodian. Jurisdiction of this kind is necessarily very delicate, and there are those, and, to judge from a few words in his preface, Mr. Eversley is one of them, who rather dread the hour when the authority of the judges will be found like a veritable Aaron's rod, to have swallowed up both paternal and maternal rights. Certainly, the question, What is the welfare of a child? raises issues, social, moral, religious, of a sufficiently momentous character. One judge might think the welfare of a female child involved such an environment as is best calculated to promote her marriage with a well-to-do tradesman, and, with this in his eye, might refuse to restore her to the custody of her mother, the secretary of a branch of the Fabian Society. But, after all, one must trust in these matters to the general sense of the community, which usually permeates even the Bench. For the most part, sensible people bicker but do not quarrel, and Carlyle *dissentiente*, most people are sensible when they confine themselves to their own affairs. By an Act of 1891 the Court is not bound to hand over a child to its parents, or to either parent, if satisfied that at a previous stage of the child's history it had been abandoned or given up. This measure was intended to protect philanthropic persons who, having assumed the care of children, found themselves threatened with writs of *habeas corpus* when the children became able to earn a little money.

As to the guardianship of children, it is only necessary to refer to the Act of 1886, which Mr. James Bryce took a very active part in forwarding, whereby on the death of the father of an infant the mother, if surviving, shall be the guardian of such infant, either alone or jointly with any guardian appointed by the father. By this Act mothers may, by deed or will, in the lifetime of their husbands appoint guardians to act after the death of both parents, and in the event of father and mother both appointing guardians, such guardians may act jointly. The court may also under the Act if it thinks a

Digitized by Google

father unfitted to be sole guardian appoint persons to act with him.

The late Lord Selborne, though in deep mourning for the loss of his wife, came up to London on purpose to see this measure safely through the Lords.

If man wants to do more for woman than he has already done, he can confer upon her the parliamentary franchise, insist upon the Incorporated Law Society admitting her to the Roll of Solicitors and the Inns of Court calling her to the Bar, remedy the inequalities of the Divorce Court, and see to it that Trades Unions do not bully her in the matter of work wages. This done, the curtain will fall for ever upon the tyrant, man.

Digitized by Google

ART. IV.—1. *Federation and Empire: A Study in Politics.* By THOMAS ALFRED SPALDING, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. London: 1896.

2. *The Union of England and Scotland: A Study of International History.* By JAMES MACKINNON, Ph.D., Examiner in History to the University of Edinburgh. London, New York, and Bombay: 1896.

IT is eminently desirable, now that the fierceness of the Home Rule controversy is no longer affecting the minds of men, that students of politics and of history should turn their attention to the principles upon which the constitutional system of the United Kingdom is based, and should consider by what means it can best be brought into conformity with the sentiments and needs of our own time. We welcome, therefore, the two works whose titles appear at the head of this article, not because we agree with much of the reasoning they contain, nor with the conclusions at which they arrive, but because they are serious contributions to a great discussion by men who clearly have no other ends in view than the successful working of our political institutions, and the well-being and harmonious co-operation of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen as fellow-subjects of one kingdom. No one would think of accusing a Home Ruler of Mr. Spalding's stamp—if, indeed, he can be correctly so described—of being actuated by any spirit of separatism such as that which led Mr. Parnell and his associates to strive completely to sever the political relations of Ireland and Great Britain.

The methods and objects of our two authors are very different. Mr. Spalding strives to establish the benefit which would result from federalising England, Scotland, and Ireland, starting his reasonings upon the alleged failure of the parliamentary union of the three countries. Mr. Mackinnon has produced a careful and accurate history of the Union between England and Scotland, thinking, very truly, that it behoves Englishmen and Scotchmen to endeavour to understand the real objects of the statesmen who brought about the incorporating Union of 1707, and the feelings towards it of the people of the two countries. He is himself free from the prejudices which at that date inflamed men's minds, and he warns his readers to be on their guard against those travesties of history which partisans in an existing political conflict produce, in order to supply the

Digitized by Google

armoury of present party necessities. Mr. Mackinnon deals almost entirely with the past. He has produced a very interesting and, on the whole, impartially written account of the eventful period which led up to the Union, of the great struggle for and against the Union itself, and of the consequences resulting from it. He writes, it need scarcely be said, as a Scotchman, full of the universal feeling of his countrymen for the honour and dignity, as well as the welfare, of Scotland, whilst yielding not a tittle to any Englishman in the wider feeling of British patriotism towards the United Kingdom as a whole. To patriotism such as his the glories of Waterloo appeal no less strongly than those of Bannockburn. Whether all his conclusions can be entirely accepted may be doubtful, but no one can question the admirable spirit and fairness with which he discusses his subject, or the ability and industry he has brought to bear upon it.

The title of Mr. Spalding's work is a misnomer. It suggests, at all events, that its subject is the constitution of the 'Empire' outside, as well as inside, the limits of the United Kingdom; whilst, in fact, the discussion is entirely confined to proposals for reconstructing the constitutional system of Great Britain and Ireland. We do not complain of this limitation of his subject. To provide a new constitution even for the two British Islands is a heavy enough task for any one man to attempt. Two Cabinets, led by the most powerful Minister of his generation, have in the last ten years conspicuously failed in their efforts in that direction. Home Rule statesmen, indeed, and our author are not at one in their objects. His ideas are not their ideas; nor his plans their plans. But they have this in common—that they all involve the complete abrogation of the parliamentary system of government, such as, with all its many changes, we have always known it in this kingdom. Probably when Mr. Spalding's constitution for the United Kingdom has been accepted, he will turn his attention to constitution-building for the British Empire as a whole, and the promise suggested by his resounding title may at length be fulfilled.

The inhabitants of the British Islands are, in our author's opinion, endeavouring to live under what Professor Dicey has well called a Unitarian Constitution, when, in truth and in fact, the United Kingdom consists of a number of 'States.' Did the Constitution coincide with the facts of the case, England, Scotland, and Ireland would be united federally, each with its own local executive government and

Digitized by Google

local assembly, whilst the legislative and administrative business common to the three kingdoms would be performed by a Parliament and Executive at Westminster. The Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893 'attempted to create a quasi-'federation which was altogether amorphous and illogical.'* The former bill excluded the Irish members from Parliament, and would have established 'a mock federation' (p. 297); and the latter, first of all, included them for special purposes by the 'in and out clause,' and then, in its latter form, for all purposes. This difficulty as to the Irish members proved fatal to Gladstonian Home Rule in any form, and in whichever of the three possible ways it was attempted to meet it. Lord Derby, with admirable clearness, and other leading Unionist statesmen, explained all this ten years ago, and hence Mr. Spalding's devotion of a whole chapter to elucidate the same matter now lacks freshness in the eyes of those who have previously ventured to question, with almost wearisome reiteration on this and other grounds, the merits of those two very remarkable efforts of modern constructive statesmanship. The Unionist statesmen, however, came to the conclusion that the impossibility of Home Rule rendered necessary the continuance of the parliamentary union of the three kingdoms in a single Parliament, whilst our author concludes that 'the movements of 1886 and 1893 'were made down the wrong road,'† and that the real solution of the question lies in the frank acceptance of federation, or 'Home Rule all round.'

In Mr. Spalding's eyes the Parliament of the United Kingdom is merely an 'English' Parliament, because the Scotch members, or the Irish members, or both together, are less numerous than the English members. 'Although 'we talk of the union with Scotland and Ireland,' says Mr. Spalding, 'there was no union of Parliaments. The 'Scotch and Irish Parliaments were destroyed, and Scotland 'and Ireland were permitted to send representatives to sit 'in the English House of Lords and House of Commons.'‡ The extraordinary arrogance of this ultra-English pretension can only be matched by its absurdity. The Acts of Union prove the precise contrary of Mr. Spalding's proposition. In 1707 a *British* Parliament took the place of the English and the Scotch Parliaments. In 1801 the Parliament of the United Kingdom took the place of the Parliaments of Great

* Federation and Empire, p. 276.
† *Ibid.* p. 302. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 10.

Digitized by Google

Britain and of Ireland. According to this peculiar reasoning the Parliament of the country which has the fewest representatives is *extinguished*, and that of the country possessing a majority of representatives alone *survives*, when amalgamation of the two Assemblies takes place. In fact, there can be no 'union,' and nothing but the extinction of one Parliament and the survival of the other, unless each country contributes precisely the same number of representatives to the new Assembly. For the most powerful nation, had it only a majority of one, would always have the other at its mercy! According to our author, 'the Scotch and Irish representatives are in an absolute and hopeless minority in the United Parliament, and the English Parliament undertook the duty of legislating for each of the three nations separately upon all those questions which most closely touch their social life and well-being' (p. 12). The Union was thus a violent infringement of the constitutional principles of 1688. The People was thereafter to be governed with the consent only of itself as represented in Parliament. Arbitrary enactions, royal proclamations, were no longer to take the place of the laws made by the People. Yet in 1896 we learn from Mr. Spalding with surprise and alarm that 'Scotland is liable at any moment to be subjected to a law which, so far as she is concerned, is merely a parliamentary proclamation.'

'Stands Scotland where it did?
Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. . . .'*

A moment's reflection, however, will show Scotchmen that, if slaves, they are slaves in good company, for the same 'servile chains' weigh down not merely the Irish and the Welsh, but the people of London, the inhabitants of the County Palatine of Lancaster, and of every locality for which laws are made by its own representatives in conjunction with the more numerous representatives of other and larger localities. Had Scotland a separate Parliament, the Highlands might be governed against the will of its representatives by a 'parliamentary proclamation' from Edinburgh. Had Ireland a separate Parliament, Ulster might in the same way be at the mercy of the arbitrary rule of College Green. However matters are arranged, we are afraid that Mr. Spalding's grand constitutional doctrine must receive some qualification. 'The doctrine that lies at the base of con-

* Macbeth.

Digitized by Google

'stitutional government is that no law shall be enforceable 'without the consent of the majority of those who will be 'affected by it' (p. 87). The only people affected by the Crofters Acts are the people living in the 'crofter counties.' Should such laws be made solely by the majority of the people of those counties? Acts of Parliament have often been passed, the operations of which have been limited to particular districts, where they have not of necessity been always popular. Is this an infringement of the Constitution? We had thought it was a principle of the Constitution that Queen, Lords, and Commons in Parliament assembled governed the *whole* realm. We wonder whether a majority of those whose estates will be affected by the death duties consented to their imposition? If not, are those duties constitutionally 'enforceable'? Mr. Spalding will do well to revise his 'doctrines,' for as they stand they are hardly more 'constitutional' than royal proclamations!

Let us explain the scheme of Mr. Spalding's book. To him Parliament as we know it seems a hopeless failure. It neglects the *general* business of the United Kingdom and the Empire in order to be able to perform the separate 'State' business of its component parts. It ought to be debating foreign politics, or colonial or Indian affairs, when it is passing laws for England, or Scotland, or Ireland, or debating matters which affect only one or other, and not the whole, of these countries. When a member addresses his constituents, a very small portion of his remarks are addressed to subjects of Imperial interest. In the eyes of an intelligent spectator the 'business of Parliament' 'seems 'an incomprehensible muddle.' Owing to the extreme pressure of local requirements, Parliament is suffering from 'partial paralysis.' Between 1850 and 1860 this over-pressure was first felt, and elaborate tables and diagrams are presented to prove that this is caused, to a great extent, by—

'the increasing demands made by England, Scotland, and Ireland for separate attention, and more especially by the needs of England; and not only have the interests of each country suffered on account of this over-pressure, but also those vast joint and Imperial interests which are involved in foreign relations and colonial affairs have been perforce neglected.' (P. 18.)

This is all the fault of our 'one united' Parliament and of the policy of the Acts of 1707 and 1800. At those dates, and in each case, temporary causes may, it is admitted, have necessitated the incorporating Union which was adopted, but in the changed circumstances of the present day the system

Digitized by Google

has broken down, and to the establishment of a federal relation between the three countries we must turn for a remedy.

Mr. Spalding is vehement against the doctrine that a member of Parliament under our present system represents not merely the locality which sends him there, but also the whole nation. This, he thinks, was intelligible doctrine as regards an English member before 1707; but the two Unions have made the doctrine inapplicable in modern parliaments, and now members come to Westminster almost with the sole object of obtaining benefits for their own 'State.' The Scotch member in 1708 said to himself that 'it was his business to safeguard the interests of Scotland 'under the Act of Union . . . to get Acts passed for the 'benefit of Scotland, which two years ago he would have 'got from his own Parliament;' and this change in parliamentary sentiment was accentuated when Irish members took their place in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. To the best of our belief, this view of the provincial functions of the modern member of Parliament does not prevail either amongst English or Scotch members, or in the constituencies that elect them. Scotchmen come to Westminster in part for the purpose of taking their share in the government of Great Britain, and not merely in order to gain advantages for Scotland. Mr. Spalding appears to be incapable of realising that it is of some importance to Scotland that England should be well governed, or that legislation in force only from the Tweed to the Land's End may in the least degree concern the interests of Scotchmen. To exclude Scotchmen from taking a share in the 'legislative and 'debating functions' of Parliament, so far as England is concerned, is to provincialise Scotland, and to warn her off, so to speak, from any 'meddling' in the chief interests of this island. That has not hitherto been the Scottish view of the position of Scotchmen in Great Britain.

We must now turn to the tables and the diagrams which are said to prove, first, the ever-growing incapacity of Parliament to attend effectually either to the general or the separate business of the three kingdoms; secondly, that this incapacity is caused by the impossibility of our present Constitution meeting either the administrative necessities or supplying the legislative wants of what is, in fact, a federation of different 'States.' But before inquiring into this matter, let us first call attention to Mr. Spalding's view of the Union of 1707, for this colours all his reasoning as to its subsequent working. Our author sees before 1707 two

Digitized by Google

nations—the English and the Scotch—full of 'mutual 'hatred.' There was 'no sense of common interests' to bring them together. A Scotch national necessity, the necessity for Free Trade, brought Scotland, and the dread of danger from Scotland's breaking off the English connexion entirely, brought England into a mutually hateful Union. The Scotch had sold their national independence for trading advantages, and 'as Esau probably resented 'continual reminders of the sale of his birthright for a mess 'of pottage,' so Scotland was irritated by the post-Union policy of the British Parliament, 'which never allowed her to 'forget her lost independence.' The real foundation of the Union was 'mutual antipathy.' Even the delightful wailings of Andrew Fairservice are called as evidence of the severity with which the iron of subjection had entered into the Scottish soul. Undoubtedly there was much true feeling of regret amongst Scotchmen for the departed glories of their separate nationhood, sentiments which were carefully fanned by the Jacobite faction, whose object was to embroil the two countries, and by reviving the old alliance between France and Scotland to overthrow the results of the revolution of 1688. But real independent nationhood was lost, not in 1707, but in 1603, when the Scottish king united to his old hereditary dominions the kingdoms of England and Ireland. As a matter of fact, the Act of Union was the work of wise statesmen in both countries, and was due to a strong sense amongst thinking people that it was for the mutual advantage of both. The Scottish determination to unite only on terms of trade equality, and, rather than join in a Union upon terms of inferiority to Englishmen, to alter the succession to the Crown by the Act of Security, and so to revive the separate nationhood of Scotland, was worthy of a proud and courageous people. On the other hand, the stand made by the English statesmen for an 'incorporating' Union justified their prescience that through the medium of a single Parliament governing the whole island a real sense of common citizenship would in time grow up. The anticipations of statesmen in 1707, and their hopes for many years previously, have been singularly justified by the course of British history for a period of now nearly two centuries. Yet there are still some amongst us who can see only in that wise and beneficent measure a mean surrender of national rights on the one part, and on the other an almost cowardly avoidance of a great and pressing danger. The history of two hundred years has taught Scotchmen, though perhaps not Mr. Spald-

Digitized by Google

ing, to see in 'the sad and sorrowfu' Union' of Andrew Fairservice the most beneficial measure that Scotland has ever known.

It is to the history of Parliament since that date that Mr. Spalding's tables and statistics are applicable. Parliament has, he says, two functions to perform—that of legislating, and that of debating in the process of controlling administration,—and he observes with truth that the amount of time devoted to the one function necessarily reduces the time available for the performance of the other.

'The work in each branch is susceptible of analysis. We can determine how many Acts of Parliament, passed in any one year, apply to the whole of the United Kingdom, and how many affect only the interests of its component parts. We can also determine by the help of "Hansard," with less rigid but nevertheless approximate accuracy, how many debates took place which were conducted for some purposes other than the direct promotion of legislation, and what proportion of them related to the United Kingdom and to each component State. These two analyses will furnish the information which we seek; the solid basis of fact upon which conclusions may be founded with safety, instead of the shifting sand of speculation and of theory.'

In pursuance of this purpose an analysis of legislation is given between 1707 and 1800, and between 1801 and 1890, and an analysis of debates for the latter period, i.e. since the Irish Union; and to diminish the risk of the results being vitiated by exceptional years, the numbers have been averaged over a space of ten years for each year.

Between 1688 and 1696 the Parliament of Scotland passed, we are told, an average of 16·6 public general statutes per annum, and between 1696 and 1707 an average of 5·9 statutes per annum. In the first decade after the Union of 1707, Parliament passed an annual average of 16·0 British, or, to use Mr. Spalding's term, Federal, statutes—12·3 purely English, and 2·2 purely Scotch. In the last years before 1801, these figures had become 81·0 Federal, 90·5 English, and 17·5 Scotch. The figures are given in tables for each decade from 1707 to 1800. The subject is similarly treated after 1800. Comparing the decade 1821–30 (being the first after the amalgamation of the British and Irish Exchequers, when, of course, separate money bills for Ireland ceased) with the decade 1881–90, we find the figures given as follows:—1821–30: Federal (United Kingdom) statutes, 34·4; British, 7·0; England and Ireland, 1·2; England, 25·2; Scotland, 6·3; Ireland, 19·5. 1881–90:

Digitized by Google

Federal statutes, 29·0; British, 1·0; England and Ireland, 3·6; England, 57·7; Scotland, 9·2; Ireland, 18·4.

How small, exclaims Mr. Spalding, is the amount of 'Federal' legislation, how large the amount of 'States' legislation! Averaging the results of the last seven decades, he finds that less than a third of our legislation has been for the United Kingdom (p. 51). Moreover, 'The average 'of "Federal" legislation has been decreasing since 1820, 'whilst the average of "States" legislation has, on the 'whole, increased.' It is clear, he says, 'that after the 'lapse of seventy years the possibility of "Federal" legisla-'tion has decreased. The Union of 1800 has not, therefore, 'made for unity in law.' Great is his triumph over Professor Dicey. 'With such a series of figures before us,' says Mr. Spalding, 'we are able to estimate at its proper 'value the political dogma that it is the acknowledged duty 'of members of the House of Commons to consult for the 'interests of the whole nation, and not to safeguard the 'interests of particular localities or countries.' Now in the name of common sense, what does this mean? Surely it was the acknowledged duty of Mr. Gladstone and other Scotch and English members, in supporting the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, a 'State' Bill, to consider the interests of the *whole* nation, as well as of Ireland, and of Irish members not to blind themselves to the general interest by looking only at their own. The other conclusion drawn from these statistics is that English 'State' legislation has increased to the detriment of Scotch and Irish 'State' legislation.

A similar examination is made into the exercise by Parliament of its 'debating' function, and the number of Federal, English, Scotch, and Irish debates is arranged in columns, so as to show the number of each class taking the annual average of each decade since the Irish Union; and the conclusion is arrived at that the debating power of Parliament has been more and more concentrated upon 'States' questions. There was, it seems,

'a decrease in the total of "States" discussions during the two decades 1841–60; a decrease accounted for entirely by the cessation of the pressure of Irish debates. Those decades include a period of lull in the story of Irish discontent, as it is told in the records of Parliament—a lull which was due, not to any diminution of Irish discontent, but to the fact that it was very meagrely represented in the House of Commons.' (P. 72.)

Curiously enough, though the fact is not noticed by Mr. Spalding, in these same two decades, when Ireland was so

Digitized by Google

meagrely represented, the annual average of Irish 'State' legislation appears to have been higher than at any previous or subsequent period since the amalgamation of the Exchequers.

We confess we think these elaborate tables and statistics of very little value. As a matter of fact, what is the real meaning of this distinction between 'Federal' and 'States' statutes, between 'Federal' and 'States' debates, upon which such portentous conclusions are founded? In a very large number of cases it is merely a question of convenience, whether to pass a law for Great Britain in one statute applicable to the whole, or in two portions, one for England, another for Scotland. So with regard to laws applicable to the United Kingdom, it is a question of convenience whether one statute, two statutes, or three statutes are to be preferred. Reform Acts, for instance, have been passed separately for England and Scotland.* Therefore, in the reckoning of the tables, these are 'States' statutes. Other statutes are made applicable to England and Scotland by means of a definition clause, as that in Scotland 'County Court Judge' means 'Sheriff,' 'Chairman of County Council' means 'Convener,' 'High Court of Justice' means 'Court of Session,' 'London Gazette' means 'Edinburgh Gazette,' and so forth. Therefore, in the reckoning of the tables, these are 'Federal statutes.' Probably most Scottish legal practitioners and representatives think this latter method a clumsy way of legislating, and prefer to have their own statutes passed in separate Acts, and no doubt this is one reason for the growth of 'States' as compared with 'Federal' statutes. We do not for a moment believe that English and Scotch 'States legislation is tending in substance to diverge, and no evidence of this can be given without not merely *counting* statutes, but examining their contents as well. Mr. Spalding makes no attempt to do this. Yet without statistics it may be stated almost as a matter of common knowledge, that it has become increasingly impossible with a great deal of legislation to attempt to treat England and Scotland differently. It would have been quite impossible to pass, say, a 'Ground Game Act,' a 'Compensation for Improvements Act,' a 'Free Education Act,' a 'Bank Holiday Act,' an 'Allotments Act,' or most of the other Acts affecting 'the social life and well-being of the people,' for England

* On the last occasion, however, of a 'Representation of the People Act,' a new departure was made, and the three kingdoms were dealt with in the same Act of Parliament.

Digitized by Google

and not for Scotland, or *vice versâ*. By 'Federal' or by 'States' statutes, it matters not a jot which, the united Parliament applies them to both kingdoms; and thus the United Parliament does, Mr. Spalding notwithstanding, tend to unity in law.

When, however, the statistical method is extended from *statutes*, which, though they are not read, can at least be counted, to *debates*, the conclusions arrived at become inconceivably shadowy. 'What,' pertinently inquires Mr. Spalding, 'is a debate?' It must be remembered that the legislative function of the House of Commons is considered separately, and therefore the debates in question exclude those which have taken place when the House was attempting to legislate. 'The line between a mere conversation, or a 'verbal skirmish, and a set debate cannot be rigidly drawn' (p. 65), and thus judgement must be exercised in the selection of 'debates' for our statistics. 'Hansard' was not as complete a record of parliamentary proceedings in 1800 as it is to-day. Discussions upon all motions and amendments not connected with Bills are 'debates' for our present purpose; and as Mr. Spalding considers that even on Bills amendments to motions on going into Committee, and motions for 'instructions' to Committee, are almost always 'obstructive,' 'debates' on these occasions, as well as on motions for leave to bring in Bills—which he thinks superfluous—are reckoned as 'debates,' and not as parliamentary proceedings in the furtherance of legislation. Thus, Mr. Gladstone's great speech introducing the Home Rule Bill of 1886, and the subsequent discussion, are not counted as part of the debate on the Bill, but as conversation unconnected with the legislative work of the House of Commons.

But when, having grasped a proper conception of 'debates,' within the meaning of the Tables of Statistics, we turn our attention to the distinction between a 'Federal' and a 'States' debate, darkness once more settles upon our investigations. A 'States debate' is a 'debate' which concerns the affairs of a particular 'State.' So we are told. But this is just where the difficulty comes in. Miss Cass is alleged to have been wrongfully arrested by hired myrmidons of the law in Regent Street. The rights and liberty of the subject have been invaded, and English, Irish, and Scotch members burn with equal indignation. Or a riot takes place, let us suppose, between the officers of the law and the people in Skye. Are debates on such subjects as these 'States' or 'Federal' debates? Is the first a purely English

Digitized by Google

debate because Regent Street is in London, and the latter a purely Scotch debate because Skye is in Scotland? Is the liberty of the subject in London of no importance to Scotchmen or Irishmen—one of those matters with which in an ideal constitution they would have no right to meddle? How is it possible, with the best intentions in the world, to build up statistics of any value upon such an arbitrary selection of facts? The fact is that Parliament in criticising and controlling the executive does not show the slightest tendency to act upon a 'State' theory of its functions. It considers itself, and rightly, as the supreme judge of administration in every part of the kingdom. And the attempt to distinguish between Federal and State debates is vain. The distinction is entirely artificial and unreal.

According to Mr. Spalding's version of Scottish history, it was not till the end of last century that the period of resistance by Scotchmen to the national subjection established by the Act of Union came to an end. In his mind the Scottish people in the eighteenth century were evidently identified with those Highland clans who obeyed the commands of their Jacobite chiefs. A study of Mr. Mackinnon's work, and of the history of Mr. John Hill Burton, would set him right on such matters as these. He is on firmer ground when he asserts that, for some years after 1707, the Government of Great Britain was greatly to blame for the recklessness with which it gave offence to Scottish national feeling, thereby unfortunately checking the growth of that sense of common citizenship which it was the object of the statesmen of 1707 to promote. He is also right in stating that by the close of the century all hostile feeling between the two nations had died out, and that the political discontent of that period had nothing to do with Scotch and English antipathy, but was founded on British dissatisfaction with the policy of the British Government.

The first half of the present century, Mr. Spalding tells us, was a 'period of acquiescence' on the part of Scotland with the Union settlement, though national feeling flamed high once more in 1826, when it was proposed to abolish what he describes as the 'horrible Scotch 1*l.* note.' The 'greasy currency' (p. 145) was happily rescued from Southern attack by this outbreak of Scottish patriotism, and till 1850 the period of acquiescence was otherwise undisturbed. From that year to the present time there has been an ever-growing feeling of uneasiness in Scotland. A cry for an increase of members, which has been satisfied, was

Digitized by Google

followed by a cry for a 'Minister for Scotland,' which has also been satisfied; and now, as the twentieth century is almost dawning, the Scottish people have made up their minds that what is needed is the separation once more of the Legislatures of England and Scotland, each Legislature having the control of its own separate National Executive. Before we examine the elaborate constitution offered us by our English Abbé Sieyes, let us inquire into the evidence of the alleged Scottish demand for the repeal of the principal article of the Act of Union of 1707—viz. the article which established a single Parliament for the whole of Great Britain.

At the last Reform Act Scotland obtained an addition of twelve members to its representation in the House of Commons, and, by virtue of statutes passed in 1885 and 1887, a Scottish Secretary was established, to whom was transferred almost the whole Scottish business previously administered, along with English business, by various British departments. Before this legislation the conduct of Scotch business in the House of Commons was in the hands of the Lord Advocate, and it was thought in Scotland that if a minister with Cabinet rank were for the future entrusted with Scotch business, the much-complained-of neglect of Scotch parliamentary business would no longer be felt. Thus the Scotch were successful in each case in getting their demands satisfied. Not, indeed, as Mr. Spalding inaccurately but repeatedly observes, was a Scotch 'Secretary 'of State' created, for no such official now exists; but a Scotch 'Secretary,' to whom have been transferred very large powers hitherto exercised by the Home Secretary and other Ministers, now conducts business of very various kinds relating to Scotland, and during the last and the present Government the 'Secretary' has been a member of the Cabinet. These changes were, as Mr. Spalding says, 'in fact an administrative revolution.' They have, nevertheless, been very cordially accepted, even by those who at the time opposed their adoption, the present Scottish Secretary—Lord Balfour—having in 1883 taken the principal part in rejecting the proposals of the Government to give effect to them. Still, they are administrative changes only, and therefore of a kind absolutely distinct from those which, according to Mr. Spalding, the Scottish people are now demanding.

A speech in the House of Commons in 1872, by the late Sir David Wedderburn, is quoted as the commencement of the modern claim. 'Would,' said the speaker, 'that Scot-'land was like the Isle of Man!' (p. 164). Mr. Gladstone,

Digitized by Google

however, at that time characteristically 'feared that the sub-'ject was not yet ripe;' and he went so far as to express strong disapproval 'of any division of the interests of the 'three kingdoms.' In 1877 the late Sir George Campbell called attention to the neglect of Scotch business; but no further debate took place even remotely connected with a demand for a Scottish Legislature till in 1887 a rambling amendment to the Address was moved inviting Lord Salisbury's Government to introduce measures for relegating Scotch and other local affairs to local representative bodies. This proposal was not seriously regarded either in or out of Scotland, or in the House of Commons, and could hardly have been seriously intended by its supporters. Two years later a motion was made by Mr. Clarke and supported by Dr. Hunter in favour of establishing a 'national Parliament' for Scotland,* which was to have full control over a Scottish executive government. It was, of course, rejected. Every year since 1889 this subject has been raised and debated, and now† 'for seven years Federation has been the settled 'policy of the majority of the Scotch members—the only 'method by which, in their opinion, the burden of Scotland 'can be removed.'

This formidable conclusion we are led to believe has been arrived at by the Scotch people by slow degrees. 'Acqui-'escence' with the Union ended about 1850, and ever since the sense of the failure of the 'incorporating' Union of 1707 has been gradually borne in upon the Scottish mind, till in the present day nothing will satisfy it short of the substitution for the United Kingdom of a 'Federal' for a 'Unitarian' Constitution. Mr. Spalding is singularly reticent as to the names of those Scotchmen who have urged upon their countrymen so far-reaching a policy. The patriotic aspirations and emotions of that people have, during the last quarter of a century, apparently been 'voiced' by the late Sir David Wedderburn, the late Sir George Campbell, and Professor Hunter, of Aberdeen. We are told of no great meetings in Edinburgh or in Glasgow, or in any part of Scotland, to advocate the cause. We are told of debates on the Address in an empty or somnolent House of Commons, and sad reference is made to the frequency with which patriotic exertions to restore to Scotland its ancient dignity have been rendered abortive by the slackness of seventy-two Scotch members in maintaining a

* Hansard, vol. 335, c. 68. † Federation and Empire, p. 173.

Digitized by Google

House of Commons quorum of forty. Votes and speeches, not less than statutes, deserve to be weighed as well as counted. Surely, till the advocacy of the separation of the Scotch and English Legislatures has been taken up by Scotchmen who have the ear of their countrymen, and who stand high in their esteem for political sagacity, it is vain to talk of the eager desire of the Scotch people for such a momentous change in the Constitution.

Strange, indeed, are the ways in which history is written. We have no doubt that Mr. Spalding is absolutely sincere and conscientious in his laboured reasonings to prove the gradual yet steady progress of opinion in Scotland towards the demand for a Scottish Parliament. According to him, from 1850 to 1896 there has been one continuous movement, based upon *Scottish* considerations, towards this result. It is accounted for and justified in the tables, diagrams, and statistics of his work. Yet it is a matter of absolute certainty and it is common knowledge that no sane man in Scotland for the last century and a half ever dreamt of reviving a Scottish Parliament till the discussions on the Irish Home Rule Bill of 1886 had involved a political party in argumentative meshes, out of which a system of Federalism afforded the only logical escape. Let the facts of the case be plainly stated. The demand for Scotch Home Rule is not of home growth. It has not been caused by the pressure of Scottish interests or Scottish feeling. The constitutional system of Scotland is to be turned upside down in order to forward an Irish and not a Scottish policy—in the interests of a mere party necessity which compels the alliance of a British minority with an Irish Home Rule vote.

We have dealt with the Scotch case at some length, because it is there that Mr. Spalding thinks that he can find the strongest arguments for the adoption of a 'federal-'ising' policy; but we should misrepresent his work if we left out of sight his contention that the 'burden' imposed on England by the two incorporating Unions is also a very heavy one. It was, however, not till the Parliament of 1892–1895 that England gave articulate expression to its perception of 'the burden.' Lord Salisbury spoke of a 'Celtic fringe.' Professor Dicey has suggested that the local representative in Parliament should not allow his local sentiments to overpower the sense of the duty which he owes to the nation as a whole:—

'Mark the absurd dilemma upon the horns of which the advocates of the present system impale themselves. When Irish and Scotch

Digitized by Google

members exercise their undoubted constitutional right to vote upon English "State" questions, they are confronted by the majestic form of the Prime Minister, who assures them that they are merely Celtic fringes, and exhorts them to content themselves with endeavouring to unravel their own tangles, and not to attempt to meddle with affairs that do not concern them. If the good folk take heed to this precept, and endeavour to obey it, a learned Oxford professor starts up and points out to them that they are acting in a shockingly unconstitutional manner, because it is not their duty "to safeguard the interests of particular countries." Between the politician and the professor, what are the poor fellows to do? They must not interfere with English affairs because they are merely Celtic fringes; they must not confine themselves to their national interests because that is grossly unconstitutional. The result of the two doctrines appears to be what I have already indicated—namely, that Scotch and Irish members should content themselves with voting Supplies, and taking part in that important but somewhat uninteresting section of business which has been termed Federal, and that they should surrender the control of their own State affairs to the management of England. "What union could we have with Great Britain but a union of debt and taxation?" exclaimed an Irish member towards the end of the last century. It would seem as if such a union were the ideal of some modern statesmen.' *

It would be a waste of time to comment upon this passage. Perhaps there is as little need for discussing Mr. Spalding's curious contention that it is right that Ireland should have in the House of Commons a representation exceeding by twenty members the number to which an equal population of Englishmen would be entitled. Doubtless our readers will remember that Mr. Gladstone argued some years ago that remoteness from the metropolis afforded a claim for higher proportionate representation at Westminster; so that the Orkneys, and the Hebrides, and the West of Ireland would properly send a larger proportionate number of members to the House of Commons than Bedford, or Brighton, or Kent. But Mr. Spalding proceeds on different reasoning. It is, if we understand him rightly, simply *because* Irishmen are *fewer* than Englishmen, not because they live at a greater distance from Westminster, that they should enjoy preferential treatment. In limited liability companies means are taken to prevent the swamping of small shareholders by large ones; and so

'in a partnership of nations, the small partners have an undoubted right to be protected against the overwhelming vote of the large one. This protection is afforded in the most practical manner by the system of making the constituencies of England contain a larger number of

* Federation and Empire, p. 121.

Digitized by Google

electors than those of Scotland and Ireland. It diminishes the voting power of the predominant partner. The facts which have been already adduced prove that a reduction of the voting power of the United Kingdom to one common value would, under our present Constitution, be an act of tyranny perpetrated under the name of justice.' (P. 124.)

'Is not one man as good as another?' a democratic candidate once triumphantly demanded of a sympathetic audience. 'Of course he is, and better too!' came the prompt reply from an Irishman in the crowd, who with his native wit at once seized the true principle upon which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Spalding are anxious to build. To an ordinary mind the fact that every seven thousand Irishmen have a representative in the joint Parliament, whilst it requires ten thousand Englishmen to have the same privilege, seems unjust to England. Yet it is one of those 'burdens' resulting from the incorporating Union of 1800, which, as we have seen, Mr. Spalding has no intention of 'lifting.' It is a question chiefly between England and Ireland, for the Scotch have obtained representation proportionate to their numbers, and never dreamed of that Irish principle upon which they are entitled to more. Mr. Spalding imagines, oddly enough, that Unionist statesmen regard the 'sacro-sanct Acts of Union' as laws which must never be touched. Both Acts have, of course, on several occasions been amended with general approval; and it is due to an alteration of the Act of Union that the Scotch members have been increased from forty-five to seventy-two, and proportionately increased as compared with the representation of England. Is it only as against England that such changes can legitimately be made?

Of the 'burden of Ireland' due to the Act of 1800 we need hardly speak here. For the last ten years it has been the object of one of the great parties of the kingdom to insist upon the grievances by that statute inflicted upon Irishmen; and it is sometimes forgotten how much more grievously before than after the Union the Irish suffered from the English connexion. That there are any differences of character between Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, beyond what have been caused by the laws to which they have been subjected, Mr. Spalding vehemently denies. The Lowland Scots of the middle of the last century showed, he declares, exactly the same individual characteristics as the Irish peasants of to-day. And if this is so, a captious critic might suggest that people so entirely similar might surely live best under the same political system and the same laws.

Digitized by Google

Why split up into three States those whom the difference of political treatment has hitherto alone caused to differ?

Mr. Spalding's conclusions from his elaborate inquiry into the working of our existing Constitution it is best to give in his own words:—

'1. That Parliament, through over-pressure of business, has been since about 1850 incapable of transacting efficiently all the legislative and administrative business which is demanded of it.

'2. That this over-pressure has resulted from the increasing demands for separate legislation and administration by England, Scotland, and Ireland, and more especially for the separate demands of England.

'3. That these separate demands still tend to increase, to the injury not only of the interests of each State, but of Imperial interests.

'4. That the injury to Imperial interests affects more especially those which relate to foreign and colonial affairs.

'5. That the working of the present system is sapping the fundamental doctrine of all constitutional and democratic government—namely, that all laws shall be assented to by the majority of the representatives of those who will be compelled to obey them.

'6. That it tends to divest members of Parliament of responsibility to their constituents.

'7. That it tends to encourage the formation of small political groups in Parliament.

'8. That each nation is to a greater or less degree conscious of these disadvantages, or of some of them, and is seeking, with more or less definiteness of aim, to escape from them.

'9. That the causes which brought about the incorporating Union did not originate in the permanent desires or needs of the incorporated States.' (P. 223.)

How, then, can these 'burdens' upon each of the three 'nations' be removed? How can the House of Commons regain the capacity it possessed before 1850 of giving ample and efficient attention to Imperial legislation and administration, to the foreign relations of the kingdom, to the colonies, and to India? The answer is, by adopting a system of federation for what is *in fact* not one State, but a federation of three States. In the United Kingdom there are to be four representative assemblies—the House of Commons as it at present exists, and a National Assembly of a single chamber, elected in the same fashion and upon the same franchise, for England, for Scotland, and for Ireland, sitting respectively in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. Each State Assembly is to have full control of its own State Executive, and to have the power to legislate upon its own State affairs. Each is to have its cabinet, consisting of a president of the Local Government Board, a president of the Board of Trade,

Digitized by Google

a minister of agriculture, possibly a fourth minister to superintend railways, canals and inland traffic, and a Chancellor of the Exchequer. 'Each minister would be provided 'with a separate department, and the control of those de-'partments must necessarily fall to the State Assembly' (p. 323). These changes in our Constitution appear to Mr. Spalding to be in themselves quite slight modifications of the present system, and might quite conceivably have been self-developed from it. Far be from us to set a limit to the power of 'evolution'—that *Deus ex machina* of the nineteenth century—but we may, perhaps, be allowed to point out that to remove from the Parliament at Westminster the power of making laws for the 'State' of England, or for the 'State' of Scotland, or for the 'State' of Ireland, and to take away from it the power of choosing and controlling those who govern these 'States,' whilst it would doubtless leave to the House of Commons ample leisure for 'Imperial' business, might go dangerously near to leaving it ultimately a mere 'rudimentary organ' of the Constitution remaining to tell future generations of a once active past.

Federalism is really not very different in principle from our present system, says Mr. Spalding, and might have grown quite naturally out of it. English, Scotch, and Irish members might have mutually agreed to attend only to the business of their own 'States,' and to absent themselves on other non-Imperial occasions from the House of Commons, and so a constitutional custom would have arisen. The practice might then have grown up for these meetings of States' members to take place in their respective capital cities, and a further stage would have been reached when the conviction grew

'that the efficiency of Parliament would be further increased if it were not compulsory that the States representatives should also be federal representatives. At this point constitutional legislation would have to be passed creating States' Assemblies and defining their powers in more or less general terms.' . . . Thus 'we should have arrived, by a process of evolution, at a system of government which presented all the essential advantages of Federation, and which did not involve the creation either of a written constitution or of a constituent assembly which should limit the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament.' (P. 253.)

We have no space to go into the discussion by Mr. Spalding of the constitutional position taken up by Mr. Dicey; and it seems to us entirely unnecessary to do so, as that

Digitized by Google

position remains both unshaken and unassailable. It is perfectly clear that a constitution, either arrived at by this imagined process of 'developement,' or the direct creation of an Act of Parliament, would, unless put under the protection, and made subject to the interpretation, of some independent authority, be constitutionally entirely at the mercy of the Imperial Parliament; and there can be no 'true 'Federation' where the separate 'States' have no independence of, and no constitutional rights against, the Federation. It may well be that, with regard to the 'State' of England at least, the facts would not correspond with the theory, and that a 'State' *in theory* entirely subject to the Sovereign Parliament at Westminster might show itself, in the event of difference, in fact, too strong to be treated as a subject State by its constitutional Sovereign; the result being, of course, confusion.

Mr. Spalding, as we have seen, allows no written constitution, nor judicial authority, to protect State rights. Yet he reserves to the House of Lords the function—*and the sole function*—of remitting to the House of Commons such State Bills as appear to trench upon federal ground. When it is satisfied that a States Bill does not exceed the powers of the 'States' Assembly, the House of Lords is to be *functus officio*, and is to have no power of amending or rejecting the Bill on its merits (p. 306). Thus legislation, whether State or Federal, is to be the function of unicameral legislatures—a system which hitherto has not been adopted by any people that could be looked upon as affording an example to this country.

'It will be seen,' continues Mr. Spalding, 'that thus, by a very slight constitutional change, a system having all the advantages of Federation might be evolved out of our present form of government. . . . The States Assemblies would be, in fact, mere offshoots of the House of Commons for the purpose of dealing with particular States questions.

To us the changes in the Constitution involved in Mr. Spalding's plan appear to be not inconsiderable, to say the least; and how can the States Assemblies, separately elected by each State, be considered offshoots of an Imperial House of Commons with which they are entirely unconnected? The financial arrangements proposed, it is not very easy to follow. The State Chancellor of the Exchequer is to frame the State budget, and to have under his control the State excise, whilst the customs are to be reserved for the Federal Government; but 'all taxes are to be federal, and to be col-

Digitized by Google

'lected by the Imperial Government,' which will pay into the State exchequer the sum required for State administration; and it is claimed for this system that it will involve but slight change in existing financial arrangements.

Perhaps our readers may not take the same view as Mr. Spalding of the slight nature of the proposed changes in the Constitution. But, after all, the great question is not as to the magnitude of the suggested alterations, but as to whether they are improvements at all; and indeed whether, in the words of Carlyle, the new Constitution will 'march.' It is with some diffidence that we approach this question, for suggestions of the dangers and difficulties that seem likely to arise are said to be based upon 'prophecy,' against which arguments beat in vain. 'Its baselessness can only 'be proved by experience.' But surely foresight is given us in order to save us the unpleasant necessity of proving our disasters 'by experience.' And it may be humbly asked, seeing that a constitution has been invented for us such as no nation in ancient or in modern times has ever made trial of, whether its patentee can dispense altogether with 'prophecy' in pressing its merits upon the public? He himself—though he does not share the fears of others—thinks that 'safeguards' may not altogether unreasonably be asked for. It is, he thinks, 'con-'ceivable' that in Ireland, before the healing effect of the new Constitution had had time to work, the State Legislature might demand control over some matter essentially federal, and it is, he grants, not altogether foolishness to fear that the Protestant minority in Ulster might be oppressed by the Dublin Parliament. In short, there may be a real 'danger lest the Irish State Assembly should so 'act as to offend the English and Scotch notions of justice 'and decency;' and lest, with regard to any of the States, a conflict should arise between the Federal and States executives inimical to good government. What safeguards should, then, be taken against those conceivably possible risks? Simply to make the first step towards Federation a very short one. Non-contentious business, in the first instance, should alone be delegated; together with private bill legislation, 'local administration, traffic, the poor law, 'and internal trade.' These are safeguards, indeed, as they amount to a denial to the 'States' of almost the whole of those affairs with which it was the great end of Federation to entrust to them.

Thus the first step to the grand Federation of the future

Digitized by Google

is to be something which bears a resemblance to the so-called 'Gas and Water Bill' Home Rule, which played a humble part at the last General Election. Very many Unionists have long favoured the delegation of private bill legislation to local tribunals; and, indeed, it is only by a Unionist Administration that such proposals have been made. Unionists also are, generally speaking, very ready to consider projects for further developing local self-government in the three countries by building upon the local representative bodies which now perform the administrative local business of England, Scotland, and Ireland. But the proposal to substitute three National Parliaments, with executive and legislative authority, in each of the three 'States,' for the Parliament of the United Kingdom, is a very different matter, and, as Mr. Spalding himself perceives, must be based upon the principle that the United Kingdom is *in fact* an aggregation of different States, and that its people do not constitute one nation.

It is a peculiarity of the proposed first step towards the new Constitution that no one wants to take it. Neither England nor Scotland wishes to approach the ultimate goal of Federation, and Irish members have again and again declared that it is useless to offer to Ireland anything less than Mr. Gladstone has offered her. England does not wish to be 'a State.' Scotland does not really hanker after the dignity of the Isle of Man. No Irish Home Ruler ever speaks in Ireland of the Irish claim to State rights. Wales, the only part of the kingdom which might, perhaps, aspire to the position of 'a State,' is by Mr. Spalding left entirely out of account, and is treated as a mere aggregation of English counties. Everyone knows that it is Irish feeling, and Irish feeling alone, that is the cause of the Home Rule policy out of which Federation is a logical developement, whilst the Irish claim itself is put forward by Irishmen not as a claim to extended local government, to provincial councils, or to 'State' rights, but as a national claim to govern herself as a separate people and be responsible for her own fate.

The first essential in the making or mending of constitutions is to understand thoroughly the condition and circumstances of the people for whom they are intended. It is of importance no doubt to study and to analyse the proceedings of Parliament from generation to generation, yet unless we lift our eyes from Hansard and the Statute Book to contemplate the changes that in the same time

Digitized by Google

have come over the people themselves, we shall set about our work with little prospect of bringing it to a happy conclusion. We are told that parliamentary records show the unsuitableness of an incorporating union to the necessities of England and Scotland—that Union which the Scottish historian describes as 'the happy climax of the 'great romance of our history.'* With Burton we believe that the Union at the time it was made was the work of patriotic, wise, and far-seeing statesmanship; but one hundred and ninety years have passed away, and Scotland and England have become better acquainted, not merely than they were before 1707, but than they were in the days of Captain Burt and of Pennant. It is with the Great Britain of the end of the nineteenth century that we have to deal. Commercial intercourse, travelling facilities, the altered habits of Englishmen and Scotchmen have brought them together. Considerations other than political, yet fraught with the most important political consequences, have made one nation out of two. The Northumberland farmer who moves across the Border does *not* find himself in a foreign land, and the belief that each people is now living under a system, and with laws almost totally incomprehensible to the other, is ridiculously unlike the truth.

The course of time has brought into harmony their political interests, not less than their commercial and social interests. What do we find to-day in British politics? The same party divisions run through the whole island from Land's End to John o' Groat's, the same leaders appeal to the one side and the other, English constituencies make no distinction whatever between English and Scottish candidates, and Scottish seats are harbours of refuge to many eminent Englishmen who have reason to doubt the political sympathies of their own countrymen.

In Mr. Spalding's book there is an utterly inadequate appreciation of the part played by 'party' in our parliamentary and national politics. In the public opinion of Great Britain, amongst British members of Parliament, and in British constituencies, party, not nationality, is the governing factor. Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith, for instance, are enabled by coming to Scotland to find seats which have been 'Liberal' ever since 1832—in England an almost impossible task. It is true that English candidates in Scotland often do their very best to pose as representative

* J. Hill Burton.

Digitized by Google

of the 'national' feeling, and this in itself shows—where of course Scottish patriotism cannot be felt—a readiness to drag local 'nationalism' at the chariot wheels of 'party.'

It was Federation to which Mr. Gladstone pointed in 1886.* 'Wales,' he told us, 'and even Scotland might be 'soon asking for a representative body of its own, for the 'desire for Federation was floating in the minds of many.' Mr. Spalding has no consideration for 'gallant little Wales.' England—including Wales, Scotland, Ireland—each of the three is to have its own House of Commons elected upon the existing household franchise, to choose and control its own executive government, to legislate for its own country, and to tax its own people. It was the idea of 'Federation,' it may be remembered, which was so hateful to Professor Freeman and many other Home Rulers a few years ago. Nevertheless, let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that their objections, and those of Unionists, have been overcome, and that a federal constitution is actually established. The very *raison d'être* of each local government and parliament is the sentiment of the national position and dignity attaching to each 'State.' Circumstances would almost necessarily compel each into aggression on the province of the Federation or of its neighbour States. In the name of nationality these bodies would have been created, and in the spirit of nationality, rather than of a common citizenship, they would naturally pursue their individual policies. At present, though common party lines divide the British people from north to south, Conservatism is much stronger in England than in Scotland. In all probability the majority in the English Parliament would be strongly Conservative, in the Scotch Parliament Liberal, in the Irish Parliament Nationalist. Thus Conservatism and Liberalism, instead of being the political differences of fellow-citizens, would tend to become identified with distinct 'nationalities.' English and Scotch would oppose each other as such; the differences of party would be intensified, and political difficulties would be greatly increased.

Scotchmen do not forget that an *English* Parliament and Government, founded on the basis of *English* nationality, means the exclusion of Scotchmen from the chief internal politics of Great Britain. It is difficult to conceive how a heavier blow could be given to the importance of Scotland,

* 'The Irish Question,' by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. August, 1886.

Digitized by Google

than by separating its legislature from that of England. And Scottish national sentiment would indeed be of a strange kind, if it looked to a revival of the glories of the ancient kingdom in the establishment in Edinburgh of a Statutory House of Keys! It is surely clear that an exclusively English Parliament and Government would be too powerful to play the part of a mere 'State legislature' in a Federation of which Scotland and Ireland were the other members. Neither Scotland nor Ireland wishes to act the part of satellite to the larger kingdom. The history of Scotland between 1603 and 1707 has its lesson. In truth, both with regard to Scotland and Ireland, our experience of separate Parliaments within the British Islands has not been a happy one, and the British people will be mad indeed if they ever give that system another trial. No! if we are really to 'federalise' the kingdom (we are not speaking of the Empire) arrangements must be made for dividing England itself into several States, and then it is possible to imagine a Federation of which the different States would stand in fact as well as in theory upon an equal footing. But then, as Mr. Balfour once put it, there is a serious doubt as to whether England will allow herself 'to be cut up into 'lengths' in order to suit the measurements imposed by the alleged necessities of Scotland and Ireland.

What causes us unmixed astonishment in examining projects such as this of Mr. Spalding's, is the simple faith of the projectors, that after all they are proposing very slight 'developements' of the constitution, and are merely bringing it into conformity with the circumstances and conditions of our own time. Mr. Spalding's scheme, we have seen, involves the virtual abolition of the House of Lords, but in truth it would prove almost as fatal to the power of the Imperial House of Commons. That House would be forbidden to legislate about purely English affairs, about purely Scotch affairs, about purely Irish affairs. The Executive Government of England would no longer depend upon its support, but upon that of the English State Assembly. The House of Commons would entirely lose touch with the country. It would no longer be the redresser of grievances, the defender of rights, the law-maker upon those matters which most intimately concern the lives and interests of the electors. But these are the homely functions that have brought the House of Commons into such intimate relations with the British people. The new House of Com-

Digitized by Google

mons is to soar above merely local interests, and play the part only of the Senate of an Empire upon which the sun never sets. This may be very magnificent, but it is virtually the end of the House of Commons, such as it has been hitherto known to British citizens.

In the beginning of his work Mr. Spalding supposes, under our existing system, a candidate addressing his constituents on the politics of the day. What can be more absurd, he asks, than to address electors on matters which do not directly concern themselves? What has a Scotch elector to do with the Welsh Church, an English elector with Irish land, an Irishman with an English liquor law? But under the proposed system, how would it be possible for a candidate for the Imperial House of Commons to address a local electorate upon any subject at all? The Scotch candidate must not address the Scotch constituency upon a purely Scotch matter, for these are the concerns of the State Parliament; still less may he show any interest in what concerns England or Ireland, for these are English or Irish 'affairs.' He must confine himself to foreign, Indian, or colonial matters, the army and the navy, and so forth. He might wax eloquent on coaling stations, on the opium trade, on the Indian cotton duties, on the Venezuelan frontier, on Armenian atrocities; but as to those matters, of which the householders have direct knowledge and strong sentiments, he must say never a word. It would be absurd to pursue this branch of the inquiry any further. It may be that the Empire really requires an imperial senate, and that in time a senate we shall have. But our 670 members of Parliament will hardly become a satisfactory senate merely by taking from them almost the whole of those functions which they have been elected to perform. Two propositions are perfectly clear. First, that to 'federalise' on the basis of the three nations, involves an assembly to deal with the general and imperial interests of the Federation. Secondly, that this assembly or senate, as its functions will be very unlike those of the House of Commons, must be constituted in a perfectly different manner, with a view to the work which it will have to do.

No doubt as time progresses our Parliamentary institutions will undergo great modifications. In all probability devolution to committees of the House of Commons will be much more largely practised than at present. It may be hoped, also, that local administration will be extended, and

Digitized by Google

a check given to excessive centralisation of authority in London. The extension of local government under a single united Parliament differs in kind, not merely in degree, from proposals to build up on grounds of different nationalities within the kingdom a system of federated states. Attacks upon the unity of Parliament and the authority of the supreme government, under Parliament, in every part of the United Kingdom will inevitably fail. They are opposed to the conditions of the age in which we live. A policy so essentially retrograde, though it may appeal to the fancies of a few theorists, and may even be trifled with for an interval by a few politicians, will never receive the support of a practical people.

Digitized by Google

ART. V.—1. *La Planète Mars et ses Conditions d'Habitabilité.* Par CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Paris: 1892.

2. *Mars.* By PERCIVAL LOWELL. London and Bombay: 1896.

3. *The Planet Mars.* By GIOVANNI SCHIAPARELLI. Translated by W. H. PICKERING. 'Astronomy and Astro-' Physics,' vol. xiii. Northfield, U.S.A.: 1894.

A LADY of the inanely inquisitive kind having met an eminent astronomer, implored permission to ask him *one* question. 'Certainly, madam,' he replied, 'if it isn't 'about Mars.' It *was* about Mars. That was the time of the great Mars boom, when public imbecility and journalistic enterprise combined to flood the papers and society with 'news from Mars,' and queries concerning Mars, most exasperating to grave thinkers and hard workers in science. The occasion of the excitement was this.

On August 4, 1892, Mars stood right opposite to the sun, at a distance from the earth of less than 35,000,000 miles. This was, for all practical purposes, his 'nearest,' and oppositions so favourable recur only at intervals of fifteen years. It is true that the earth, in its more rapid circling, comes up with Mars once in 780 days, and passes duly between him and the sun. And if both orbits were circular, all these oppositions would be equally propitious to astronomical inquiry. But that of Mars, in particular, is so considerably eccentric that his opposition-distance varies from 35 to 61 million miles. In the first case his visible disc has the apparent size of a half-sovereign held up, say, at Charing Cross, and viewed from Hyde Park Corner; in the second its area is reduced to one-third this magnitude, and being also less brilliantly illuminated—since the planet is then at its greatest distance from the sun—Mars shines at aphelion-oppositions as a star shorn of three-fourths of the formidable glare with which it rises to midnight culmination when near perihelion.

The opposition of 1892 was awaited with particular interest as an occasion for testing the powers of modern telescopes, and especially of the giant instrument erected on the summit of Mount Hamilton. If, in 1877, Schiaparelli, using an insignificant 9-inch refractor, had gained some preliminary insight into the extraordinary character of Martian topography, and Asaph Hall had detected, through the dull air of Washington, the diminutive satellites of

Digitized by Google

'moonless Mars,' what might not be expected from the diligent use, under the serene skies of Mount Hamilton and Arequipa, of means and appliances magnified, multiplied, and varied to the extent accomplished within the last few years? It was, indeed, only at these two stations that observations of value were secured. The low altitude of the planet, which, at London, rose only 16° above the horizon, precluded the effective employment of telescopes situated in more northerly latitudes.

Their turn came, however, with the opposition of October 20, 1894, which might be regarded as supplementary to its predecessor. Although unnoticed by sensation-mongers, it was, indeed, more practically advantageous to astronomers. For the 5,000,000 miles by which the distance of Mars from the earth was increased, fell far short of balancing the gain afforded by fifteen added degrees of elevation in the sky. The observations made were, accordingly, more satisfactory, and indefinitely more numerous. No resounding discoveries were chronicled, but steady and serious work was done. Knowledge was thus notably augmented during those two seasons of Martian study; yet, for the most part, in a dubious and inconclusive manner. Some questions were, to be sure, set finally at rest; but many more were raised in an acute form. If doubtful things were made clear, things supposed clear were made to appear eminently doubtful. Opinions regarding the condition of Mars have, as the upshot, become highly unsettled. Many points demand reconsideration; and the creation of temporary uncertainties has opened the way to a rush of scepticism, credulity and unreason exceedingly difficult to cope with.

Among the prominent results of the pair of oppositions, we may reckon a pair of notable books, the titles of which are quoted at the head of these pages. They are strongly contrasted in character. M. Flammarion's is a complete history of physical observations upon Mars from 1636 to 1892. The first part, of 500 pages, is composed of documentary statements, copiously illustrated from contemporary drawings, beginning with those made by Fontana at Naples during the lifetime of Galileo. What one observer after another saw, or thought he saw, during the two and a half centuries since elapsed, is recorded, not only exhaustively, but with animation. The book, accordingly, had no sooner appeared than it was found to be indispensable. The author's conclusions, summarised in 100 pages, constitute the second part. His personal experience as an observer

Digitized by Google

and draughtsman adds to the weight lent to them by his prolonged literary researches; and they are in themselves deserving of high consideration. He denies nothing that has been reasonably well seen, but rushes to no extreme conclusions; minimises, if anything, the *incredibilities* with which the planet presents us, and holds fast to the terrestrial analogy. Its seeming habitability suffices to produce in him a profound conviction that it is inhabited by thinking organisms; he does not, however, pretend to find in 'signals 'mathematic,' 'labours hydrostatic,' or other manifestations, direct evidence of their presence.

Mr. Lowell, as an astronomer, is a purely Martian product. Among the multitude caught by the wave of excited curiosity in 1892, he alone held on to solid ground at the higher level of its crest. A typical Bostonian, he might, had the time served, been enumerated by the plucky little Sculpin at the 'Professor's Breakfast Table' among the glories of that unique city. Until the turning-point came, Mr. Lowell's career appears to have had no scientific relations; but we understand that he travelled, and wrote books about his travels; and he evidently possessed dollars at discretion. In May 1894 he lectured before the Boston Scientific Society on the plan of work to be pursued at his new observatory. 'This,' he said, 'may be put popularly as an investigation 'into the conditions of life in other worlds, including last, 'but not least, their habitability by beings like and unlike 'man. This is not the chimerical search some may suppose. 'On the contrary, there is strong reason to believe that we 'are on the eve of pretty definite discovery in the matter.'

He started, then, with a strong prepossession; his language leaves us in little doubt that the conclusions ratified at Flagstaff had been reached before quitting Boston. Nevertheless, we cannot but admire the energy and promptitude with which the preparations needful for visual work were carried through. 'Like an exhalation,' a fine observatory rose near the town of Flagstaff, in Arizona, at an elevation of 7,300 feet above the sea. Besides other instruments, it contained an 18-inch equatorial by Brashear, the fine optical qualities of which were displayed to advantage under those serene skies. They were devoted to the study of Mars, and of nothing but Mars. From May 24, 1894, to April 3, 1895,* Mr. Lowell and his assistants, Mr. W. H. Pickering

* Mr. Lowell's personal observations extended from May 31 to November 22.

Digitized by Google

and Mr. Douglass—both of whom had observed Mars at Arequipa in 1892—laboured to unfold the secrets of a peopled world. The accumulation of 917 careful drawings of its surface-markings were among the results secured, and the excellence of the telescopic 'seeing' is attested by the wealth of new details represented in them. They constitute, indeed, a marked advance in Martian topography. Mr. Lowell is unquestionably a gifted observer; his map of Mars, constructed entirely from materials collected during one season, is a remarkable production; but, as we shall see, he has not always been keenly enough on his guard against the snares and pitfalls laid for those straining towards the uttermost limit of the visible.

His book is eminently readable. There is nothing superfluous in it. The information it imparts is strictly limited to what is required for the purpose in hand. The facts placed on record are not scattered broadcast, but marshalled skilfully towards an end. And the argument moves on so quickly that the reader does not get time to think whither he is being carried. Even technical critics touch the volume gingerly, unable to see precisely where the lurking fallacy comes in. The style is buoyant and original, and is enlivened by jokes, to be condoned or enjoyed according to taste. As an example of clear and simple exposition the section on 'Areography' deserves all praise. Turning the globe completely round, as it were, before his audience, he describes, with the help of a set of beautiful drawings, the successive presentations of its chief features, and so impressively as to bring Mars—at least in the cartographical sense—within the familiar acquaintance of all who lend him their attention.

As a contribution to science, this pleasant and clever work can scarcely be taken quite seriously. The views it embodies may be summarised as follows:—There is no water on Mars, except what is set free by the alternate melting of the snow-caps in the early summer of their respective hemispheres. The dusky areas previously mistaken for seas are really forests or prairies, while the bright parts of the disc represent deserts. Both are covered by a vast and intricate network of watercourses, constructed for purposes of irrigation by a powerful, laborious, and intelligent race of beings. The 'canals,' however, are only visible to us through the verdure lining their shores. They meet in 'oases,' rescued with incredible toil from the surrounding Sahara-plains, and artificially fertilised. Under these circumstances, it is easy

Digitized by Google

to believe that the polar inundation—the beneficent Nile-flood of a desiccated planet—is the great vital event of each Martian year, its effects being traceable downward over the disc in a connected sequence of seasonal changes.

Mr. Lowell is not the inventor of all these startling propositions, but he has taken the initiative in welding them into a more or less coherent whole. They have thus acquired a colour of plausibility, and attracted more attention than would otherwise have been paid to them. We believe, however, that the world constructed upon the basis afforded by them could under no circumstances prove to be a going concern.

Down to the year 1877 Mars appeared to be a heavenly body of the most approved type. The analogy with the earth, upon which Herschel had insisted, remained unimpaired. The snow-caps, which were then, as they are now, the pivots upon which reasonings about the physical state of Mars turned, visibly grew and dwindled with the alternations of summer and winter. Water, then, it was argued, certainly exists in Mars, and it must cover surfaces sufficiently extensive to supply, by rapid evaporation, the snowy deposits by turns removed and restored. Where were such surfaces to be found unless in the dusky green patches relieved against the ruddy background of what were doubtless Martian continents? These patches were proved, by the experience of two centuries, to be fundamentally permanent. It was no cloud scenery, like that of Venus, with which Mars presented astronomers, but a genuine configuration of land and water. In Mars, as a rule,

'The pavilion of heaven is bare.'

Clouds are scarce, and it is uncertain whether it ever rains in summer. The presence of an atmosphere, however, is in no way doubtful. The wasting of the white calottes alone asserts it with convincing emphasis, since aqueous circulation cannot be maintained apart from atmospheric agency. The 'all-sustaining air' employed in the process is thin and translucent, yet efficacious for the discharge of its proper functions. One of the most important of these is the storage of heat. In vain the sun pours in supplies unless a planet does its part by keeping, diffusing, and husbanding them. Now the thermal income of Mars is less than half that of the earth, and its theoretical mean temperature is consequently—taking into account its low 'albedo,' or reflective power per unit of area—thirty degrees Centi-

Digitized by Google

grade below freezing. Its actual climate is, nevertheless, of a perfectly mild type; the polar snows melt rapidly, and almost completely; nearer to the equator frigid conditions are either wholly absent or so rare that a terrestrial visitant might spare himself the trouble of putting up his skates. Blizzards are unknown; no cyclones carry devastation at express speed across land and sea: the Martian winds are zephyrs with folded wings.

Thus the composition of the Martian atmosphere must be peculiar. Its ameliorating effects upon climate suggest the presence of some ingredient acting more powerfully than even water-vapour in trapping sunbeams. It contains, indeed, water-vapour besides, as in the nature of things it must, and as the spectroscope states that it does, but not in sufficient quantities to produce the observed effects. The aërial clothing of Mars is obviously quite slight. Except near the edges of the disc, where the eye penetrates obliquely through its layers, it does not sensibly impede vision. Contrariwise, a spectator placed outside the earth might learn something of meteorology, but next to nothing of geography. An occasional star-like flash from a snow-peak, when sunlight struck it at such an angle as to be directly reflected to the watcher outside, would be his sole intimation that a solid surface lay beneath the rolling clouds or luminous haze spread before him. Martian air is commonly estimated to be of only one-seventh the density of terrestrial air. We should have to ascend to twice the height of Mount Everest to meet rarefaction comparable with that prevailing at the level of the 'Hour-glass Sea.' Under these circumstances, the whole surface of the planet should virtually be situated high above our line of perpetual snow; no open water could, at any season, be found upon it; it should be frost-bound from pole to pole. Since things are in reality far otherwise, we perceive, again from this point of view, that a factor is missing in our calculation, and that factor may be most readily supplied by attributing a special quality to the Martian air. It is well to remember that if barometric pressure be in fact of no more than four-and-a-half inches of mercury—corresponding to one-seventh of an atmosphere—water must boil in Mars at 115° instead of 212°. Evaporation would thus be immensely facilitated, and extensive sheets of water would at times probably dry up with remarkable rapidity. This may help to explain certain fluctuations of shore-lines noticed with continually increasing certainty.

The seas of Mars cover about one-third of his surface, and

Digitized by Google

resemble those of the earth in being situated predominantly in his southern hemisphere. Thus, the southern snow-cap is completely encircled by a great body of water, which spreads, with its outliers and tributaries, down to and beyond the equator; while the northern snow-cap is formed on a polar continent. The domestic economy of Mars is regulated after a fashion which would scarcely strike us as unfamiliar. His year, indeed, runs on to 687 of our days, but day and night alternate at almost the same rate as here; and, since his axis of rotation is but slightly more tilted than that of the earth, his seasons, although comprised in a longer cycle, proceed on the same geometrical plan. They are, besides being protracted, much more unequal than ours, owing to the conspicuous ovalness of the Martian orbit; and it may be added that, according to the astronomical theory of an Ice Age, the southern hemisphere of Mars ought to be strongly glaciated. The requisite conditions are, in fact, present in a more pronounced degree than they could ever have attained to on our globe; yet, somehow, the spell does not work—the southern is to the full as warm as the northern hemisphere.

A new epoch in the investigation of Mars was opened by Signor Schiaparelli's discovery of the 'canals' of Mars during the memorable opposition of 1877. He may be called a miraculous observer. Everything, so far, seen by him with conviction has had only to wait for full ratification. The views of Mars afforded him by an $8\frac{3}{4}$-inch, later by an 18-inch refractor were of unprecedented perfection. They had the exquisite clearness of a line-engraving, and left no room for illusion; the features they included were unmistakeably *there*. His canals have thus gradually triumphed over the incredulity, as to their objective presence, of those whose eyes or whose instruments were incapable of showing them, and have taken rank among the least questionable, although perhaps the very strangest of planetary phenomena.

They form a system of extraordinary complexity. At times the reddish areas seem completely enmeshed in fine dark lines. These lines are drawn in accordance with definite laws. In the first place, they trace out great circles of the sphere; they proceed, that is to say, from one point to another by the shortest possible route. Next, they invariably travel from sea to sea, or, at any rate, they put seas in communication with other canals. Each has an evident destination, and never fails to reach it; there is no example on Mars of a Panama Canal. Terrestrial triumphs of engineering are indeed puny performances compared with

Digitized by Google

these other world channellings, which range in length from 300 to upwards of 4,000 miles; in breadth, from 18 to 120 miles.

'Their length and arrangement are constant,' Signor Schiaparelli remarks in the paper quoted at the head of this article,* 'or vary only between very narrow limits. But the appearance and degree of visibility of all of them change greatly from one opposition to another, and even from one week to another, not simultaneously and according to the same laws, but in most cases, as it would seem, capriciously, or at least in subjection to laws too complex for our unravelment. Often one or two grow indistinct, or even wholly invisible, while others in their vicinity increase to the point of becoming conspicuous with telescopes of moderate power.'

Schiaparelli holds it as certain that the 'seas' of Mars are true liquid expanses, and the 'canals'

'simple prolongations of them, crossing the yellow areas or continents. That they are actually great furrows or depressions in the surface of the planet, constituting for it a genuine hydrographic system, is demonstrated by the phenomena observed during the melting of the northern snows. These appear at that time surrounded by a dark zone, forming a species of temporary sea. The canals of the encompassing region then grow blacker and wider, increasing so much as to convert, at a certain epoch, the whole yellow region comprised between the edge of the snow and the parallel of 60° North latitude into numerous small islands. This state of things continues until the snow, reduced to its minimum, ceases to melt. Then the canals diminish in breadth, the temporary sea disappears, and the yellow region resumes its original extent. The different phases of these vast phenomena are renewed at each return of the seasons, and we were easily able to observe them in detail during the oppositions of 1882, 1884, and 1886, when the planet presented its north pole to terrestrial spectators. Their simplest and most natural interpretation, by a great inundation due to the melting of the snows, is entirely logical, and in accordance with terrestrial analogy. We conclude, therefore, that the canals are such in fact, and not only in name. The network formed by them was probably determined in its origin at an early stage of the planet's geological history, and has been slowly elaborated in the course of ages.'

We learn then that, although the canals are essentially permanent features in Martian topography, they fluctuate notably in aspect. They blacken and widen, often unaccountably, then again grow dim and nebulous, or fade out, perhaps through the drying up of their flowing contents, into the

* We quote with some abridgement and verbal modifications of Professor Pickering's translation.

Digitized by Google

ruddy background. Above all, they undergo, at certain times, the extraordinary metamorphosis called 'gemination.'

'As the result of a rapid process' (we recur to the authority of Schiaparelli) 'lasting at most a few days, perhaps only a few hours, a given canal is transformed through its entire length into two lines or uniform stripes, which run straight and equal with the exact geometrical precision of the two rails of a railroad. One of these is often superposed as exactly as possible upon the former line, the other being drawn anew, at an interval varying from the least discernible in large telescopes—about 30 miles—to 360 miles. But in other cases both the lines occupy opposite sides of the former canal, and are located upon entirely fresh ground.'

Mr. Lowell is one of the very few observers who have seen to perfection these delicate twin-objects.

'In good air,' he writes, 'the phenomenon is quite unmistakable. The two lines are as distinct and as distinctly parallel as possible. No draughtsman could draw them better. They are thoroughly Martian in their mathematical precision. At the very first glance they convey, like all the other details of the canal system, the appearance of artificiality.'

At certain seasons, chiefly during the months preceding and following the vernal equinox of the northern hemisphere —in which nearly all the canals are situated—an epidemic of gemination breaks out on this singular little planet. Beginning with sporadic cases in remote districts, it gradually spreads, until, as Schiaparelli has remarked, a grotesque mask of triangulations and double reticulations replaces, for a time, the ordinary configuration of sea and shore. The tendency extends to the lakes at the canal junctions. They appear cut in two by a sort of causeway of ochreous tint, taking invariably the same direction with the debouching double canal.

With the canal system is associated a lake system.

'Dotted all over the reddish ochre ground of the desert stretches of the planet,' Mr. Lowell informs us, 'are an innumerable number of dark circular or oval spots. They appear, furthermore, always in intimate association with the canals. They constitute so many hubs, to which the canals make spokes. These spots, together with the canals that lead to them, are the only markings to be seen anywhere on the continental regions. Otherwise the great reddish ochre areas are absolutely bare: of that pale, fire-opal hue which marks our own deserts seen from far.'

These are his 'oases;' there are a 'small infinity' of them. Although the leading members of the family were closely studied at Milan, acquaintance with it was immensely

Digitized by Google

developed at Arequipa in 1892, and at Flagstaff in 1894. Mr. Lowell's generalisation is doubtless correct, that as there are no canal junctions without spots, so there are no spots without canal junctions. On an average, they are from 120 to 150 miles in diameter; but the great 'Lake of 'the Sun' measures 540 by 350 miles; while the diminutive 'Fountain of Youth' is of scarcely appreciable dimensions.

Now the whole system of dark markings on Mars—the seas, the canals, and the lakes—is so evidently *one*, that only a single *rationale* of their nature is, in the main, admissible. If the 'seas' be indeed aqueous expanses, then water flows in the canals and accumulates in the 'lakes.' But this is just one of those leading points of Martian doctrine in which belief has been undermined by recent inquiries. The diversities and fluctuations of tint in the greenish areas had long occasioned perplexity. But it was a dormant kind of perplexity, roused into active denial only by some very singular observations made at the Lick Observatory, at Arequipa, and at Flagstaff, during the recent pair of oppositions. Not only have the dusky areas shown a mass of minute and intricate detail, but they have been perceived, first by Professor Schaeberle,* then by Mr. Douglass, to be furrowed by darker lines, corresponding in every respect to Schiaparelli's canals, and bearing, in fact, the semblance of being a continuation of them. Mr. Douglass has even succeeded, with the aid of these enigmatical streaks, in triangulating the principal dark areas, the fluid constitution of which, should his work hold its ground, is thus involved in grave doubt. It appears, indeed, probable that the Gulf Stream, viewed from a great height, through a rare atmosphere, might be traced through the entire Atlantic by the difference of its hue; but the rivers in the oceans of Mars, if they prove to be such as Mr. Douglass has seen them, must belong to another category.

We can now understand Mr. Lowell's primary motives in abolishing every pool of open water upon Mars. They were reinforced by what he took to be seasonal changes of tint in the 'Mare Australe' and its dependencies. A large section of them, however, supposed by him to have fallen into the 'sere and yellow leaf' of autumn, was merely—as other contemporaneous observations proved—brought into uniformity with the bright areas by the outspreading of a

* Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, vol. iv. p. 197.

Digitized by Google

most unusually extensive and persistent canopy of clouds. Unaware of this untoward circumstance, he wrote:

'Thus we see that several independent phenomena all agree to show that the blue-green regions of Mars are not water, but generally, at least, areas of vegetation; from which it follows that Mars is very badly off for water, and is dependent upon the melting of its polar snows for practically its whole supply. If, therefore, the planet possess inhabitants, there is but one course open to them in order to support life. Irrigation, and upon as vast a scale as possible, must be the all-engrossing Martian pursuit. . . . In the Martian mind there would be one question perpetually paramount to all the local labour, women's suffrage, and Eastern questions put together—the water question. How to procure water enough to support life? would be the great communal problem of the day.'

We fear, however, that the solution of it offered by Mr. Lowell would scarcely prove, in the long run, satisfactory.

'With the familiar melting of the snow-cap,' he explains, 'begins the yearly round of the planet's life. With the melting of our own Arctic or Antarctic cap might similarly be said to begin the earth's annual activity. But here at the very outset there appears to be one important difference between the two planets. On the earth the relation of the melting of the polar snows to the awakening of surface activity is a case of *post hoc* simply; on Mars it seems to be a case of *propter hoc* as well. For, unlike the earth, which has water to spare, and to which, therefore, the unlocking of its polar snows is a matter of no direct economic value, Mars is apparently in straits for the article, and has to draw upon its polar reservoir for its annual supply. Upon the melting of its polar cap, and the transference of the water thus annually set free to go its rounds, seem to depend all the seasonal phenomena on the surface of the planet.'

No rounds, however, could, under the imagined circumstances, be performed, since the water employed to the last drop in the support of organic life would, in a meteorological sense, be practically irrecoverable. Without evaporating surfaces for restocking the air with moisture, there could be no aqueous depositions, and a snow-cap, once dissipated, could never be restored. A recurrent Nile-flood might as well be looked for after the final cessation of the equatorial rains. This scheme of Martian irrigation is thus, as it were, a circulatory system all arteries and no veins.

Granting, *per impossibile*, that the snow-cap in each hemisphere does somehow get regenerated, we have further to complain that Mr. Lowell treats it as an 'inexhaustible 'bottle.' He was in 1894 enabled to drain its contents, since the last vestige of glacial covering vanished from the southern pole, for the first time in Martian annals, towards

Digitized by Google

the end of October, less than two months after the summer solstice, which fell that year on August 31. Still, they must certainly have been inadequate to the demands made upon them. The immense dusky tracts—in his view forest-lands or prairies—surrounding the southern pole bore the brunt of the inundation, and showed its beneficent effects by their verdant aspect. 'One continuous belt of blue-green stretched from the Syrtis Major to the Columns of Hercules.' The spare water was then led off, doubtless with the help of ingenious hydraulic machines, into the complex set of receptacles prepared for it on the continental plains, and, as a consequence, the whole system of canals, with their ancillary oases, darkened with growing crops between August and October, and remained conspicuous until the close of the observations. The *southern* polar inundation thus ran itself out only when it had reached to about the fortieth parallel of *northern* latitude. It was expended, besides, in fertilising districts just at the depth of the local winter. Surely there must be something wrong here. We can hardly imagine so shrewd a people as the irrigators of Thule and Hellas wasting labour, and the life-giving fluid to economising which their labour is devoted, after so unprofitable a fashion.

In reality, however, it would not be left to their discretion to share with the opposite hemisphere supplies which would certainly fall short of what was wanted for their own. There is every reason to believe that the Martian snow-caps are quite flimsy structures. Their material might be called snow *soufflé*, since, owing to the small power of gravity on Mars, snow is almost three times lighter there than here. Consequently, its own weight can have very little effect in rendering it compact. Nor, indeed, is there time for much settling down. The calotte does not form until several months after the winter solstice, and it begins to melt, as a rule, shortly after the vernal equinox. (The interval between the two epochs in the southern hemisphere of Mars is 176 days.) The snow lies on the ground, at the outside, a couple of months. At times it melts while it is still fresh-fallen. Thus, at the opposition of 1881–82 the spreading of the northern snows was delayed until seven weeks after the equinox; and they had, accordingly, no sooner reached their maximum than they began to decline. And Professor Pickering's photographs of April 9 and 10, 1890, proved that the southern calotte may assume its definitive proportions in a single night.

Digitized by Google

No attempt has ever been made to estimate the quantity of water derivable from the melting of one of these formations; yet the experiment is worth trying as a help towards defining ideas. Let us grant that the average depth of snow in them, of the delicate Martian kind, is twenty feet, equivalent, at the most, to one foot of water. The maximum area covered, of 2,400,000 square miles, is nearly equal to that of the United States, while the whole globe of Mars measures 55,500,000 square miles, of which one-third—on the present hypothesis—is under cultivation, and in need of water. Nearly the whole of these dark areas are situated, as we know, in the southern hemisphere, of which they extend over, at the very least, 17,000,000 square miles; that is to say, they cover an area, in round numbers, seven times that of the snow-cap. Only one-seventh of a foot of water, accordingly, could possibly be made available for their fertilisation, supposing them to get the entire advantage of the spring freshet. Upon a stint of less than two inches of water these 'forest lands' are expected to flourish and bear abundant fruit; and, since they completely enclose the pole, they are necessarily served first. The great emissaries for carrying off the excess of their aqueous riches would then appear to be superfluous constructions; nor is it likely that the share in those riches due to the canals and oases, intricately dividing up the wide, dry, continental plains, can ever be realised.

We have assumed in our little calculation that the entire contents of a polar hood turn to water; but in actual fact a considerable proportion of them must pass directly into vapour, omitting the intermediate stage. The process may often be watched in London itself, where large patches of soiled and dishonoured snow, ignored by the vestries, are, by a particular 'courtesy of Nature,' removed aërially. And in the rare atmosphere of Mars this cause of waste must be especially effective. Thus the polar reservoirs are despoiled in the act of being opened. Further objections might be taken to Mr. Lowell's irrigation scheme; but enough has been said to show that it is hopelessly unworkable.

Mars is, nevertheless, a globe highly sensitive, if we may so express our meaning, to the vicissitudes of the seasons. At the time when frigid bonds are loosed in each hemisphere, striking variations occur in the configuration of what we must still continue to call land and water. Among the elements of change are assuredly to be reckoned polar inundations, on a scale much reduced from Mr. Lowell's

Digitized by Google

portentous design, and there is no reason to deny that the developement of vegetation may play its part. The effects of wintry rains on the hemisphere partially averted from sun and earth, and hence not directly perceptible to us, most likely become visible in the darkening of pre-equinoctial canals, while mountain torrents may here and there contribute to alter temporarily the planet's physiognomy. From his patient study of these phenomena, Schiaparelli has been led to conclude 'that abnormal variations in the markings 'of Mars follow no casual or irregular succession, but that 'identical changes may be reproduced after long intervals 'of time. The form and extent of such variations,' he continues, 'are determined by some stable, or at least periodical, 'element.'*

The mountains of Mars form a theme of no slight perplexity. The southern polar area beyond question bristles with peaks; they show isolated by the melting of the snows, and star-points of sunlight, directly flashed back by them, were caught by Green at Madeira in 1877, as well as by Lowell at Flagstaff in 1894. Yet the detection of numerous inequalities in the 'terminator' (the dividing line between light and darkness when the planet is gibbous) ranks as one of the most noteworthy of the Flagstaff achievements; and bright spots above that same sunrise or sunset verge, as the case may be, have been frequently and surely observed, and seem to be most easily explained by the anticipated illumination or retarded extinction of lofty summits catching or detaining sun-rays. The effect was seen with peculiar distinctness on August 27 last, by Professor Hussey, of the Lick Observatory.

Nevertheless, we seem, as Mr. Lowell expresses it, to be placed 'in a dilemma between mountains on the one hand 'and canals on the other.' The network of watercourses, if such indeed they be, peremptorily demands, to our apprehension, a continental *tabula rasa*.

'The system seems sublimely superior to possible obstructions in the way; the lines running, apparently, not where they may, but where they choose. The Eumenides-Orcus, for example, pursues the even tenor of its unswerving course for nearly 3,500 miles. Now, it might be possible so to select one's country that one canal should be able to do this; but that every canal should be straight, and many of them fairly comparable with the Eumenides-Orcus in length, seems to be beyond the possibility of contrivance.'

* Astr. Nach. No. 3271.

Digitized by Google

Our present author extricates himself from the dilemma by substituting clouds for mountains everywhere, except at the pole, where they are innocuous to theory; but his reasonings on the subject fail to carry conviction. Additional facts are needed, and they will soon, we may hope, be forthcoming. Careful locations, for instance, of the 'bright 'projections,' just described as visible above the terminator, like the mountains of the moon, must prove decisive as to their nature. The key to Martian enigmas of all classes can only be found in persistent observations—in observations pursued night by night and month after month, excepting only when the planet's position is not merely unfavourable, but *impossible*. With modern telescopes its disc can be studied with profit when no more than seven seconds of arc in apparent diameter. Mr. Lowell has, then, taken the right way, and means, apparently, to persevere in it. He has arranged to observe the opposition of December next—not a particularly propitious one—from a post near the city of Mexico, and has added to his equipment for the occasion a 24-inch refractor by Alvan G. Clark, the powers of which have already been displayed by Dr. See's re-detection with it of the long-hidden companion of Sirius.

The spectrum of Mars will probably receive much future attention. The presence in it of dark bands due to aqueous absorption was announced by Huggins and Janssen in 1867, was confirmed by Vogel in 1873, denied by Campbell of Lick in 1894, and almost immediately reaffirmed, on the ground of fresh and highly critical observations, by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins. They obtained, in addition, signs of the arresting action upon light of an unknown ingredient in the planet's atmosphere. Mr. Lewis E. Jewell, of Baltimore, U.S., no mean authority, holds that oxygen is not unlikely to disclose itself after a similar fashion. Nay, it has been suggested that the emergence of chlorophyll-bands in the rays derived from the greenish areas during the Martian spring might establish beyond appeal their sylvan character. But this is a one-sided test, since a negative result would be valueless.

One of the popular assumptions about our neighbour-planet is that it is far advanced in senile decay. Hence, according to Mr. Lowell, the perennial water-famine by which its inhabitants are stimulated to superhuman exertions. It is 'just what theory would lead us to expect.' For Mars, being smaller than the earth, 'is relatively more advanced 'in his evolutionary career. He is older in age, if not in

Digitized by Google

'years; for whether his birth as a separate world antedated 'ours or not, his smaller size, by causing him to cool more 'quickly, would necessarily age him faster.' And again:—

'We have before us in Mars the spectacle of a world relatively well on in years, a world much older than the earth. To so much about his age Mars bears evidence on his face. He shows unmistakable signs of being old. Advancing planetary years have left their mark legible there. His continents are all smoothed down; his oceans have all dried up.'

These inferences are, to say the least, questionable. The geological history of Mars is for the present a sealed book to us; nor can we pretend to determine the stage of developement at which he has arrived. It may possibly be a backward one; in which case the anomalous mildness of his climate might be explained by the still sensible effects of his internal heat. We are ignorant of the epoch when he was first set spinning as an independent globe; we are ignorant as to the conditions by which his rate of cooling was regulated and modified. The difficulty of assigning on any cut-and-dried principle the order of planetary seniority is illustrated by the significant fact that Uranus and Neptune, the exterior members of the solar system, although small by comparison with Jupiter and Saturn, are unmistakably less advanced on the road towards completion as habitable worlds.

Such Mars appears now to be; to assert more would be to launch into the realms of speculation. The extraordinary difficulty of interpreting the map of this planet cannot legitimately be evaded by attributing its peculiarities to the intervention of engineering genius. The Alexander's sword of cosmical intelligence, so freely wielded by Mr. Lowell, is not a scientific weapon. In physical investigations knots have to be untied, not cut. Upon the geometrical regularity of the canal system our author bases his chief argument for their artificial production. Its 'very aspect,' he exclaims, 'is such as to defy natural explanation.' 'Diversity in 'uniformity' he takes to be distinctive of unassisted nature; while 'too great regularity' raises more than a suspicion 'that some finite intelligence has been at work.' The doubling of the canals, although he has no recipe of explanation at hand for it, strengthens this persuasion. 'It is 'the most artificial-looking phenomenon of an artificial-'looking disc.'

To the Greek mind, however, the making of the world was, it might be said, by rule and compass; the Divine idea

Digitized by Google

was essentially mathematical. Schiaparelli has made some admirable remarks in this very connexion. Speaking of Martian 'geminations,' he says:—

'The geometry of nature is manifested in many other facts, which entirely exclude the idea of artificial labour. The perfect spheroids of the heavenly bodies and the ring of Saturn were not constructed in a turning-lathe, and not with compasses has Iris described in the clouds her beautiful and regular arch. And what shall we say of the infinite variety of those exquisite and regular polyhedrons in which the world of crystals is so rich! In the organic world also, what wonderful geometry presides over the distribution of foliage on certain plants, orders the nearly symmetrical star-like forms of flowers and marine animals, and produces in the shell a perfect conical spiral excelling the finest masterpieces of Gothic architecture! In all these objects the geometrical figure is the simple and necessary consequence of the principles and laws which govern the physical and physiological world. That such principles and laws are but an indication of a higher intelligent Power we may admit; the admission has, however, nothing to do with the present argument.'

There is, then, no compulsion upon us to regard the surface of Mars as modelled to suit their vital needs by the industry of rational creatures. Irrigation hypotheses, inland navigation hypotheses, and the like, are superfluous, and, being superfluous, are inadmissible. Not that they are, in all shapes, demonstrably false, but that they open the door to pure license in theorising. The admission of vegetable growth and decay as an element of visible change is less objectionable, and is apparently capable of being justified spectroscopically; but, until that or some other kind of definite evidence is forthcoming, the subject invites only nebulous conjecture. In any case, Martian seas cannot be abolished, their presence being indispensable to the systematic and rapid circulation of water, which is the most obviously executed process of the planet's internal economy.

We venture to disclaim, on behalf of humanity, the extra-mundane jealousy imputed to it by Mr. Lowell. At the close of this nineteenth century, after so many poignant disillusions, amid the wreck of so many passionate hopes, it is not enamoured with its own destinies to the point of desiring to impose them as a maximum of happiness upon the universe. Rather, men cherish the vision of other and better worlds, where intelligence, untrammelled by moral disabilities, may have risen to unimaginable heights, and sense and reason alike are dominated by incorrupt will. But it is improbable that the vision can ever be located in any one of

Digitized by Google

the disseminated orbs around us. The problem of universal life is an enticing, yet insoluble one. That inorganic nature has, everywhere and always, for its designed and appointed final cause the production of organic life may be true, but can scarcely be assumed as a matter of course; while, on the other hand, the thought that millions of globes roll through space tenantless for all time revolts our sense of the rational in creation. Science can only declare that a given planet appears, so far as physical investigations can tell, to be habitable; *nihil obstat* is its last word on the subject. The word 'habitable' has, however, a very wide implication. The hierarchy of life has endless gradations. The 'roof 'and crown of things' in some remote worlds may be a race as far below the genus *homo* as it is above it in others. Could the veil be lifted, incomprehensible diversity would, without doubt, be found to prevail here as elsewhere in the works of Infinite Wisdom. For 'one star differeth from 'another star in glory.'

Digitized by Google

ART. VI.—*The Manuscripts of J. B. Fortescue, Esq., preserved at Dropmore.* Vol. II. Historical Manuscripts Commission. 14th Report. Appendix, Part V.

THE second volume of the manuscripts at Dropmore, which has recently been published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, is undoubtedly of greater importance than that which preceded it four years ago, though that collection contained much noteworthy and interesting material.* The new volume consists of papers which extend over a comparatively short period—namely, the years 1791 to 1794; but they are years of supreme importance in the history of Europe and of Great Britain, and the collection before us adds largely to the accessible records of the time. It supplements other publications of the period, and it is equal in importance to any collection of correspondence which has hitherto been published. Inasmuch as the letters are written to or by Lord Grenville, he is the central figure of the work; and they have this special interest attached to them, that they are of the most varied kind, since as foreign secretary Grenville was receiving official and private letters from every Court in Europe. He was careful in the preservation of his correspondence, which at this late period is at length in course of publication. The letters form in a mixed shape a consecutive history of the political events on the Continent, and they depict by means of various letters and despatches the foreign policy of the country for these years under the administration of Pitt and Grenville. Broadly speaking, we first watch the course of purely central European politics, when the attention of English statesmen was fixed on the designs of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. Gradually the scene shifts from the Danube to the Seine, as the terrible drama of the French Revolution unfolds itself. English ministers have then to throw aside a severe neutrality in regard to the affairs of the Continent, and are forced into a coalition with the German Powers against the aggressiveness of the French nation, and the Eastern question for many years gives way to a new and more urgent crisis in the West. The gradual change which came over the minds of English statesmen will be made more obvious to anyone who will read through these numerous despatches; they depict better than can the pen of the historian the tendency of official opinion and the

* Edinburgh Review, vol. clxxvii. p. 145.

Digitized by Google

difficulties which beset English statesmen in their dealings with the European Powers. There are necessarily in them many details and allusions which are not only without permanent value, but have also lost all interest to a modern reader; still the chain of important despatches, of noteworthy incidents and the illustrations of decisive circumstances are so remarkable, that those who will steadily keep in view the general course of cardinal events will feel that this volume brings them into very close relations with the men and facts of that epoch.

The correspondence begins in January 1791. It is necessary, therefore, to bear in mind a few salient events if it is to be properly understood.

By the death of the Emperor Joseph II., on February 20, 1790, the war between Austria and Turkey came virtually to an end. For the new Emperor was a man of pacific views, a diplomatist rather than a soldier. The result of the change of personal rule was therefore a change of policy on the part of Austria, which culminated in the signing of an armistice at Reichenbach in August 1790, and in the peace of Sistova on August 4, 1791, on the basis of the *status quo ante*. But during the same period war was still being fiercely waged between Russia and Turkey, and on December 22 Suwarrow captured the fortress and town of Ismailow after an incredible slaughter. In spite, however, of the heavy blow to the Turkish arms, it was not until August 11, 1791, that peace was restored between these immemorial foes by the signature of the Treaty of Galatz. Before the latter event occurred the policy of the English administration was to induce the Empress Catherine to conclude a peace with the Porte on the same basis as Austria had done. Any territorial aggrandisement of Russia was regarded as a menace to the future peace of Europe, and as tending to the ultimate extinction of the Turkish Empire, and therefore to a change in the balance of power. The Empress Catherine, on the other hand, was determined—and in this she succeeded—that she would retain Oczakow and the district between the Dniester and the Bug: this fortress and piece of territory she had made up her mind not to relinquish. Their importance became unduly exaggerated in the minds of the British Cabinet, and Pitt, who after this particular moment regarded the neutrality of England in continental affairs as a vital part of his general policy, in regard to Russia favoured an actual intervention, and made preparations for a possible war. The Russian armament, as it was called at the time, became

Digitized by Google

the subject of Parliamentary discussion and of national apprehension, well founded when it is borne in mind that it was only after an ultimatum had been officially communicated on March 27 by the Duke of Leeds, then foreign secretary to the British minister at St. Petersburg, that it was countermanded by the hasty despatch of a messenger when Pitt had come to the conclusion that his policy, if carried to the extent of a war, would not be supported by the country. The consequence of this change of policy was the resignation of the Duke of Leeds, who, on April 21, was succeeded by Lord Grenville, who thenceforward held the office of foreign secretary until the resignation of Pitt in 1801. But this simple outline was necessarily involved at the time in a mass of complicated facts, and principles of policy were intermingled with numerous personal considerations and ambitions and foibles, which at the present day have lost their interest, while it is difficult to estimate their actual weight when a century has passed away.

The first letter of importance on the subject of the relations of Great Britain and Russia is one from Lord Auckland, at that time our minister at the Hague. His influence with both Pitt and Grenville was great; their reliance on his judgement was not misplaced. He was a statesman of thoroughly sound and clear understanding; he was never led astray by personal ambition or motives. His view of affairs was almost judicial; and he formed his judgements with a good-humoured serenity which made him a safe adviser.

It is unquestionable that the present publication will enhance Auckland's reputation for sagacity, and emphasise the undoubted and considerable influence which he exercised on the actual Ministry. He exemplifies the fact that a man need not necessarily be a member of a Cabinet in order to influence the policy of the body which is publicly responsible for the welfare of the State. One cause of the soundness of Auckland's opinions was that he kept in view the state of affairs at home. It is perfectly natural that English diplomatists at a foreign Court should be apt to give too little weight to the factors at home, even if they are able to measure their influence at all, and it is equally certain that what foreign statesmen have regarded as want of good faith on the part of English politicians has often been no more than a carrying out of the wishes of the nation as expressed by the voice of public opinion. Writing in one letter of the English minister and his colleague at Berlin after the great

Digitized by Google

change of policy which made Grenville foreign minister had taken place, Auckland makes these sagacious observations :—

'In all their reasonings as to foreign politics, they look only to the attainment of the object proposed, without any idea or means of appreciating the difficulty, the expense, the danger, and all the collateral circumstances which would occur to them if they had any competent knowledge of the state and interests of their own country.' (P. 159.)

The English Minister at Berlin was Joseph Ewart, a man of much self-confidence, and with somewhat too high an opinion of his own capacity. There is some reason to think that the expression of his views on the Russian question had considerable influence on Pitt and the Duke of Leeds, and that to some extent he was responsible for the attitude taken up by the Cabinet before the force of public opinion at home, of which he knew nothing, became visible. We must return, however, to our actual narrative. Auckland thus wrote to Pitt on January 29, 1791 :—

'Hague.—The Petersburg despatches by this messenger are what we expected. The Empress expressly desires our good offices to obtain for her a new frontier, *c'est-à-dire, Oczakow et son district jusqu'au Dniester.*

'If our negotiations at Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Madrid should have any material success, it is probable that we still may have means to intimidate effectually; but it seems more reasonable, under all the circumstances, to presume that nothing beyond good words will be given by Spain, by Vienna, and by Denmark; and that no assistance is to be expected from Sweden otherwise than *à poids de l'or.* And, lastly, that the Empress will not recede from her present demand (in which her new and brilliant successes will have fortified her) otherwise than by force.

'The question then comes, Will you seriously prepare for war, for the object in question? I make no difficulty in saying that I hope you will not, because I think it extremely difficult in the execution, and certain to produce an expence far beyond any adequate object to be attained. In that opinion I am influenced partly by feeling the importance of peace to your whole system of government, and to the support perhaps of our existence as a great and prosperous nation; and partly, also, by a suspicion that we over-rate the object in question. It is a good thing, certainly, both to humble Russia and to check her progress; but she is humbled by giving up such immense conquests as she is willing to cede; and her progress, if I am not misinformed, is little advanced by the possession of Oczakow. If the Turks proceed to fortify the banks of the Dniester, or if they restore only their fortifications on the banks of the Danube upon a better system of defence, I am assured that, in any future war, they would have at least as good means of resistance as in the case of the present

Digitized by Google

disastrous war. Time will not allow me to add all that presents itself farther on this subject, because the messenger will be too late for the tide.

'I ought to mention, because I presume that one of our difficulties turns on the Court of Berlin, that I have strong reasons to believe, from various conversations with persons who ought to know, that his Prussian Majesty is as averse to entering into war with Russia as he is desirous to find a pretext for war with Austria; and that if we can, *honnêtement*, get him out of the scrape, *il ne demande pas mieux*.

'The intimation about sending Schlieffre (which *secretly* originated from the Pensionary and from me) may perhaps be applied to this end; and I am not sure that it can by any possibility do mischief, and it may do much good. Whether any congress could be proposed upon some slight modification of the old principle, or upon the idea that *if* Oczakow should be given, some explanations should also be given in a previous negotiation as to the future security to the Turks; and in the meantime to continue our ostensible menaces and intentions to come forward.' (P. 22.)

It is difficult to understand how Pitt came to disregard this sound advice; for disregard it he did, as this correspondence, as well as the course of Parliamentary events, already indicates. For it was not until the feeling of the country against a war with Russia was strongly shown that the Prime Minister changed his policy, and was fain to be satisfied with merely diplomatic attempts to prevent the Empress Catherine from obtaining an increase of territory at the expense of Turkey.

The letter from Auckland to Pitt, which has already been quoted, was written at the end of January. On March 5, in a letter to Grenville, Auckland again presses these views on his correspondent:—

'Private.

'1791, March 5, Hague.—This letter will go by the messenger who carries the answer from Sweden, and sundry despatches from Copenhagen. The sum total of our position in regard to those two Courts is, that we have nothing to expect from the Danish Ministry, which is decidedly devoted to Russia; and that Sweden, unless previously purchased by the Empress, would incline to undertake one campaign upon payment of one million and a half sterling, and sundry other advances, presents, guaranties of Turkish subsidies, and continued subsidies, which in reason cannot be estimated at less than another million and a half. In plain truth this business has for some time appeared to me to beckon us towards an abyss of debts and difficulties, at a moment of general fermentation in the world, when it appears essential, possibly to the very existence of our Government and of every other civilized State, that we should maintain our own internal peace, and the uninterrupted course of our prosperity.

'I have, perhaps, too often harped on this string, which I have

Digitized by Google

little pretension to touch; but the subject affects me so far that it carries me above delicacies which, on other occasions, would have restrained me; and I have collected with concern from your silence, and from the silence of Mr. Pitt, in answer to all that I have written, that my sentiments and those of the Grand Pensionary have not the good fortune to be approved by you. I continue to think, however, that the best mode would have been to have sent some person of weight with powers and propositions to have adjusted the business on condition of demolishing Ockzakow; still accompanying that step, if it had been thought necessary for our dignity, with some display of preparations both towards the Baltic and the Archipelago.' (P. 38.)

Grenville, it is obvious from this letter, was of the same mind as the Prime Minister. In a postscript to a letter to Lord Westmorland, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, we find this remarkable sentence:—

'Let me hint to you *quite confidentially* that it is by no means improbable that we may very soon have another armament with a view to force the Empress of Russia to reasonable terms of peace. But I think we shall not make any call upon you for assistance, unless we should be actually engaged in war.' (P. 42.)

No words could more clearly express a decided expectation of war unclouded by any apprehension, and unmingled with any doubt as to the feeling either of Parliament or of the country. Yet within a few days * the policy of the Government had quite changed, and Grenville was about to replace Leeds and to act on wholly different lines. It seems to be clear also that not only was Grenville favourable to the anti-Russian policy of Pitt before it was received unfavourably by the nation, but that, in spite of having to carry out one of an opposite kind, he regretted the necessity for the change. There is a noticeable letter to Joseph Ewart, written on May 25, whose opinions in favour of an active alliance with Prussia against Russia had, as we have already intimated, probably some weight with Pitt. This communication recognises the absolute impossibility of hostile action against Russia, not because it was impolitic, but because it could not be carried out in the teeth of a strong opposition at home:—

'Private.

'1791, May 25, Whitehall.—I write this in answer to your letter

* The following are the important dates of the course of events in this curious episode:—March 27, despatch of ultimatum to Russia; March 28, message from the King to Parliament asking for an increase of armaments; March 29, discussion in the House of Commons when the message was carried; March 30 and 31, Cabinet councils; 30th, messenger sent to countermand the delivery of the ultimatum.

Digitized by Google

marked private of the 17th instant. You will readily conceive how much we regret the necessity of incurring that risk, which you state as probable in the event of our not complying with the request for sending a fleet into the Black Sea. But the same circumstances which compelled the departure from the original line adopted, operate with at least equal force against our recurring partially to it. I do not mean to give you a positive opinion which shall apply to every possible case that might be supposed; very exorbitant demands on the part of the Empress, very insolent language towards this country, or proof of a real disposition in other powers to act in order to prevent the too great progress of the Russian arms, might alter our situation. But, as we now stand, if we were to give assurances of active support, we must give them (to whatever case they applied) under the impression that it might be impossible to fulfil them. It is therefore extremely important that, whatever may be the effect of speaking plainly, we should do so and not have to reproach ourselves, or suffer Prussia to reproach us with any intentional deceit. To our defensive alliance, as such, we certainly can and will adhere, but the degree of active share which we may be able to take in those political measures which might be advantageous to our system, must depend on circumstances for which, as yet, it is impossible to answer. You will at once see how strongly this reasoning applies to the case of the revolution in Poland, and to the subject of your letter to Count Zinzendorff, upon which it is absolutely necessary that this country should not be pledged one step beyond assurances of good wishes and amicable dispositions, such as I have stated in my despatch to Mr. Hailes. I am indeed strongly of opinion that the Prussian Government should proceed with caution on that subject, and not commit themselves too far till there is more ground for reasoning on the probable issue of the business than they seem as yet to be in possession of. At the same time I entirely agree with you in thinking that the establishment of an hereditary monarchy in Poland on the footing now proposed, if it can be carried without involving Prussia in war with the Imperial Courts, is a point advantageous to our common interest.' (P. 80.)

It thus becomes more than ever evident that public opinion in England was the cause of this change of policy on the part of Pitt, who appears to have persisted for some time in his first line in the face of the advice of those who were most competent to aid him. In regard, for example, to the foolish attempt to induce Spain to be a party to an alliance against Russia, Lord St. Helens wrote in the middle of the negotiations in the summer, 'I never rightly understood 'why their interposition [*i.e.* of Spain] in the business in 'question should have been deemed worth the soliciting after 'their having declared, as they did from the first, that they 'would in no event support it by any demonstration of vigour 'either in word or deed' (p. 88). In truth, Pitt never seems to have appreciated the worthlessness of the object of

Digitized by Google

his policy, and it is astonishing that a minister presently so pacific in his views, so eager for economy, and so anxious as a rule to keep free from continental entanglements, could ever have started on this particular line of policy. The unexampled rapidity and completeness with which he abandoned it is as remarkable and as great a sign of Pitt's capacity as a parliamentary leader as his original blunder is a blot on his reputation as a statesman. There was no hesitation, no exhibition of false pride; he saw that if he would retain his influence in Parliament and in the country he must at once change his policy, and he did so boldly and decisively in obedience to public opinion.

Once, however, the determination to abandon warlike for diplomatic pressure was taken, the ultimate result of the change could never be in doubt. No continental Power had the least wish to encounter Russia alone. Austria was anxious for and was negotiating a peace; the Treaty of Warela in the previous year had put an end to hostilities between Catherine and Gustavus of Sweden; Prussia was only desirous of getting some advantage for herself, she had no real interest in preventing Russia from acquiring Turkish territory, and thus the retention by Russia of the debateable land on which she had set her heart became a certainty. Whilst, therefore, the correspondence throughout the summer which is printed in this volume assists us to understand the course of events at the time, and throws light on the diplomacy and diplomatists of the age, it does not give us new information in regard to any event of high importance. We are able to follow the negotiations at St. Petersburg which Fawkener was sent to carry on with the Russian Court with the aid of Whitworth, the resident minister; we obtain side lights on what is occurring at Berlin and the Hague; but the conclusion, with some changes of details, was certain, and the interest of Europe in the East was, before the signature of the Treaty of Galatz, overshadowed by the progress of events in France.

Although the transition in interest from the Eastern question to the consequences of the Revolution in France was gradual among English ministers, nothing can be more striking than the wholly opposed policies of Pitt in regard to these two subjects. His determination to adhere strictly to a policy of non-intervention both in the internal disturbances of France and in her relations with the central European Powers was in marked contrast to his keen wish to dictate terms of peace to Russia in her war with Turkey,

Digitized by Google

and to his unconcealed regret when public opinion at home put an end to this attempt. The difference in Pitt's policy is more remarkable since at that time any weakening of the power of France was in some senses desirable in the interests of England, whereas Great Britain could not possibly be affected by the transfer of a fortress and a piece of territory on the shores of the Black Sea. From the point of view of an historical observer, after the lapse of a century, it would not have been surprising had Pitt taken some part in the anti-French movement which arose on the Continent in the summer of 1791, and which had its first clearly defined step in the meeting of the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia at Pillnitz in August of that year. But Pitt was at that very moment averse to any interference in French affairs, though he was vainly endeavouring, by means of diplomacy, to prevent Russia from retaining her hold on any of the possessions of Turkey. On August 19 Lord Grenville wrote one of his last notes on the latter question to Lord Auckland, when he had just seen his and the Prime Minister's Russian policy completely fail by the signature of the Treaty of Galatz:—

'Private.

'1791, August 19, Whitehall.—It is a great mortification to me to find myself so much hurried as to make it impossible for me to write to you more than a few lines to acknowledge your interesting and confidential correspondence for the last fortnight. With respect to the Petersburg business, it is *une affaire faite*, and I consider it is one of the first duties of my situation not to shift the blame of transactions which have not entirely succeeded on those who have acted honourably, and to the best of their judgment, in the execution of their instructions. To you, in full confidence, I will say, that there are points on which, reasoning at a distance from the spot, I could have wished they had acted otherwise; but I would not, on any account, say even as much as that where I thought it would be repeated; and, after all, much must be allowed for circumstances of situation of which we cannot judge. On the whole, I am rejoiced the thing is over, and perfectly convinced that every attempt at mending it would only have added to our embarrassment while it prolonged our expence.' (P. 168.)

Four days later—on August 23—he addressed the same correspondent in quite a different strain in reference to the apparent intention of Austria and Prussia to take some step towards the restoration of the French King. He pointed out the position of Great Britain in statesmanlike language, though, in truth, the words apply with equal, if not greater, force to the contest between Russia and Turkey, with which both England and Holland were even less vitally concerned:—

Digitized by Google

'The conclusion,' writes the Foreign Secretary in the latter portion of this letter, 'of the Sistovo business has removed every difficulty which there was in the way of our speaking out, and avowing our determination of the most scrupulous neutrality in the French business; and I now hold this language to all the Foreign Ministers in order that it may be clearly understood that we are no parties to any step the King of Prussia may take on this subject. I am uneasy about the Netherlands. Every information I have concurs to shew that the discontents there are gaining ground; and I have pretty strong grounds to believe that the discontented party will seize the first moment of the Emperor's interference in French affairs to raise their standard again, and to connect themselves openly and intimately with the National Assembly. This union of the Netherlands with France is the very thing that this country and the Republic have most to apprehend. If the Emperor's conduct had been wise, and if he had known how to avail himself of his own situation, the measures we had taken to prevent this union would have been successful. But as it is, I fear the game is no longer in our hands. Under these circumstances, it is perhaps fortunate for us that the Hague Convention was not ratified, and I think we shall do wisely to show a great degree of reserve on that point at present. In all other respects it appears to me that the maritime powers may look with great indifference and security at the new scenes which are arising. Some of the principal powers of Europe seem not yet to have learnt that lesson which we have been taught by a severe experience, that no acquisition is worth the expence of conquering and maintaining it. If, while they are gaining this experience, they will leave Great Britain and Holland to the undisturbed enjoyment of their external and *internal* tranquillity, I know not what more we can wish. Our only danger (to either of us) is at home, and for averting that danger peace and economy are our best resources; and with them I flatter myself *we* have not, and I hope Holland has not, much to fear. Excuse this long dissertation to which your last letter has given rise.' (P. 171.)

'Peace and economy' expressed in a phrase the guiding principle of the Cabinet at the time, and a great deal of the correspondence which is now made public in this volume is illustrative of the carrying into action of this policy—a policy which did not cease until the declaration of war by the Convention on February 1, 1793. It was a period so full of extraordinary and unexpected events, that it is not surprising that the coolest-headed statesmen were altogether out of their depth; the forces which the French Revolution had set loose were quite new factors both in war and diplomacy, and disappointed the sanguine hopes of Pitt and his Cabinet in the maintenance of neutrality as much as they upset all calculations and opinions in regard to the results of the intervention of Austria and Prussia.

Up to this point Lord Grenville had to some extent to hide

Digitized by Google

the views of himself and his colleagues from the continental Powers. Ostensibly he was in negotiation with Russia, having Prussia for his partner, for the purpose of concluding the Turkish war. But as soon as that event occurred he hastened, as the above quotation shows, to avow his policy so that it might be clearly understood at Berlin that Great Britain could take no part in any action against France. It is not surprising that the attitude of the English Cabinet should have puzzled continental statesmen, more, perhaps, than the sudden change in regard to the Russian demands. It was altogether opposed to the traditional policy and sentiment of Great Britain, apart from the special circumstance of the possible injury to the monarchical principle which would result from the triumph of republicanism in France. There were, to the ordinary observer, special reasons why Great Britain should form one of a league against France, in addition to those of a more general character. The temptation was undoubtedly strong, and the fact that the Cabinet decided upon and adhered to a policy of external peace and internal economy, marks this particular time as the beginning of what may be termed the modern foreign policy of England. It was a change not only from a traditional rivalry with France, which had continued, with some occasional exceptions in the seventeenth century, from mediæval times, but from that interference in continental affairs which had involved England over and over again in foreign campaigns, by which she had never really profited, though the theoretical balance of power may have in some instances been retained. The new policy was one which marks Pitt as the predecessor of the modern Liberal party, nor should it be forgotten that his colleague Grenville, who had the actual carrying out of the foreign policy of the Cabinet, became in after years the leader of the Whig party, the immediate predecessor of Grey, Melbourne, and Russell. The change had one exception. The antagonism with Russia—the personal struggle between Catherine and Pitt—was a new feature in English politics. Russia was a fresh factor in Western politics, and it was in regard to the now obsolete question of the Oczakow territory that a phase arose of international relations which was to be of the first importance both to Great Britain and Russia. For the attitude of Great Britain to Russia has not changed in the century that has passed since Pitt brought into the House the message which was virtually the first step towards warlike measures against Russia. The principles which

Digitized by Google

actuated him when the central European Powers were preparing to undertake what Lord Auckland termed 'a crusade 'against France' were those which have since governed successive administrations. The war with France was forced upon this country and was undertaken reluctantly by the Cabinet of Pitt. It was not caused by a change of mind on the part of ministers, and the time that elapsed before the war began emphasises in every particular the broad statement of policy announced by Grenville to Auckland in his letter of August 23. That statement met with the cordial approval of this clear-minded man: 'Your Lordship's further re-'marks,' he writes in reply to it (p. 177), 'on our position 'and relative interests with respect to the interference of 'foreign Powers in the French business are so consonant 'to the best judgement that I can form, and carry such 'conviction to my mind, that I have perused them with 'extreme pleasure.' Nor were Auckland's prognostications of the difficulty of the undertaking falsified. In the same letter he writes: 'As to the proposed crusade against 'France, I suspect it will halt grievously in the execution.' In a letter written somewhat earlier in the same month—on the 8th—he expresses his views on the position of affairs in a yet clearer manner and with a foresight which was wholly absent from the councils of the German Powers:—

'It appears that this French business will turn the whole current of political ideas; and it is probable that both the Imperial Courts will enter into it. Your Lordship will see, in one of my enclosures of this day, that the Court of Berlin is allured by a speculation of dismemberment. We cannot prevent the bursting of this new storm; and it appears to me that we may watch its progress without any material danger or inconvenience. In the mean time, this very troubled state of Europe is a sufficient reason for our having a large fleet, and I apprehend that it may be necessary to continue to retain more seamen and ships than in strict economy we should wish. Would it not now be right to send a part of our fleet out to exercise, if it were only for the sake of forming the seamen, and of obviating the objection that they have passed the whole summer idly at anchor?

'In the French transaction it appears to be the plan for the powers who interfere to proceed on the principle of restoring the French King to his entire authority; such an avowal will, on the one hand, unite the whole French nation against them; but on the other it is difficult and dangerous for sovereigns possessing an absolute authority to become the armed mediators of a free Constitution or moderated Monarchy to France. The attacks on France will accelerate the bankruptcy.' (P. 159.)

It is interesting to note how truly Auckland foresaw the

Digitized by Google

most remarkable result of the German alliance, since it united the whole French nation against the invaders; for the first time the French people, as distinguished from the personal rulers of France, were the foes of the German Powers. It is possible that with some tact this result might have been delayed or modified, since, in the first instance, the German Powers were ostensibly not at war with a view to an interference in the internal affairs of France. Austria was nominally, at any rate, defending herself against French aggression and proselytism in the Netherlands.

But on July 26, 1792, the Duke of Brunswick, the general-in-chief of the German armies, issued from Coblentz that celebrated proclamation to the French nation which, by pledging the allies to restore the monarchical power, which had already practically fallen, raised the whole national spirit of France to resist external interference in home affairs. The advance of the allies into France was watched by the English Cabinet and by the representatives of the country abroad with impartial eyes, but with a general expectation amongst most men that there was no question as to the ultimate success of the German armies. Even Auckland was of this opinion. 'I am not so clear that the combined 'armies will advance towards Paris without resistance, but 'I believe they will be victorious in all considerable engage-'ments' (p. 300). This was what he wrote to Grenville on August 14. Within little more than two months, however, the invaders had been driven from French soil, and the expedition had not only completely failed to effect the object of the allied Powers, but had by its want of success strengthened the Republic in France, and stimulated the vanity and self-confidence of the nation to such a pitch as to make them believe that they were the arbiters of Europe. This campaign in the east of France had thus not only negative but positive results; if it had not been undertaken and failed, it is possible that Great Britain would not have been involved before another year had elapsed in a war with France. The truth was that people reasoned on the prospects of the campaign in ignorance of the facts. There is a curious illustration of this in a letter from J. B. Burges, the under-secretary for foreign affairs, to Grenville, written on September 3:—

'1792, September 3, Whitehall.—The account Mr. Jenkinson gave me in a pretty long conversation I had with him of the Prussian and Austrian armies, and of the general state of affairs in the country he has just quitted, corresponds very much with what your Lordship has

Digitized by Google

already received, and has little of what you do not know. He tells me, however, that a very remarkable animosity subsists between the Austrians and Prussians, of which he saw various instances which have satisfied him that, whatever harmony may subsist between the two monarchs, their respective subjects will on every occasion catch at any opportunity which may present itself of quarrelling. When Mr. Jenkinson left England he appeared perfectly satisfied that the Duke of Brunswick would meet with neither difficulty nor delay in getting to Paris; that what he had to do there would speedily be effected; and that the Prussian army would return safely at the end of the campaign. On every one of these points his opinion now appears to be completely changed.'

Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, was in a position and of a character to be as well informed as anyone could be. His first opinions, it is clear, were absolutely wrong. The Marquis of Buckingham, who was in constant and unreserved communication with his brother, writing to the latter at the end of September, and commenting on the want of assistance rendered by the royalists of France to the German armies, remarks:—

'In this particular the emigrants seem to have deceived themselves and the Duke, and his progress is necessarily and proportionally more slow. Still, however, as it seems clear that both Spain and Sardinia are actually added to the list of enemies, and that the Empire and Switzerland are everything but avowed enemies, I will hope that this number will put the combined armies in Paris.' (P. 318.)

Buckingham had his foibles, but he was a close and well-informed observer of contemporary events, and it is clear that the collapse of the campaign before the winter set in was not, at the moment when he wrote this letter, in the least expected by him.

The course of events thoroughly justified the policy of non-intervention which Pitt had decided to follow; that it was displeasing to the German Powers was to be expected, but that Great Britain was to gain any positive advantages from it was altogether erroneous.

'There is great soreness,' writes Lord Auckland in September, 'respecting our position in politics both at Berlin and at the Duke of Brunswick's quarters. The impression at the latter is that all the risk and expense falls on the allied force, and that the solid benefit resulting from the enterprise belongs to Great Britain. Cela peut être, cependant ce n'est pas notre faute.' (P. 314.)

The whole character of Prussian statesmanship was so essentially selfish that it was not surprising that this Court should regard the attitude of Great Britain as one not of

Digitized by Google

mere inaction, but of inaction with the hope and intention of deriving advantage from the contest between the German Powers and France. Prussia had recently exhibited to the world a striking instance of national duplicity and selfishness in taking part with Russia against the Poles, and in absorbing without the least right a portion of Polish territory. And it may be observed on this point that this action on the part of Prussia had alienated from her English sympathy in her contest with France, so that the national feeling of England was essentially neutral. Events were later on to bring Great Britain and Prussia into a close though inharmonious alliance, but for the moment the country regarded the contest in Eastern France with absolute impartiality.

In truth, the main interest of the time was centred in the capital of France. There an extraordinary political and social drama was being enacted, which was watched with breathless interest by the whole of England and by her statesmen with astonishment at the apparent madness which was gradually bringing a war between the two countries within measurable distance.

At first there was a sanguine expectation that peace would continue between the two countries, for even if there was a desire for war on the part of France, there was none here. It was even thought that under certain circumstances Great Britain might have to play the *rôle* of a peacemaker.

'I perceive,' writes Grenville on June 19, 1792, to Auckland, 'from your last letter that you think me too tolerant of the ignorance and absurdity of the French mission here, and you hint at the propriety of my making application at Paris for the removal of M. de Chauvelin, and of your forbidding M. de Maulde your house. I own that my persuasion is extremely strong of the propriety of avoiding any sort of *éclat* on this subject. The quarrelling with France would give encouragement to the persons in both countries who wish to introduce French maxims of government amongst us, and would give to them the command and direction of that very prevailing wish for peace which I take to be the ruling sentiment both here and in Holland. And the shewing pique and ill humour where it can be avoided, without meaning to go further, would certainly be undignified and hazardous.

'Nothing can be more unsettled than the state of things at Paris. The Court is manœuvring to gain time, and the rest are quarrelling among themselves. It has been hinted to Lord Gower that if M. Talleyrand is disagreeable here he may be recalled; but I very much doubt whether I shall avail myself even of this hint. If the French have still any hopes of making mischief here they will easily find instruments for it without M. Talleyrand; and the taking

Digitized by Google

measures to get rid of him would give to him and his projects a consequence which I trust they have not. As soon as the German troops arrive, whatever is the ruling party at Paris must apply to us to mediate for them. Such at least is my speculation. Even in that case, it would, I think, be right to hold back, and to show no anxiety for that sort of interference, but rather the contrary.

'But, if the opportunity presents itself, I know no end of this troubled scene so advantageous as the bringing about, by our assistance, an agreement which, I am quite convinced, all the parties will equally wish.' (P. 281.)

But the expectation of peace gradually faded away, until at length, as we have already mentioned, war broke out in the spring of 1793. Thus the character of the correspondence in this volume, so far as regards the position of England, quite changes after this date; we have done with hopes and expectations of peace, we are now concerned with the conduct of a continental war, and with the measures necessary for keeping up that alliance with the German Powers from which Pitt and Grenville had desired to keep free, but to which they had been driven. The correspondence presents an interesting picture of the difficulties which were in the way of the English Government. To conduct a war unhampered by alliances was difficult enough in those days, but when it had to be carried on with insincere and selfish allies at a distance from England, and with by no means a first-rate organisation, the obstacles in the way of a successful issue were largely multiplied. We come across them constantly in these pages, and they added enormously to the labours of the Prime Minister, who was, in truth, the principal war minister.

We must return for a moment, however, to the time immediately before the breaking out of the war, and quote a letter from Grenville to Auckland, which shows us the beginning of the disappearance of the hopes of peace and betrays a somewhat uneasy feeling at the state of affairs:—

'Most Secret and Confidential.

'1792, November 26, Whitehall.—I am afraid from all that has passed relative to the negotiation of which you speak, as well as from other circumstances, that there is too much reason to believe the French are determined to drive us to extremities. A very few days must now probably decide this question, and we feel very unwilling to afford anything like a pretext which could diminish the strong impression to be expected here from so unprovoked an attack. In the meantime our situation is sufficiently uneasy, particularly from the great difficulty of getting *accurate* intelligence of what is really doing at Brest, the accounts of which are various and contradictory.

Digitized by Google

I have always been told that the commerce which Brest carries on with the Dutch ports for naval stores affords to that Government a facility of acquiring such intelligence infinitely better than we can. I wish therefore that you would urge the Pensionary both to communicate a *précis* of what he does know, and, if necessary, to increase his means of information on this very essential object.

'I trust and hope that we shall remain quite quiet in our interior. The activity and insolence of the French emissaries and their allies in this country have certainly increased much with Dumourier's success; but I think the loyalty of the people at large, and its attachment to our established Government, has increased with the efforts of those who wished to destroy those sentiments.

'This letter was written (as well as my despatch) previous to my receiving my Paris account. I can add nothing to what I have said on the subject officially; but the circumstance makes me of course still more anxious on the subject of the naval stores, to which I have adverted in my despatch.' (P. 341.)

During the winter the relations of the two countries became more and more strained, the diplomatic intercourse in England became cooler and cooler, as is very well shown in some of the letters which are printed in this volume, until at length, upon the execution of Louis XVI., the Cabinet abandoned their hopes of peace. On January 23 Grenville wrote in these decisive terms to Auckland:—

'Private.

'1793, January 24, Whitehall.—The business is now brought to its crisis, and I imagine that the next despatch to you, or the next but one, will announce the commencement of hostilities. Probably the French will commence them; but if not, after all lines of communication are interrupted of necessity, and after all hope of satisfactory explanation is over, I do not see how we can remain any longer *les bras croisés*, with a great force ready for action, that force avowedly meant against France, and the language and conduct of that power giving every day more instead of less ground of offence to us and all the world.

'This last horrible act of unnecessary cruelty and outrage on all men's feelings will have its effect. I cannot describe to you the universal indignation it has excited here, but you may collect it, amongst other circumstances, from the audience at one of the play-houses stopping the play, and ordering the curtain to be dropped, as soon as the news was announced to them.' (P. 372.)

War was declared by France on February 1 following; thenceforward the correspondence is concerned chiefly with the carrying on of the war. On the one hand the attention of the Cabinet was directed to purely military and naval operations; on the other the alliances with Prussia, Austria, and Holland had to be managed by diplomatic means and agents, and the necessary pressure exerted on these Powers,

Digitized by Google

in order that the contest, once entered upon, might be conducted with vigour. Holland we were bound by treaty to defend, but her capacity as an ally was small. Fortunately, Auckland remained for some little time longer at the Hague, exercising much more influence than that of an ordinary ambassador. 'I have, during some days,' he wrote, in March 1793, 'assumed many of the functions of prime 'minister of the Republic. I will, however, bear that 'faculty meekly, and will retire from it on the first moment 'that the dangerous agitation and crisis has in any degree 'ceased' (p. 383). In fact, he had three functions to fulfil —to represent the country at the Hague for ordinary purposes, to act as the adviser and encourager of the Dutch Government, and to supply the Cabinet at home with the best foreign information and with his own opinions. The difficulties with Austria and Prussia were of a different kind: the possessions of the former in the Netherlands were in jeopardy; she had therefore, to some extent, a stronger motive than Prussia to act with vigour. But the latter, though she had embarked long before England on an anti-French campaign, was bent on obtaining subsidies and money assistance; she had *arrière-pensées* connected with the partition of Poland, and fresh territorial aggrandisements were not out of sight. Against a nation mad with enthusiasm and with generals and armies full of military zeal, no country could be a less fit antagonist than Prussia, since at every turn she was counting the value of her assistance to her allies. Some of the letters now published in this volume abundantly illustrate a position full of difficulty to the English Cabinet. Thus, on September 30, Mr. Burges, the under-secretary for foreign affairs, wrote as follows to Grenville:—

'1793, September 30, Whitehall.—Lord Yarmouth sends over a note delivered to him on the 23rd by M. Lucchesini. It contains a strong remonstrance on the alarming prospective of the prolongation of the war beyond this campaign, with complaints of the expenses and losses sustained by the King of Prussia. His Prussian Majesty declares the impossibility he is under of continuing these heavy expenditures, more especially in consequence of the embarrassments which, he says, have been thrown in the way of his negotiation in Poland by the Jacobin faction. These, he adds, must oblige him to fly to the defence of his new frontiers in that quarter, which the Poles appear determined to insult. He goes on to say that the main object of the convention of the 14th July has already been obtained, the French having been obliged to evacuate the conquests they have made; but that he is still strongly disposed to enforce the other object of the indemnification.

Digitized by Google

He concludes by saying that, in order to enable him to take a further part in the war, it will be necessary to add two secret articles to the late convention—the one, containing on our part a formal and previous guaranty of the new Prussian possessions in Poland; the other, an engagement that, in case the war should not be concluded this campaign, a subsidy should be granted to his Prussian Majesty by the belligerent powers as the terms by which his future assistance is to be secured, and that this country should not only contribute its proportion, but should engage to facilitate the execution of this point on the part of the other powers. On these conditions M. de Lucchesini states that he is authorised to open a negotiation with Lord Yarmouth.

'Lord Yarmouth says M. de Lucchesini appeared much ashamed of this paper, and that he assured him that both the manner and the time of the King of Prussia's departure from the army would be such as not to injure the common cause, by affording room to surmise that he had withdrawn himself from it' (P. 430.) *

This letter Grenville seems to have communicated to Pitt, for on October 2 there is a letter from the Prime Minister in reference to the contents of M. Lucchesini's note. In this and the previous letter we are able to see at a glance the position both of Prussia and Great Britain in regard to the partition of Poland. Prussia, in fact, was endeavouring to sell her armies partly in order to obtain a treaty right to her newly acquired territory:—

'1793, October 2, 11 A.M., Downing Street.—I agree entirely with you that the answer to Lucchesini's note must be a refusal, at least of the guaranty of the Prussian acquisition in Poland. A subsidy is also out of the question unless in addition to his contingent conformably to the alliance, he will leave any additional body of troops either absolutely at our disposal or to act under our direction, according to some specific plan which may be satisfactory to us; for example, in acquiring possession of Alsace. There is probably little chance of carrying this point, but it seems to me worth trying; and with this view, it may be right to frame an answer to Lucchesini's note, on the idea that the King of Prussia is sincere in his wish to be on a cordial footing with us, and to co-operate in our views of indemnification for ourselves and for Austria, as far as circumstances will permit him; that we can have no doubt of his scrupulous performance of his engagements to us, and that if he is disposed to make efforts in the common cause, beyond what he is bound to do by treaty, and is only restrained by the want of resources, we are ready to discuss what pecuniary succours can be afforded him. I should prefer this way of treating the subject to an absolute refusal of all idea of subsidy, as I think this mode will be less likely to produce a coldness between us and the Court of Berlin: and

* The great difficulties in connection with the payment of subsidies to Prussia are well brought out in the 'Paget Papers,' reviewed in our last number (ante, p. 135).

Digitized by Google

if he agrees to the idea, it would be more advantageous than any co-operation he has yet afforded in the war. The expense will be comparatively speaking no object, if it produces a real and efficient force at our disposal, in a quarter where it is essential to act with vigour, as part of the general plan for the next campaign. No objection can I think arise to making such an answer as may at least leave an opening for this plan; and we shall of course reserve for further consideration the proportion of any subsidy to the force which he may be willing to furnish. It will probably occur to you that this communication from Lucchesini ought to be mentioned at Vienna; and the possibility of the King of Prussia withdrawing himself next campaign furnishes a strong additional reason for pressing the Court of Vienna to enable us to satisfy the Elector of Bavaria, in order, if possible, to secure his troops as a substitute in part for the Prussian force.

'I should think it clearly right to secure the troops from Saxe-Meiningen, and any others that can be got on the terms given to the Landgrave, provided the troops are reasonably good. On that point I imagine Lord Yarmouth can satisfy himself, with Major Gunn's assistance.' (P. 433.)

A letter of later date from Lord Yarmouth shows us still more clearly the state of feeling at Berlin; part of it manifests considerable soreness on the writer's part at the special mission of Lord Malmesbury :—

'1793, November 24, Manheim.—I was on my road to England when I received the honour of your Lordship's despatch of the 14th instant, announcing to me Lord Malmesbury's appointment to my present mission; and, though it was accompanied by the kindest private letter from you, I must say that I did not expect so sudden a supercession.

'The state of the Prussian business is, in three words, this: the king has never intended to separate from the other powers, but perceiving England to be very liberal and very eager, he thought the opportunity favourable to get a large sum of money for doing that which he could not avoid doing without it. With that view he made the proposal which you so properly negatived, and he has acquiesced in that refusal. He has done more, for he has again taken his part as a principal in the war; but as a man is never so angry as when he is detected in a mean plan, especially if it has failed of success, the king directed Monsieur Jacobi to make the angry declaration which appears to have created so much alarm. I cannot suppose that you will receive it in writing, but I will venture to assert that when Lord Malmesbury's assistance was applied for the danger was over, the victory was gained (by the fresh orders sent at the same time to the Duke of Brunswick), and the late menace was only the last struggle of disappointed meanness.

'Whether under these circumstances the appointment of *a new* Minister at Berlin is necessary to the public service your Lordship is certainly to determine. I do not presume to say more than that every fresh advance which His Majesty makes to the Court of Berlin will

Digitized by Google

give the king an higher idea of his own importance, and of our dependence in a proportionate degree. An extreme case must have an extreme remedy, but my principal business in returning to England was to show that your alarms from this quarter may be prevented in future by methods simple in themselves, and, I believe, perfectly within your reach. If your late agent can do this I do not say that he will do much, but I think your Lordship will be disposed to listen to him under such circumstances before another man is brought into his place.' (P. 470.)

In truth, England was regarded at this particular time as a gold mine from which unlimited supplies could be drawn. 'German princes,' wrote Grenville to Lord Malmesbury, early in 1794, 'think England a pretty good milch cow, 'but surely hardly to the extent supposed in the account 'you have transmitted; and I fear that Holland is very 'little willing, and Austria and the Empire very little able, 'to give money to save themselves from ruin' (p. 497). This sentence contains the key note to a large amount of this correspondence, and explains briefly the whole state of affairs at this period. In regard to the Anglo-continental alliance, to no men could such bargainings and expenditure be more offensive from every point of view, whether as high-spirited statesmen or as guardians of the public peace, than to Pitt and Grenville. It was not everyone who could look at this state of affairs with the complacency of Lord Malmesbury, who, in the course of a long private letter to Pitt, placed the question under discussion before the Prime Minister in these plain terms:—

'The question resolves itself to a very narrow compass. *Can we do without the King of Prussia or can we not?* If we can, he is not worth the giving a guinea for; if we cannot, I am afraid we cannot give too many. We must only look to the making the best and quickest bargain possible, to the purchasing him as reasonably and to the binding him as fast and as securely as we can.' (P. 494.)

The position remained the same throughout the period covered by these letters. Nor was Austria much better than Prussia; she was not, perhaps, so essentially selfish, but she was wanting in vigour, and her poverty made her a beggar. In the Netherlands she seemed to think that she had a negotiable asset, to be mortgaged as security for loans from Great Britain. There was a happy ingenuity about this idea, since any hypothecation of the Netherlands would necessarily cause them to be defended by this country, and, even if captured by France, to be recovered back at the end of a war in return for French colonial possessions which we might otherwise retain.

Digitized by Google

'They (the Austrians) wish to prove to us' (wrote Thomas Grenville to his brother on September 1, 1794) 'that their offer of security upon the revenues of the Low Countries should at least by us, who always insist on those territories as remaining at the peace in the hands of Austria, be accepted as a good and ample mortgage for the repayment of the sums which they want for this year and the next; but, if it is true that they do not feel interested at heart in these possessions, or if they think us so earnest in our wishes on this subject that they may safely throw the whole of it upon us, their offer of a *hypothèque* on those possessions takes a much more suspicious character; nor is it, perhaps, an unreasonable jealousy on my part to apprehend that they may wish you to have a mortgage of two millions on the Netherlands, as an inducement to you hereafter to give up some of your French acquisitions in the West Indies in order to recover for them a country in which you will have a large pecuniary stake, added to the ordinary course of political considerations. Much at least of Thugut's conversation would seem to tally with this view of the matter. It is observable that he perpetually recurs to its being a settled point that, *de façon ou d'autre*, the Netherlands will be secured to Austria at the peace, and yet that, in his view of the military operations to be pursued, he never seems to consider them as a main object of defence, and is so little disposed to make them so that he expresses much reluctance as to the idea proposed of engaging Austria to furnish so large an army *to act in that country*, which, he thinks, might be better employed elsewhere. Add to this his remarking that England might be satisfied by the irrecoverable detriment done to the navy and the commerce of France, and his contrasting the difference in points of acquisitions made by Great Britain with the total failure on the side of Austria; and it is no great refinement to suspect the whole of this to lead to an expectation that we may better buy back the Netherlands for them than put them to the expense of defending them or regaining them, and that we should have an additional motive for sacrificing some of our conquests to this object if we have two millions of money mortgaged upon it. Of the advantage which may be expected at home from adopting this shape of lending upon security rather than of furnishing a direct subsidy I do not well know how to judge; but unless the security could be shewn to be in itself substantial, and of a nature to be easily got at by those to whom it was due, I should doubt whether the public at home would be better reconciled to it than to a direct and acknowledged subsidy.' (P. 627.)

The state of affairs at Vienna is fully explained in some long and interesting letters from Thomas Grenville, from one of which the above extract is taken. They give in moderate compass a clear view of the difficulties with which the Cabinet of Great Britain had to contend, and they afford a striking picture of one phase of the great continental war. It was fortunate for the Foreign Minister and for Pitt that they were able to rely on the assistance of thoroughly trustworthy diplomatic agents. At this time Sir Morton Eden,

Digitized by Google

Auckland's brother, was the resident minister at Vienna. He did not possess his brother's capacity, and his letters are indicative of some want of necessary self-confidence. But he was essentially a trustworthy man. Thomas Grenville was sent with Lord Spencer in July 1794 on a special mission to Vienna 'to produce a more vigorous prosecution 'of the war.' In addition to considerable ability and knowledge of mankind, Thomas Grenville was thoroughly acquainted with the views and aims of the English Cabinet, though they had no fear that at Vienna, at any rate, there would be any bungling. Lord Malmesbury, who was sent as a special envoy to the scene of war on the Rhine, had a thankless and difficult task. Like Grenville, he had to endeavour to force on the vigorous prosecution of the war by a country which, to use his own words, as written in one of the last letters in this volume, 'possessed as many bad political 'qualities as can possibly exist at the same time in the same 'power—weakness, perfidy, insolence, avarice, and folly.' For the true appreciation of the course of events during the first years of the Anglo-French war nothing is more necessary than a comprehension of the relations between England and the continental Powers; they are more important than campaigns. The letters which are now for the first time made public in this volume place the state of affairs before us not only with clearness but with a sense of life which is of the utmost value. We realise the personalities of the writers and to some extent long past incidents are brought before us with the vividness of the present. It is not necessary that we should form a judgement upon each particular incident, but we should endeavour to realise the position of the English Cabinet hampered abroad on every side and exposed to the attacks at home of an able if a small Opposition.

Of the military operations on the Continent—on the Rhine, in Eastern France, and in the Low Countries—it is impossible from this correspondence to obtain any clear view. Their details have now no value for any persons except students of the art of war. The politician and the historian need only regard their general results, and as every one knows these were altogether in favour of the French. What is perhaps most striking about these letters is the emphatic manner in which they point to an absence of any clear plan of operations on the part of the allies, and to a kind of co-operative management of the campaigns by civilians as well as by soldiers. There is, for example, an elaborate minute by Pitt dated July 15, 1794, 'in reference to military operations

Digitized by Google

'against France,' which is an outline of future campaigns as well as of the nature of the alliances with Austria and Prussia. Somewhat later in the same month the Prime Minister writes to Grenville the following letter:—

'[1794] July 24.—I read over in haste this morning the despatches from Colonel Crawford and his namesake, as well as those from Wickham. It is vain to lament how backward every preparation still appears to be on the part of the Austrians, when any vigorous move on their part would ensure general success. The only real question is whether this varies any of your instructions to Crawford, Wickham or Sir Morton Eden.

'The point I chiefly doubt about is the instruction to Wickham to encourage active measures at Lyons. Everything, I think, confirms the propriety of urging to the utmost the Austrians to act for themselves, or let the Prince of Condé act for them. And possibly our diversion in Britanny may, before the next instructions arrive, have given spirits enough even to Clerfaye [Clairfait], to act in earnest.

'But any separate attempt on the part of Lyons, without certainty of support, either from the Prince de Condé or the Austrians, might risk prematurely everything in the south. The best thing, according to my reasoning, would certainly be that the Austrians or the Prince of Condé should act as soon as possible; the next best, that no attempt should be made in the south till the Convention has been obliged, as it probably will, to detatch a large proportion of force from thence to Britanny. I return to town early tomorrow, and shall wish much to know what you think on the result of these accounts. Aust has very properly stopped sending your instructions till he hears from you again. We have nothing new from the coast to-day.' (P. 604.)

This was written at the moment when the French armies were victorious in all parts of Europe, and when the great sums of money expended by England on her German allies had been altogether thrown away. No policy would have been less calculated to bring the war to a close than this of subsidising German armies over which this country had no direct control. Nor could any letter better show the hopelessness of the task which England had set herself to perform on the Continent. In this plight we must leave her when this correspondence breaks off, which is little illuminated by those successes of Great Britain, at sea and in the East, to which we may yet look back with satisfaction and pride.

We must now turn for a moment to domestic politics, and note some points on which we find interesting letters. These relate to the fall of Lord Chancellor Thurlow from office and the inclusion of the Portland Whigs in the Cabinet. The first has a purely personal interest, though the letters from and to Thurlow which are collected in this

Digitized by Google

volume show in an amusing manner the unfriendly terms on which the Chancellor was with his two principal colleagues, Pitt and Grenville, and how impossible it was for Pitt to retain him longer than he did in his administration.

The correspondence in reference to the admission of the Duke of Portland, Windham, and Lords Spencer and Fitzwilliam into the Government in 1794 is of greater importance. The letters between Pitt and Grenville, which are now for the first time printed in this volume, together with those which Lord Stanhope published in his life of Pitt, give us in consecutive form a perfectly clear account of this political incident. Of course the historical importance of the event is in the fact that an amalgamation between Pitt and some of his ablest and most respected political opponents is the strongest possible illustration of the heartiness with which the nation as a whole was flinging itself into the struggle with France. Mere party feelings were giving way to patriotism and the coalition 'put a 'national character to the administration and to the war.' Yet, when we regard this coalition after the lapse of many years, it is by no means clear that it added much directly to the administrative ability of the Cabinet. For this reason, doubtless, and because of the difficulties, always experienced in coalitions, of making satisfactory ministerial arrangements, the new departure found no favour with Lord Auckland. 'I conceive the experiment to be hazardous,' he writes to Lord Henry Spencer, 'and likely to end in disgusts and 'disappointments. I am sick of coalitions, royal, military, 'or ministerial.' * Nevertheless, it was this union of parties, of which the entry of the Whigs into Pitt's Ministry was the sign and the seal, that laid the foundation of our ultimate success. In the great perils through which the nation passed between 1793 and 1815 nothing else could have saved it. No minister, however able, could have rescued from the general fate of Europe an England divided against herself.

The chief feature of the new arrangement was a division of the work of the Home Office between Dundas and the Duke of Portland. Up to this moment the former had had the whole responsibility for the office, which was, in fact, what we should now term the Colonial, India and War Office, as well as the Home Office. Practically Dundas was left only with part of the War Department—'a very responsible 'minister,' to use his own words, 'with a great deal of trouble

* Auckland Correspondence, iii. 220.

Digitized by Google

'and without power or patronage.' But this arrangement was not easily brought about. It is clear that in the first instance the Duke of Portland desired to have the conduct of the whole business of the office. To this Pitt had insuperable objections, and proposed as a way out of the difficulty that Grenville should resign the seals of the Foreign Office and take up a portion of the work of the Home Office. This state of matters is made quite plain by the following letter:—

'1794, July 5, Downing Street.—The mistake which has arisen is, I really think, no fault of mine, but is not on that account the less embarrassing. I have just seen the Duke of Portland, and find from him that the whole arrangement, which in all other respects seems to have been satisfactorily settled, is likely to go off on this difficulty. On the other hand I feel it quite impossible to venture the experiment of leaving the War Department in the Duke's hands. You know the difficulty with *other* Departments, even with the advantage of Dundas's turn for facilitating business, and of every act of his being as much *mine* as *his*; and, therefore, if all the details of the war (particularly in one line which I need not mention) were to be settled by communication with a person new both to me and *to others*, I am sure the business could not go on for a week. This is the leading consideration with me, and seems decisive. I own, besides, that though I have a perfect confidence in the Duke of Portland's intention to act cordially, and have no doubt of our being on the best terms, I could neither expect to establish the same sort of communication with him which I am used to with Dundas, nor could I be content, on the other hand, to leave that Department to his *separate* management. Under this difficulty what can be done to prevent the arrangement breaking off, which will be, in all views, worse a thousand times than if it had never been thought of? I see in the first moment but one, which depends entirely on yourself; and I know too [well] your general way of thinking and feeling towards me, as well as your anxiety on the points now depending, to have any scruple in mentioning it; though it is a proposal that you should make what must probably be a considerable personal sacrifice. If you were to take the Home Department (new modelled as we propose it, and leaving the war to Dundas) the Duke of Portland would probably be equally satisfied with succeeding you, as he would have been with the other Department entire. The arrangement for business will, undoubtedly, be far less convenient, as well as the situation to yourself less pleasant. But the latter consideration is not likely to decide you under such circumstances, and things might at least go on in this way reasonably well. If you can devise any other expedient I shall be inexpressibly obliged to you, but I am persuaded you will agree with me, that the two things to be avoided are, that the arrangement should break off, or that the War Department should be put into the Duke of Portland's hands. I have said nothing of the effect on Dundas's situation of giving the Duke the Department entire; though I should feel that as a great objection. He

Digitized by Google

however would not, I am persuaded, let it stand in the way, if that were all, but the other difficulties are insurmountable. The result of all is, that I am afraid I must beg you, if possible, to breakfast at Wimbledon to-morrow. An early hour will on all accounts suit me best, and will probably answer best for yourself, if this heat continues. I dine at Wimbledon to-day, and will beg you to send your answer to me there, whether you can come to-morrow.' (P. 595.)

With remarkable self-abnegation, which shows how much more the public welfare than personal ambition was the motive power of his political life, Grenville at once agreed to Pitt's proposal in the following short note:—

'1794, July 5, Dropmore.—Happening to be out this evening rather later than usual, I did not get your letter till it was too late to answer it with any chance of its reaching you to-night. I may probably be at Wimbledon to-morrow before you get this, but I will at least take the chance in order to say in a very few words that I and my situation are, as you well know, entirely and always at your disposal, and that, besides, I agree with you in thinking the expedient you propose the best to avoid an alternative which seems either way embarrassing. Under these circumstances I do not ask myself whether what is proposed is or is not a sacrifice on my part, but am ready at once to say that no consideration could reconcile to my mind the standing for a moment in the way of your wishes, or of so great a public object as is in question.' (P. 596.)

This particular change of office, however, became unnecessary, as we see by another letter from the Prime Minister to Grenville:—

'1794, July 7, Downing Street.—I can now have the satisfaction to tell you that everything is finally settled, and in a better way than we expected. Your offer seems to have produced the impression which it ought; but the Duke [of Portland] says the Foreign Office is that of all others which he would the least like to accept, and that it cannot be so well in any hands as yours. The result is that he has made up his mind to accept the Home Department, *without* the management of the war, but *with* the Colonies, and, after talking with Dundas, I have thought it right to close with this suggestion.

'I have just seen the Duke of Portland a second time, and we agreed that they should all kiss hands on Friday, as I could hardly make all the moves before that time. Windham takes the Secretary at War, and all the rest is as was before understood.'

From a perusal of this letter it might have been supposed that every difficulty was removed, but this was not so. Dundas decided to give up office altogether, and wrote to this effect to the Chancellor. His position was certainly an anomalous one, for Windham was to have the conduct of the War Department, while Dundas was to perform certain duties connected with the conduct of military operations.

Digitized by Google

He was therefore deprived not only of most of his power, but was hampered with a colleague of different political views. Thereupon, on July 9, Pitt wrote the very pressing letter to Dundas which Lord Stanhope has already printed. Dundas, however, remained obdurate, and it was not until he received a letter from the King himself that he acquiesced in an arrangement which was naturally so distasteful to him personally and so unsatisfactory to him as a man of business.*

The other point which arises on this group of letters is noticeable. Pitt obviously attached great importance to finding a place for the Duke of Portland at all costs, for he saw that the adhesion of the Duke and his friends would annihilate the power of the Opposition. It is astonishing

* Lord Stanhope states (Life of Pitt, ii. 252) that 'There was a misunderstanding on the part of the Duke of Portland. . . . Dundas was to have the Colonies and the East India Department, with the conduct of the war. . . . It appeared at the last moment that his Grace expected to have the whole power and patronage which Dundas had lately possessed.' The letters which we have quoted appear to show that Lord Stanhope was mistaken, and that either Dundas was under some misapprehension after his conversation with Pitt, or else between July 7 and 9 changed his mind and would not accede to the arrangement. In order to make this clearer, we print the following letter from T. Grenville to his brother:—

'1794, July 7 [London].—I am beyond measure gratified in being able to tell you that everything is settled to the satisfaction of the Duke of Portland and his friends. The Duke had a conversation this morning with Pitt, in which he found, upon explanation, that the Home Department was to be upon the same footing as in time of peace, and that the correspondence and communication with naval and military officers was the essential part which was wished to be reserved to Dundas. As it had been thought that the colonial correspondence was likewise desired to be reserved, this explanation, in which Pitt consented to leave the colonial correspondence and every other part of the peace establishment of the Home Department, was deemed quite sufficient; and the whole arrangement is considered as settled and to take place on Friday. To you I need not express the warm and sincere pleasure which I take in this event, but I cannot help saying that I feel, too, great additional satisfaction in seeing the readiness with which you personally offered to lend yourself to any shape of accommodation; and you will be gratified, I am sure, to hear from me that the offer which you so handsomely made, though not brought into effect, has had no small share in the happy conclusion of this business. *Quod felix faustumque sit* is, I hope, as much a prediction as a prayer. I shall try to see you when you come to-morrow.' (P. 597.)

Digitized by Google

to think of the comparative levity with which he proposed to Grenville to resign his seals; the latter had all the strings of the foreign business of the country in his hands. The times were most critical. The Foreign Secretary had not only to be a man of capacity, but one on the most intimate terms with Pitt, and the very reasons which the Prime Minister gives for retaining Dundas apply with equal force to the retention of Grenville. It is obvious, then, that Pitt was looking to the strengthening of his position first of all as a Parliamentary leader, and that he considered his supremacy in the House of Commons and in the country as more essential, even than the administrative ability of his colleague, to the efficient conduct of affairs. With the Portland Whigs in the Cabinet, whilst he could pursue his own foreign policy, he could carry any measure he desired in Parliament, and have a free hand with all his financial projects.

We have, in the previous pages, dealt only with what may be called ordinary correspondence and memoranda, but this volume also contains a curious collection of an unusual kind. These are certain reports or 'Bulletins' in the French language. They were forwarded to Lord Grenville by Francis Drake, the English representative in Genoa. The writer of them is stated by Drake to be a person who was employed as secretary to the Committee of Public Safety, or, as it was also called, of Nine in Paris, and 'who conceals his real prin-'ciples under the cloak of the most extravagant Jacobinism.' These documents not only tell us what took place at the sittings of the Committee, but incidentally describe various details and events which day by day occurred in Paris during the Reign of Terror. It would be impossible to follow them one by one, since they extend from September 2, 1793, about three months after the Committee was established, to June 22 in the following year, shortly before the fall of Robespierre; to do so would be to write again the history of France for that terrible period. We must content ourselves with two extracts; the one tells of the execution of Madame Elisabeth, the other describes a sitting of the Committee at the time when Robespierre was still playing the tyrant:—

'1794, May 10–16, Paris.—"En conséquence des ordres du Comité de Salut Public du 5 et 6 Mai, Fouquier Tinville, accusateur au Tribunal Révolutionnaire, prévint par un billet le Comité, le 9 au soir, qu'il étoit disposé, ainsi que le Tribunal, à faire périr Madame Elizabeth le lendemain. Le Comité envoya chercher à minuit Henriot,

Digitized by Google

Commandant de la Garde, pour savoir s'il y avoit quelque danger à craindre de la part du peuple. La réponse d'Henriot fut qu'il n'y avoit rien à craindre; aussitôt, le Comité de Salut Public ordonna à Tinville d'agir. On eut quelque peine à trouver dans l'état-major de l'armée Parisienne un homme qui voulut se charger d'aller chercher Madame Elizabeth pour la conduire à la Conciergerie. Robespierre désigna le nommé Saralier. Ce monstre se rendit au Temple à l'entrée de la nuit; il monta chez Madame Elizabeth et Madame Royale, suivi d'un huissier appelé Monet, et d'un officier d'artillerie appelé Fontaine; la femme et les filles du geôlier y étoient aussi. Madame Elizabeth faisoit la lecture à Madame Royale quand on l'interrompit pour lui signifier qu'elle devoit se rendre à la Conciergerie. Elle reçut cet arrêt avec le plus grand courage, et dit à Madame Royale, 'Préparez-vous, ma fille, vous me suivrez bientôt.' Elle vouloit lui parler en secret; on l'en empêcha. Elle vouloit l'embrasser; Saralier s'y opposa. Comme la femme et les filles du geôlier fondoient en larmes, Saralier, craignant, a-t-il dit depuis au Comité, de n'être plus obéi par ses soldats, saisit Madame Elizabeth, voulut l'attacher, et comme elle faisoit quelque résistance pour ne pas abandonner sa nièce sans lui avoir dit quelque secret auparavant, ce monstre se porta jusqu'aux dernières fureurs; il la saisit par les cheveux et l'arracha de sa chambre. Elle passa la nuit en prières à la Conciergerie. Amenée à onze heures devant ses juges, son interrogatoire dura à peine vingt minutes. Elle fut exécutée le soir même, 10. Elle est morte comme un héros, avec une telle patience et une telle tranquilité que sa mort a produit même parmi les monstres qui l'ont égorgée, un tel étonnement que, le soir même 10, il fut porté chez tous les imprimeurs et journalistes un ordre du Comité de Salut Public, qui défendoit de parler d'aucun des détails de cet événement."' (P. 570.)

'1794, Mai 26–31, Paris.—"Le 24 à la pointe du jour, le Comité de Salut Public se rassembla, au sujet de l'assassinat qui avoit été tenté sur Collot d'Herbois, l'ami intime de Robespierre. Aussitôt qu'il en fut question, St.-Just n'hésita pas de déclarer que, depuis plus d'un mois, on savoit que le nommé L'Amival, coupable de cet assassinat, étoit un homme furieux et fou, que l'on réservoit comme une machine propre à mettre en action dans le moment; que cet homme avoit été au point de l'assassiner lui-même à l'instigation de ses ennemis; qu'il déclaroit donc, très positivement, qu'il ne doutoit pas que L'Amival n'eût voulu assassiner Collot d'Herbois, mais qu'il étoit très certain que Collot d'Herbois étoit prévenu du moment de cet assassinat, et que l'on avoit pris toutes les précautions nécessaires pour qu'il n'eût aucun effet; qu'il attendoit maintenant ce que l'on vouloit faire de cette tragédie. Que si c'étoit, comme il avoit lieu de le croire, pour loger Robespierre et ses amis au Palais-National avec une garde, il se déclaroit à l'instant à la tête de ceux qui s'opposeroient à la tyrannie. Que si on vouloit employer cette tragédie à augmenter le pouvoir des Comités, il ne s'y opposeroit pas; et que si on vouloit l'employer à pousser la guerre aux dernières extrémités, il seconderoit ce parti de tous ses moyens, et offroit, si cela étoit adopté, de partir le 26 pour se rendre aux armées

Digitized by Google

du Nord. Après de très courts débats, tout ce que demandoit St.-Just fut adopté." ' (P. 579.)

This is but one picture of a sitting of this Committee where personal hatreds and malignant suspicions were constantly exhibited. Whilst the troops of France and Germany were fighting bravely, the patriots of Paris, exhibiting energy in their actual management of affairs, were showing also some of the worst and most vindictive passions in their councils and towards their fellow-countrymen. The Courts of Germany, on the other hand, were contemptible in their incapacity and their greed; the Prussian King was amenable only to the influence of the most recently selected mistress and of the most specious of his courtiers. Between them we see an upright and capable body of English statesmen and an honest, if a narrow-minded, monarch. It was the misfortune and not the fault of this country that she became involved in the struggle between these opposing forces, with both of which her rulers and her people were, as is evident by this correspondence, wholly out of sympathy.

Digitized by Google

ART. VII.—1. *A History of Fife and Kinross.* By ÆNEAS J. E. MACKAY, Sheriff of these Counties. Edinburgh: 1896.

2. *Fife, Pictorial and Historical.* By A. S. MILLAR, F.S.A., Scot. Cupar: 1895.

3. *Place Names of Fife and Kinross.* By W. J. N. LIDDALL. Edinburgh: 1896.

4. *The Fringes of Fife.* By JOHN GEDDIE. Edinburgh: 1894.

FIFE, or, as its children prefer to call it, 'the Kingdom of 'Fife,' 'contains the concentrated essence of Scottish 'history and character.' This remark is pleasantly illustrated by the sheriff of the county, Mr. Æneas Mackay, in one of a series of short Scottish county histories. Antiquarianism delights, as Southey says, to exercise 'the Peri steed of 'her eloquence on the plain of Prolixity.' Mr. Mackay's limits do not permit him to be prolix, as county historians use; he can only pick out the choicest plums from records long and romantic. In a few points, as is natural where such vast collections of facts have to be dealt with, Mr. Mackay's statements admit of correction. Indeed, the history of even a single house or family in Fifeshire—say, of the Halketts of Pitfirran alone—supplies materials enough for as large a book as these brief chronicles of a shire. Mr. Millar's two quarto volumes, copiously illustrated, of 'Fife, Pictorial and Historical,' treating of 'the kingdom' by her parochial provinces, add many details for which Mr. Mackay could not find room. Mr. Geddie, again, gives some picturesque touches in 'The Fringes of Fife;' Mr. Liddall supplies local etymologies in his 'Place Names,' and any one who knows the county can pick up neglected legends, anecdotes, and customs, of which we shall offer examples. On prehistoric Fife Mr. Mackay says little. 'Prior to 'Christianity only its geography is known.' The Romans are not recorded to have conquered the space between Forth and Tay; supposed Roman remains are 'doubtful.' 'The 'very few Roman coins which have been found in Fife prove '[that] there can have been no permanent occupation of any 'part of the county. These may well have been collections 'made after the Romans left, or, like similar finds in Ireland, 'are independent of any conquest.' On this theory the Roman coins reached Fife in the course of early commerce,

Digitized by Google

Dr. Laing, in Mr. Millar's book, is more expansive on a theme so dear to Monkbarns. We hear of dug-out canoes, 'earth houses,' and 'crannogs,' or lake dwellings, in Fife. Traces of *duns*, or prehistoric hill-forts, are not uncommon. Stone weapons and swords and jewelry of bronze reward the excavator. Dr. Laing believes in a battle with the Romans at Lochore, in Agricola's campaign. In 1851 seven hundred Roman coins were found not far from Lochore (the estate of the wife of the second Sir Walter Scott). Many were coins of Severus, 'in very perfect condition.' Dr. Laing also believes in an early Frisian invasion, as described by Mr. W. F. Skene, in the end of the fourth century.* The name 'Fib' is found in the speech of South Jutland, where 'it is pronounced 'exactly as the modern name of Fife.' There are many traces in place-names of a Scandinavian settlement. The word 'law' (*ulaew*, a piled-up tumulus) is common. In *Beowulf* is a description of a 'law' which exactly corresponds with two passages in the 'Odyssey.'

'A mound over the sea,
It was high and broad,
By sailors over the waves
To be seen afar.'

So the shade of Elpenor in Hades says—

σῆμά τέ μοι χεῦαι πολιῆς ἐπὶ θινὶ θαλάσσης
ἀνδρὸς δυστήνοιο, καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.

A similar description of 'Achilles's Law' occurs in 'Odyssey,' xxiv. Cinerary urns, gold armlets, weapons of bronze, and beads of jet are discovered in these heroic tombs, and in 1819 an inquiring pedlar dug many hundreds of ounces of silver out of Norrie's Law. The jewels were melted down. Fife is a practical kingdom, unfavourable to the preservation of relics. In the ancient site of St. Andrews Lord Bute's excavations discovered no object of intrinsic value—hardly a bronze coin. A copper ring, inscribed, in bad Latin, 'Mater 'Dei Me Mando,' was found last year at St. Andrews; even such poor *trouvailles* are rare. 'Verily the fine gold hath 'perished.'

On Dr. Laing's theory the early population of Fife was Celtic (as the place-names prove), with a Frisian admixture.

* Mr. Mackay says, 'There may have been a still earlier Teutonic migration to the eastern coast of Scotland'—than that after the Norman Conquest—'as to which history is silent.' But see Mr. Skene in 'Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries,' vol. iv. p. 169.

Digitized by Google

Later came Northmen, and, after the Conquest, Normans and 'Anglo-Saxons.' In his novel 'Catriona' Mr. R. L. Stevenson avers that Gaelic was still spoken in Fife as late as 'the Forty-Five.' The vast prevalence of Lowland family names makes this extremely improbable. But the Celtic place-names are as prevalent. Strathtyrum, near the links of St. Andrews, once the property of Archbishop Sharp, is *Strathtioram*, 'the dry valley.' Pitcullo is 'the portion of '(*Mac*) *Culloch*.' Pitfirran (*pette fuvran*) is 'the portion of 'the fountain.' Long ago the original Celts lost their *pits*, or 'portions.' We find a Celtic place-name, like Leuchars (*luachair*, a rush), but as early as *circ.* 1200 the Norman church at Leuchars, of which a part remains, was built by the De Quincys, the Norman landlords. The great Fifeshire names are English or foreign. The Leslies, it seems, were originally Flemings. Melville is remote from the Gaelic; Balfour is derived from a place; Wemyss (*wames*) is a place-name from the caves on the coast. Lindsay is not Celtic, and so with the rest.

No facts can be more plain. A Celtic people has left only its ancient names, like the last faint echoes of Arthur's horn. Singular customs, Celtic or not Celtic, survive. The superstitions of the fisher folk are well known. Tradition avers that when the clergyman at Leuchars read the chapter on the Gadarene swine, all the male members of the congregation rushed to 'touch iron.' Swine must not be named, and iron, since Homer's day, is sovran against unholy influences. At a date which we do not pretend to determine a ship was wrecked in St. Andrew's Bay. The fisher folk put the surviving sailors out of their pain and divided their property. Soon after the whole fleet of fishing boats started from the little pier on a beautiful day, and never returned! A storm arose and destroyed them. For very many years no boat went out on that day, and the present fishing folk are said to be the descendants of a colony from the north. They have recently shown the greatest courage in rescuing a ship's crew, though they had to use an unseaworthy lifeboat from Boarhills, so the curse must have exhausted itself. One of their customs is unexplained. The men, on marriage, formally adopt their wives' surnames. Thus William Smith marries Alice Chisholm. He then becomes William Smith Chisholm. This preference for the female line prevailed among the ancient Picts, and any one may argue that the East Coast fishers keep up a Pictish institution. The area in which this custom prevails ought to be ascertained.

Digitized by Google

Something like written and recorded history begins with the legends of the saints who, to some extent, converted Fife. Saint Serf, who has left his name on an islet in Loch Leven, is probably a real, but is certainly a very vague personage. He has also a cave at Dysart, and had a church at Culross. East Fife was converted by Cainnech (St. Kenneth) and St. Rule (Riagail, Regulus), whose tall tower dominates St. Andrews. Legend makes him a native of Patras, not an Irishman, as he really was, and asserts that he brought certain bones of St. Andrew. In the history of Fife no event is more important than the bringing of the forearm and finger bones of St. Andrew to Kilrymont. The history of Fife is, practically, the history of St. Andrews, the Canterbury and Oxford of Scotland, the ecclesiastical and educational capital. But for these blessed bones St. Andrews had not been, or had only been a bare, poor fishing village. According to Mr. Skene (Mr. Mackay is vague) the bones were brought from Hexham by Acca, an expelled bishop, some time between 734 and 761. Thereafter the bleak, windy cliff above the North Sea became the centre of religion, education, and (in a serious age) of golf. None of these things would have occurred if the church at Kilrymont had not possessed bones of an Apostle. Local Celtic saints had no chance against the brother of St. Peter. The bones *may* have been genuine. Mr. Millar makes an extract from the 'Accompts of Expences' of Edward I. in Scotland during the years 1303–1304. Among these are recorded offerings by the English king and queen of golden ornaments 'to 'the arm of St. Andrew, in the town of St. Andrews, in 'the Priory Church, on March 13 and March 19.' Probably the ornaments were stolen when Knox preached at St. Andrews on June 11, 1559. The head of a statue of our Lord, and the head, still gilt, of a saint—perhaps St. Andrew—were then, or afterwards, thrown into the *latrines* of the Priory, whence they were dug up during Lord Bute's excavations. Bones would decay, and the bracelets of Edward and his queen would be seized and melted down with St. Margaret's golden crucifix, and the fragments of the true Cross. Yet the relics had done their work. But for them St. Margaret and Queen Mary, Bruce and Edward I., Montrose and Knox, Claverhouse and Andrew Melville, Dr. Johnson and Tom Morris, might never have left famous names at St. Andrews. The ecclesiastical and educational capital of Scotland would have been elsewhere; not here would Car-

Digitized by Google

dinal Beatoun, Archbishop Sharp, and Chastelard have died. The relics in the first place, and then the ecclesiastical foundations connected with them, led half the world on pilgrimage through Fife to an out of the way rock above a treacherous coast.

The early, almost unwritten history of Fife shows us the Celts in the process of losing their lands. Their ecclesiastical positions they also lost. When, or before, Malcolm Canmore married St. Margaret he learned English, and Gaelic went out of fashion. The Court was much at Dunfermline: here the council met which reformed the Celtic Church; here, in the ballad, the king 'drinks the blood red 'wine' in the ruined palace, sketched by Mr. Walter Paton for Mr. Millar's book. As a result of reforms the bishops of St. Andrews no longer bear Celtic names; English names appear; the Culdees fall in common esteem, and mumble a maimed Mass in their deserted chapel. Mr. Mackay tells the story of St. Margaret's one miracle: her Gospels fell into a river, and were not spoiled by the water. Though Mr. Mackay seems uncertain, we think that there can be no doubt as to the fact that the Bodleian now possesses the very book of the miracle, bought for five or six pounds at the sale of an English parish library. The preservation of the Gospels was not, however, the only miracle connected with St. Margaret. Posthumous wonders were wrought. It speaks but poorly for Catholic Scotland that she has no more recent saint than the good queen. The 'process' of Mary Stuart tarries long, and though the grave of James VII. was credited with miracles, though a miracle is set down to Maria Clementina (mother of Prince Charlie),* and though the claims of Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, were mentioned after his decease, none of these royal people has even been promoted to the title of 'Venerable.'

Thus Fife early in its history became subjected to Norman and feudal influences. The death of Alexander III., foretold by Michael Scott, of Balwearie, and announced by Thomas the Rhymer, of Ercildoune, supplies the next picturesque page in the history of the kingdom. Then came the troubles preluding the War of Independence. 'Fife played 'a small part,' says Mr. Mackay, but William Lamberton, the Bishop of St. Andrews, played, as a friend and ally of

* The account of this miracle is in the recently acquired Stuart Papers in the British Museum.

Digitized by Google

Bruce, a part far from inconsiderable. Edward I., as we saw, bestowed jewels on the church; he also stripped the lead from the roof; to be sure he paid for it! Lamberton sheltered the Black Douglas, and gave him his own horse, whereon to flee and join Bruce. He crowned the King; he was seized by Edward and imprisoned in England. He completed and dedicated the cathedral, in 1318. Though as reckless as a Jacobite in taking and breaking political oaths, Lamberton was certainly of great service to the cause of Scotch independence.

Mr. Mackay finds little to his purpose in the following century, and then the scene shifts from St. Andrews and Dunfermline to Falkland. The young Duke of Rothesay, King Robert's eldest son, was seized by his uncle, Albany, under a kind of *lettre de cachet*. He was taken at Strathtyrum, conveyed to St. Andrews, thence carried to Falkland (a seat of Albany's), and he never left Falkland alive. Albany and Douglas were formally acquitted of the charge of causing the death of the Prince; 'The Fair Maid of 'Perth' has fixed the crime on them, however, and probably they can never be 'whitewashed.' 'And yet,' says Mr. Millar, 'the case against Albany is a very weak one, when 'calmly examined.' Wyntoun, a contemporary chronicler, does not hint at any treason, and Albany was dead, and not to be feared, when Wyntoun wrote his 'Cronykil.' Bower leaves the question open. The author of the 'Liber Plus-'cardensis,' the continuator of the Chronicle, the constant companion and friend of Jeanne d'Arc, charges heavily against Albany and Douglas. Mr. Millar holds, with Mr. W. F. Skene, that the Monk of Pluscarden was Maurice Buchanan, 'a great-grandson of Albany.' This is very doubtful, and the mere fact that the chronicler denounces his alleged great-grandfather confirms the distrust of Mr. Felix Skene as to the identity of the author. It is Boece, that 'pillar of falsehood,' who gives the romantic details employed by Scott in 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' They read like a prose rendering of a popular ballad on the Prince's death, and are about as trustworthy as such a ballad would be. However Albany's character 'is totally lost,' and Douglas 'has 'not sufficient for two.' The pitiful story will always be believed. The scene of the Prince's death, in any case, was an older keep than the palace of Falkland, dear to the Jameses. Mr. Millar gives reasons for supposing that James II. probably began the palace. In 1496 it was the residence of the mysterious Perkin Warbeck. It was

Digitized by Google

rebuilt and adorned by James V.; previously the roof had been thatched: indeed, it was thatched till 1584, when James VI. called for 'sklaitis'—slates. Charles I. inhabited the palace, and Rob Roy, in 1715, took up his abode there, a great change from his 'but and ben' in the cottage near Inverary. Lord Bute has 'restored,' or 'disclosed,' 'its 'former greatness.'

In the days of St. Margaret Fife was the centre of the process of the Anglicising of Scotland, and the bringing of her Church into harmony with that of Europe. But for the success of Bruce at Bannockburn Scotland would have shared the advance, or decadence, of England; but Bannockburn made the kingdoms hostile and threw Scotland into the arms of France. The higher education was, therefore, endangered. Scottish youths could not attend Oxford or Cambridge; in France they fought more than they studied, acquiring fame and fortune, like 'Hugh Come-with-'the-penny,' but not erudition. Fife again sprang to the front, and the first Scottish University was founded at St. Andrews. For long there had been schools there: Bishop Wardlaw founded a *Studium Generale* in 1411. Bulls from Benedict XIII., of doubtful memory, were procured in 1413. There were, as yet, no buildings; the University was a soul without a body. In 1418 Robert of Montrose granted a tenement for a College of Theology and the Arts, on the south side of South Street. In 1430 Wardlaw granted the adjoining tenement as a *Pædagogium*. Montrose's College was that of St. John the Evangelist; the present College of St. Mary's, the school of young divines, occupies these old sites. The actual building seems mainly Jacobean, and in the quadrangle is 'Queen Mary's Thorn,' celebrated by the late Mr. R. F. Murray, whom Mr. Mackay calls 'Kenneth.' In 1450–1451 Bishop Kennedy founded St. Salvator's College, in North Street, and endowed it with rich vestments and jewels. The college has an old inventory of this wealth, made when, in times of peril, the jewels were concealed. There are golden crosses, one containing a piece of the Holy Rood, tall silver images of Our Lord, with precious stones, nine silver chalices, and several silver maces. Of all these only some admirably wrought maces remain. The professors, or the Reformers, looted the rest, unless the wealth remains concealed, which is unlikely. Once, indeed, of late, the college found a hoard—of old silver spoons! The ancient buildings, where the students dwelt, were allowed to go to ruin, and were destroyed some fifty years ago. The

Digitized by Google

beautiful carved oaken roof of the hall was broken to pieces, and even the fragments were removed from St. Andrews. A gaunt set of lecture rooms now occupies the space. The chapel tower even has been modified, and only the wonderful tomb of Kennedy, in shattered grace, with the still handsome exterior of the chapel on the outer side, remains to tell of a civilised age. In the quadrangle a kind of lean-to, for a gymnasium, has been added to the chapel wall! The arch which once stood outside the chapel door lies in fragments on the grass of the inner quadrangle. Thus has Kennedy's college treated his magnificent bequest.

Of St. Leonard's College, founded in 1512 by Archbishop Stuart, but mainly the work of Prior Hepburn, not much is left. The chapel is roofless; the tower was destroyed by Sir David Brewster and Sir Hugh Playfair, famous Philistines and Vandals. The old college rooms are now concealed in two houses, of which one is part of a girls' school. The view of St. Leonard's from the garden is, perhaps, the least spoiled aspect of old St. Andrews. George Buchanan, however, would not know the house where he lived, nor Knox the gardens in which he spoke with the students and won the affection of James Melville. Next door to St. Leonard's is the old town house where Queen Mary 'lived as a bourgeois 'dame,' shot matches at the butts, and received the English ambassador. Hither too came Charles II. The house is admirably preserved, as St. Leonard's and St. Salvator's might have been. A kind of sanatorium occupies the site of the *Novum Hospitium*, where dwelt Mary of Guise, where James VI. saw a kind of drama acted, where Archbishop Sharp's wraith was beheld by his steward and running footman. On the site of the sub-prior's house, across the way, Lord Bute has made diggings, and on the grey old basements has erected a puzzling structure in red sandstone. Such is the present aspect of the ecclesiastical capital of Fifeshire.

History, on the death of James V., shifted from the colleges to the Bishop's Castle of St. Andrews. Every one knows how George Wishart was burned there. Mrs. Oliphant alleges that Wishart was art and part in a conspiracy to murder Cardinal Beatoun. Mr. Mackay writes, 'It seems now established that it was another Wishart.' There was another Wishart, an educated man, who is charged, in 1552, with sacking a monastery and drowning an old lady in the Tay.* With all deference to Mrs.

* See Mr. Maxwell's Old Dundee, p. 88.

Digitized by Google

Oliphant and Mr. Mackay we cannot regard the question about George Wishart's guilt or innocence as settled in either way. Mr. Froude thinks that the martyr was not 'so 'different from his Protestant countrymen' as to have had any scruples about abetting the murder of the Cardinal. Murdered he was, in his castle (May 28, 1546), by 'James 'Melvin, a man of nature most gentill,' says Knox, and by a crowd of other gentlemen.

Mr. Mackay is troubled and dubious about all these performances. The gentle and learned Erskine of Dun slew a priest in a church, nobody ever knew why. 'Must we 'acknowledge,' asks Mr. Mackay, after stating the alternative opinion, 'that the sterner verdict of our forefathers 'was nearer the truth—that in this way, and in no other, 'was reformation possible?' 'No other way' suggested itself to our forefathers except to Quentin Kennedy and Ninian Winzett, who were Catholics and got no hearing. The large share of Fife in the Reformation is almost too familiar to linger over. We have all heard how the murderers of the Cardinal held the Castle of St. Andrews, robbed and ravished, elected Knox as their preacher, were vainly warned by him of the consequences of their misdeeds, and were taken prisoners by the Prior of Capua. We have Knox's word for it that, in the galleys off the Fife coast, he prophesied to James Balfour of his coming triumph in St. Andrews. We have Balfour's word for it that he never was in the galleys at all! But it is generally admitted that what Balfour said is not evidence.

It was in June 1559 that Knox fulfilled his own prophecy and preached in St. Andrews. He says that 'all monu-'ments of idolatry were removed with expedition,' and Lord Bute has shown us the place to which the image of the Redeemer was 'removed.' The very tombs were rifled. Standing in the ruins of the cathedral, Mr. Millar is sensible of 'a feeling of indignant regret,' for in Germany and in England the cathedrals were not destroyed. Though nothing is definitely known, the cathedral cannot have been 'dung down' in a day. The 'idols' were broken—Knox says 'burned.' The jewels and vestments (except such as reached the Earl of Huntly) were stolen. The lead was stripped from the roof. Wind and weather wrecked an edifice never very secure in its best days. The central tower probably fell to the north side (as Mr. Millar says) and brought down the north wall. An ill-drawn plan of 1642 shows that little was then left. The cathedral was no

Digitized by Google

longer needed. The parish churches sufficed, and, of course, there were no more pilgrims. Nobody had an interest in paying for 'the upkeep' of the edifice. The townsfolk used the ruins as a quarry; fragments of the hewn stones are found in the walls of houses. The monasteries were gutted and destroyed. Such was the end of the cathedral and the religious houses. The castle, after the destruction by the French, was rebuilt by Archbishop Hamilton. The castle too has been used as a quarry.

When Queen Mary came to St. Andrews she dwelt in a burgess's house, but the *Novum Hospitium*, at least, must have been habitable. We do not hear that, like Dr. Johnson, she was grieved by the spectacle of ruin. She was in the town when her too enterprising admirer, Chastelard, was executed; the scene of his death is unknown. At Wemyss she met and was wooed by Darnley. At Loch Leven she had a colloquy with Knox, and vainly angled for his good graces. Loch Leven, again, was the scene of her captivity in the stern castle on the narrow isle where the angler now lands and eats his frugal luncheon. Thenceforth Fife knew her no more. But Knox returned to St. Andrews, a kind of fugitive from Edinburgh, from July 1571 to August 1572. He lodged 'in the new buildings 'near the Abbey'—the palace, we presume, of Mary of Guise, the *Novum Hospitium*. He preached, he prophesied, he denounced *all* Hamiltons as 'murderers:' he quarrelled with St. Salvator's; he loved St. Leonard's, and won the heart of one student, James Melville, who has left to us the most amiable portrait of the Reformer. He predicted the hanging of his old friend Kirkaldy of Grange, and, on Knox's death, the Ministers saw that the prediction was fulfilled to the letter. In St. Andrews Knox looked on at a drama in which the doom of Grange was 'proleptically' represented. 'The castle was besieged and taken, and the 'captain [Grange], with one or two with him, hanged in 'effigy.' Melville's memoirs show us all the life of academic Fife at this time—the Latin studies, the faint survival of music among old retainers of the abbey; the golf, the archery; the dearth of Greek, till the famous Andrew Melville came home. Fife was now enlivened by visits from James VI., and by his quarrels with Andrew Melville, and Melville's quarrels with the town, the professors, and the country gentlemen. Swords were out, professors were stricken, arrows flew, St. Mary's College stood a siege, a laird skulked on the links for a shot at the Archbishop.

Digitized by Google

A battered ship of war, the Armada, came to Anstruther, with starving crews, and the men were hospitably entertained by James Melville. He praises the Spanish courtesy, nor were his guests ungrateful.

Treachery and poverty, says Lord Setoun, in an unpublished letter to the Pope, followed the Reformation. He might have fairly reflected that they were not unknown before that revolution. It was in Fife, at Donibristle, that the bonny Earl Murray was set on and slain by Huntly, winning a deathless name in the beautiful ballad, the 'common rhymes or songs' spoken of by James Melville. From Falkland James VI. rode to win the mysterious treasure of Gowrie House, and found only drawn dirks, and gained nothing but a stain (probably undeserved) on his honour. People lived as if in a novel of Dumas, a romance of cloak and sword.

One great effort Fife made to invade, seize, and settle the Lewes (1598–1609). The isle was treated with no more ceremony than if it had been New Guinea. But the Macleods, by force or fraud, had much the better of the contest. James Learmont, of Balcomie, in particular, was roughly handled and died. Mr. Mackay says 'Bannatyne deemed 'his death a fulfilment of a prediction of Knox.' Now, in fact, Andrew Melville suspected Learmont of writing a French and Italian pasquinade on himself, and addressing him from the pulpit as 'thou Frenchified, Italianised, jolly 'gentleman,' prophesied that Learmont would die childless, 'and God shall batoon thee in His righteous judgements.' This prediction (witches were burned for less) Mr. Mackay attributes, we presume, to Knox. We know not the source of Mr. Mackay's strange tradition of the devil appearing at the cradle of Charles I., when a baby in Falkland. 'Fiend! 'would he had taken the girnin' brat clean awa',' said gentle King Jamie when he heard of it. 'Gin he ere be king 'there'll be nae guid o' his reign; the Deil has cast his 'cloak over him already.' Probably the story was invented when Charles became detested in Puritan Fife. Charles, as king, was little in his native kingdom. Charles II. was rudely treated there, it is said, by Mr. Blair, before he 'fled 'to England,' as Mr. Mackay oddly describes his spirited invasion of England before Worcester Fight. Did Prince Charles 'flee into England' in 1745? Covenanting Fife might fill a book to itself. The tradition of Knox and of Andrew Melville flourished in Fife, and was kept up by Henderson, precious Samuel Rutherford, Blair, Guthrie, and

Digitized by Google

all the celebrated men who signed the copy of the Covenant now in the University Library of St. Andrews.

In fighting Fife did not distinguish herself. Her sheriff particularly omits mention of the bold burghers who fled from Montrose's claymores, and died, 'burst, without stroke of 'sword.' But in 'faithful contendings' with sword and tongue Fife excelled. The noble prisoners taken under promise of quarter at Philiphaugh were condemned in the University Library, and executed at St. Andrews. Cromwell pacified Fife, save for the furious quarrels of the Right and Left of the Covenanting party. In Fife, at St. Andrews, 'Sharp of that ilk' was educated, he lived as parish minister at Crail, held his palace at St. Andrews, as archbishop, and was hacked to pieces on Magus Moor. 'He belongs,' says Mr. Mackay, 'to the sad list of Churchmen whose chief aim 'has been personal advancement, not the good of the Church 'or people. Those' (which, or what?) 'of his assassins find 'a place in the no less painful catalogue of religious fanatics 'who have blasphemed their Maker by using His name to 'cover the crime of their own ungoverned passions.' Royalists looked on Sharp, Covenanters looked on Hackston of Rathillet as martyrs. Another martyr, Richard Cameron—a fighting martyr—was a Fife man, of Falkland. His adversary, Claverhouse, like Montrose and Argyll, was educated at St. Andrews. The college lists and the names on the archery medals in the University are the golden book of the age of Cavalier and Covenanter. After the Revolution Fife was Whig. A student of St. Leonard's robbed the post in 1715, and the young men rang the college bells for King James. But in 1745 we find only the Earl of Kelly and Helenas Hackston, of Rathillet, out with the Prince, among men of station. After Culloden the Chevalier Johnstone found St. Andrews 'full of the accursed race of 'Calvinists. . . . No town ever so much deserved the fate of 'Sodom and Gomorrah.' Ecclesiastically Fife was rich in the seed of secession from the Kirk. Ebenezer Erskine was a minister near Loch Leven. Whitfield was blamed at Dunfermline by the Seceders for preaching in the parish kirk. *They* alone 'were God's people,' like the Cameronians. Split followed on split, schism on schism, till we reach the Auld Lichts and the New Lichts, and modern politics, in which Fife is very advanced.

Thus 'the kingdom,' much isolated, and not the scene of the great military events of the past, has otherwise been an epitome of the kingdom of Scotland. 'A beggar's mantle

Digitized by Google

'with a fringe of gold' King Jamie called Fife, for the interior lacks beauty, save in the rare river valleys, while the coast is a long run of ancient towns, still full of touching ruins of ecclesiastical art. From Culross round to St. Andrews the 'Fringes of Fife' are picturesque and rich in archæological interest. Mr. Geddie offers in 'The Fringes 'of Fife' a lively and poetic itinerary, well worth following. Mr. Stevenson has also written, on this theme, one of his most alluring essays. As Cicero said of Athens, 'every 'stone you tread on has its history.' The people are a bluff, independent, and humorous race; caddies, fishermen, ploughmen, ministers, have contributed to Mr. Mackay's store of Fife proverbs: by the way, there is a difference between an aphorism, or *maxime*, and a proverb, though Mr. Mackay seems not to take the distinction (p. 261). Mr. George Meredith is full of aphorisms, not of 'proverbs,' as Mr. Mackay remarks of him. Proverbs, as Mr. Mackay sees, are of the folk, popular and antique. Aphorisms are of the literary individual. Into the poetry of Fife poets, which is rich and various, space does not permit us to follow Mr. Mackay. But the poems are usually literary and individual; less learned parts of Scotland—the Lowland and Highland Borders—have furnished most of our old ballads. To be sure Lady Wardlaw, a Fifeshire dame, wrote 'Hardyknute,' in itself a demonstration that she could *not* have written 'Sir Patrick Spens.' For generals and painters Fife brags Scotland, and she gave birth to Braid, the founder of hypnotism. In brief, we have not room even for a summary roll call of the Worthies of Fife, among whom her witches also must go unrecorded. All these things are written in the book of her sheriff, and, with more of detail, in Mr. Millar's larger volumes. For recent times we have the abundant 'Cronykils' of A. K. H. B. Unluckily most persons of leisure, when in Fife, neglect her rich romance for the absorbing game of golf. The loss is their own.

Digitized by Google

ART. VIII.—1. *The Reign of Law.* By the DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G., K.T. London: 1866.

2. *The Unity of Nature.* By the same author. London: 1884.

3. *The Philosophy of Belief; or, Law in Christian Theology.* By the same author. London: 1896.

THE publication this year of the Duke of Argyll's 'Philosophy of Belief; or, Law in Christian Theology,' completes the series of works projected by the author, with the view of including the main problems encountered by religious faith when accepting the grand advance of science during the last half-century. The publication of the latest volume affords a suitable occasion for a general survey of the three related works whose titles are placed at the head of this article.

'Law in Christian Theology,' the subsidiary title of the volume just published, gives the index to its contents. The three volumes present severally a distinct area of investigation; unitedly they include an inquiry of comprehensive range, well suited to meet the intellectual demands of our times.

The modern conception of cosmic history is well expressed in 'The Reign of Law.' The phrase supplies the key to all that is known of the conditions of existence, of the secret processes of Nature, and of the marvellously complex appliances by use of which familiar facts are capable of interpretation. When the results of scientific inquiry are combined, the conception which has become fixed in modern thought is that of orderly sequence depending on fixed conditions which co-operate towards securing a recognised end.

In so far as the common intelligence has gained a consistent representation of the universe as a whole, from the facts scientifically ascertained, 'The Unity of Nature,' always admitted, is recognised as it has never till now been possible for men to contemplate it. The human mind has, indeed, never been in doubt that our sphere of personal activity is within a defined and orderly system; it has invariably cherished the conception of the unity of the whole combination of things lying within compass of common observation. Thus it has happened that the great body of the people have readily accepted the discoveries of scientific research, and they have done so on an intellectual basis, closely related to their own daily experience. The newly received thoughts are only the expansion of earlier concep-

Digitized by Google

tions, and not in any degree at variance with their essential meaning. Hence it happens that the real difficulties of our day are felt most urgently only when men come to consider how their ultimate beliefs, perennial sources of joy and hope, can be retained and vitally co-ordinated in a mind quickened and enriched by recent discoveries. These difficulties have proved great and serious to men deeply imbued by the scientific spirit; in some respects most testing to those profoundly swayed by religious faith and sentiment. In the earlier stages of advance within the scientific epoch, specialists were less troubled with the difficulties involved in attempting to harmonise knowledge and faith. They were chiefly concerned with the new things opening before their eyes. For a quarter of a century it was enough to observe, record, and publish results. For the quarter of a century following, it became necessary to consider how knowledge and belief could be brought into harmony.

When the difficulties of the task were fully appreciated, it was inevitable that the exponents of discovery and the defenders of faith should find themselves in opposite camps, and that the age should prove in a considerable degree an unsettling one for the people. How naturally the two sections of trained intellects set themselves in array for battle is shown by the mere designation of the work falling to them severally, for the one company were banded as the *exponents* of the new, the other company were the *defenders* of the old. The subsequent history is familiar; the results are only beginning to appear.

There is but one sense in which the new displaces the old—that is as knowledge supplants ignorance, as science is clear gain to the intelligent life, a possession to be retained and valued. From the nature of the case, therefore, new truth does not displace old truth. New truth is acquisition, clear gain, an accession to thought and life. If only we see and remember that truth is a unity, each enlargement of its area will illustrate this in a grander way, dispelling the dread of advancing science. But in the escape from ignorance, in the acquisition of fresh knowledge, we undoubtedly displace old hypotheses; we learn in how many ways our suppositions as to the causes of things and the processes for their accomplishment have been at fault. There are, however, no class distinctions in such experience; the new is new for all, and the reconstruction of thought and fancy becomes a common demand. Thus it is inevitable in the history of intelligence, that after new

Digitized by Google

knowledge there must come new faith, for these two are inseparable. That we have had a period of Agnosticism has its explanation otherwise than in a surrender of faith. No one professes Agnosticism as an end; for there is ever faith in a further advance, belief in the intelligibility of things unexplained, and this is the denial of Agnosticism as a *terminus ad quem*. Agnosticism is no more a settled result than a halt for the night is the abandonment of a journey of exploration. When occupied with a deliberate survey of the gains of science, nothing is more obvious to us than this, that no new truth supplants the old truth. The old is still the primary, that which is most obvious to observation, or essential to intelligence from its first dealing with the problems of existence.

Of the fundamental conditions of our rational life the Duke of Argyll makes full account. He sees that if the unity of Nature is beyond question, the unity of knowledge and faith follows of course. Agnosticism, no more than scepticism, can be a settlement of reason's demands. Progress in knowledge may bring on us a large task in the form of readjustments; but one thing which cannot appear in its train is the decay of faith. To know more and believe less is impossible. The agnostic's place, and experience, and work are temporary. They pass into the rear as matters of history, and are soon shadowy enough in the distance.

A wonderful change has passed over the intellectual world in the course of the thirty years which separate the publication of 'The Reign of Law' from 'The Philosophy of Belief.' Discoveries which were being announced have expanded largely; acquisitions have become in considerable measure common property. The two camps and their conflicts, which at an early stage absorbed public interest and awakened anxiety in many minds, have ceased to interest. Soldiers of former days have gone back to their place as citizens; and the old weapons of attack and defence even begin to seem antiquated. While the world is busy as ever, some are furbishing up the old weapons to place them in the armoury, there to remain objects of curiosity. Faith has been unsettled and resettled; now, when all has come and gone, unbelief itself is sorely troubled by the demands of science. The teaching of Nature is no longer dubious; the only thing which perplexes man is himself, and our companionship with this perplexity will not soon be closed. The mysteries of intelligence offer a last retreat for Agnosticism; a perplexing hiding place, too, when we consider how

Digitized by Google

warranted was the saying of the prophet of Chelsea, emerged from the solitudes of Craigenputtock—'Thou art an un-'knowable individual.'

'The Reign of Law,' now in its nineteenth edition, is the Duke of Argyll's most popular work. So it will remain. It is the book by which the author will continue best known, and that by which he will in the future, as in the past, render the greatest service to his countrymen. We are not in this suggesting a disparaging judgement of the recently published work, which is a more elaborate treatise. Quite otherwise must this judgement be taken. It is because the early book presents the fundamental positions that it is so valued, because it stands naturally first as its author places it, and because it opens up to the popular view the region of investigation which awakened the interest belonging to the early stages of scientific advance. Its title expresses the scientific conception of modern times, and the work itself illustrates the idea with great aptness and fulness of reference. It is in this first volume we have the author's interesting discussion of the flight of birds, into the study of which he had been led by his father, who was assisted in his observations by Hart and Bryson. Our author shows to great advantage in this field of natural history, and repeatedly throughout these three volumes records a series of observations open only to one dwelling, as the Duke does, in a wooded country, by long stretches of inland sea, and who also has the additional advantage of frequent wanderings over large expanses of moorland. We have thus a valuable observation when he directs attention to the fact that it is amongst birds whose habitat is in the open plain that the law of assimilative colouring prevails.*

The main positions of the earliest of the three books, as these bear on the author's general conclusions, may be briefly indicated, so enabling the reader to carry through a study of the main line of discussion. The definitions of 'Law' constitute the preliminary to all that is subsequently contended for. Passing by 'an observed order of facts,' and 'a constant order' under the action of some force or forces, and identification of the force under a recognised name, such as 'gravitation,' we at length reach the sense 'in which 'Law is habitually used in Science'—a number of forces combined for attainment of special ends—'combination for 'the accomplishment of purpose.'† It is in such combina-

* Reign of Law, 5th ed. p. 181. † Ibid. p. 79.

Digitized by Google

tion of forces that we find a true explanation of the fixed order of things in Nature. By discoveries in this field, science 'only widens the foundation of our beliefs.'* Invisible forces are behind and above all visible phenomena. Every natural force is invisible; law is immutable only as the term is applied to an individual force; combinations vary endlessly. Thus force is not in itself an explanation of occurrence. When it is remarked that a combination of forces is involved, it is inevitable that our thoughts carry us behind force, and behind the variety of forces, or the varying forms of force, to see the ultimate explanation of events in the power that provides for the requisite combinations. We know nothing of the ultimate nature or the ultimate seat of force; but we do see that there is a complete analogy between our own adaptations of means to ends, and the processes which are traced in Nature. 'Whatever difficulty there may be in conceiving of a Will 'not exercised by a visible Person, it is a difficulty which 'cannot be evaded by arresting our conceptions at the 'point at which they have arrived in forming the idea of 'laws or forces.'† Science is the expression of Intelligence within the visible world; it implies an intelligent source of movement in the world. Either we must say that there is no science, because there is no orderly combination of forces and of results, or, in saying that there is an orderly combination and a science of natural procedure, we say that intelligent potency appears in all natural phenomena, that material forces and spiritual power are ever united in Nature. If we speak of the unity of Nature, we imply the unity of the natural and the supernatural, in the sense of a uniform combination of a material and a spiritual agency. These are the logical terms on which we scientifically interpret the visible order in the universe, and they imply faith in the invisible. This is the point at which Agnosticism must make its stand, and science itself is primarily concerned here. Science can part from theology, but it cannot refuse to deal with the unity of Nature. The clearness and force of the Duke's reasoning on this head are manifest. As much, however, cannot be said for all the details in the argument, as, for example, for the questionable account of inferences 'instinctively reached' by the untrained mind. 'Instinct' does not fitly apply here, or, at least, applies only in part. Common thought is rational in its procedure, and

* Reign of Law, 5th ed. p. 114. † Ibid. p. 122.

Digitized by Google

is as much entitled to rational acknowledgement as scientific thought can be. But, Inference is higher than Instinct, though we may readily grant that the two are often seen in companionship.

The wide and interesting field of biology is entered, as our author proceeds to argue that 'contrivance' is a 'necessity 'arising out of the reign of Law.' That is to say, procedure determined by fixed combinations, points to combinations adapted to chosen ends, and it constantly illustrates the analogy between our own intelligent procedure and that whole range of occurrences which is uniform, because dependent on fixed law. On the testimony of science, the analogy between the invisible, intangible power in man, and the invisible power in Nature, is being constantly illustrated. The science which is the outcome of the use of the spiritual power in man cannot help bearing witness for the Spiritual in Nature. The only terms on which this admission can be escaped are surrender of a fixed combination of forces co-operating for an intelligible end, with the capitulation of science itself. The knowledge of an external world—that is to say, the knowledge of external force—'stands side 'by side with the knowledge of self.'* To make the world intelligible, there must be, on the one hand, an intelligence originating procedure, and, on the other, an intelligence interpreting the procedure. Such interpretation leads to the conclusion that there is a teleology in Nature. That science does not include this fact, argues nothing against it. 'The perception of purpose and intention is inseparable 'from the perception of adjustment and function, as these 'are exhibited in Nature.' † Beauty is an end secured by natural processes, by an 'organic chemistry,' yielding its results in the colouring of plants and animals. Here our author is in harmony with Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, when dealing with 'Naturalism and Æsthetic,' in his 'Founda-'tions of Belief.' It is matter of congratulation that two statesmen, so conspicuous, give evidence of devotion to abstract thought and of power in dealing with the deeper problems of the age, however much they differ in their forms of argumentation. When we add the names of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley, we have reason to be proud of the union of politics and literature—a feeling which will be

* Reign of Law, p. 121.

† Ibid. p. 174. No special science can include Teleology; Philosophy cannot be without it.

Digitized by Google

deepened if we consider how many more names there are honoured in literature among our Parliamentary men.

The argument of the Duke in 'The Reign of Law' is completed in dealing with Law in Creation, in Mind, and in Politics. Reference to the two first named will here suffice for illustration of the argument developed under the ruling conception of a scientific age, 'the reign of Law.' In the chapter on Creation are included general inductions which follow on acceptance of Darwin's theory of the evolution of life on the earth. Driven from the conception of the original creation of species in the varied forms in which life now appears, our whole view of creation is transformed and enlarged. There is orderly method in the historic origin of forms; and when the history has been traced out, it becomes clear that no single law or force accounts for their origin. So long as we consider only the general aspects of biological history, we may speak of the accumulated results as 'the evolution of life;' but Darwin has shown only how *existing* forms 'acquire preference over others.' * In accepting this conclusion, it must be borne in mind that Darwin felt constrained 'to acknowledge plainly our ignorance of 'the cause of each particular variation.' † The research he started carried us behind and beyond the evidence for historic variation. We are looking upon unity in plan and progress; but we are still groping after some clearer vision of the combination of forces in co-operation during the unmeasured ages. Scientific research, in making its vast addition to our knowledge of the processes of nature, has not given us insight into the origin of things. Our fundamental beliefs remain as they were, while we await further discovery as to the combination of forces at work, anticipating still later efforts helping us to conceive how these have co-operated in securing the ends attained. We are thus led back to the position Aristotle assumed in beginning his treatise on Ethics, 'Every 'movement aims at some end or good.' ‡ To Aristotle, it was plain that every art and system bore evidence of this; that action and purpose were ever in combination. From this position our author reasons, in maintaining that creation has had a history, and that on scientific data we are brought to recognise 'creation by Law.' Granting a combination of forces at work, and variation in results, there is but one possible reading of biological history—that material

* Reign of Law, p. 218. † Origin of Species, 1st ed. p. 131.
‡ Nicom. Ethics, i. 1.

Digitized by Google

forces are instruments of Will; that Intelligence is at the heart of things, and that so it has been from the beginning till now.

When our author reaches the question of 'Law in Mind,' he does not show the intimate knowledge of psychological distinctions he possesses of biological data. He moves freely, and with real insight, but he is ready to group diverse facts under a common name, at times involving his reasoning in obscurity. For example, his account of voluntary action in man is lacking in exactness. When he developes a doctrine of 'free-will,' he maintains that such freedom 'has been 'erroneously represented as the peculiar prerogative of 'man.'* Most men who have given their main strength to biological research find psychology a perplexing maze. When it is said that 'a man is not more free to go to the right hand 'or to the left than the eagle, or the wren, or the mole, or 'the bat,'† we cannot wonder that an assault was made on this representation of voluntary power in man. To our thinking, Dr. Ward had the best of the argument in maintaining that such an account of voluntary action is deterministic; and does not supply any view of freedom of will. Going to the right hand or to the left is a purely physical action, which may be executed by merely physical energy, so that the eagle and man may execute muscular movements by similar agency. The darting of the wren may be as quick as the winking of the eye with us; but the winking of the eye is not a voluntary act. So long as we consider only what is done by nerve energy, stored in the brain, the action of man and animal may be the same, and the agency for its accomplishment the same. If this were all, we should never speak of free-will, a power of which the eagle and the wren, the mole and the bat, supply no illustration. When a man turns to the left, because he knows that the road leads to York; or to the right, because he knows the road leads to Carlisle, and because he had decided before starting to do business there, or to sojourn for a time with a friend resident there, we need more than nerve power to explain what is done. Reflection and purpose are distinct forms of activity of which muscular effort supplies no illustration. Comparisons of animal and human activity are not thoroughgoing, until we note all that a man does in thinking, with all the conditions in accordance with which he shapes his

* Reign of Law, p. 304.

† Ibid. p. 304. See Croll's 'Philosophic Basis of Evolution,' p. 55.

Digitized by Google

purpose. After this has been completed, the muscular effort of man may be analogous with that of an animal quite low in the scale of species; but reflective purpose nevertheless stands out as distinctive. Our author's view of free-will is, therefore, inadequate and misleading. But it ought to be observed that further reflection has induced a change of position, for in 'The Philosophy of Belief,' now before us, the view of free-will is rectified, and presented with a vividness and fulness which Libertarians will accept without reserve.* This revised statement the main argument certainly needs, in order that we may accept the position that the forces of Nature are neither independent of nor separate from an Intelligent Creator's power; that in all realms of Nature we find the expression of Will, exercised, not by a visible, but by an Invisible Person. The phenomena of consciousness, as these include exercise of self-determination in the use of means for accomplishment of purpose, afford the data on which men commonly recognise the presence of a Divine agency everywhere in Nature. Only on these data is the position made good, that no theory of creation 'can have the slightest effect in removing that 'work from the relation in which it stands to the attributes 'of Will.'† This also is the ground on which, as the Duke says, 'we revolt from the doctrine of evolution as applied to 'man.' To quote his own words, 'we are conscious of an 'amount and of a kind of difference between ourselves and 'the lower animals, which is, in sober truth, immeasurable, 'in spite of the close affinities of bodily structure.'‡

Apart, however, from details in analysis of consciousness, our author is clear and effective in developement of the argument from 'Law in Mind.' While acknowledging all that is involved in the constant relations of mind and body, he traces the evidence of the dominance of mind in human action, and shows how inadequate as an explanation of mental procedure is the analogy suggested in physical relations between structure and function. The conclusions up to this point are summarised in the following passage:—

'First, that the more we know of Nature the more certain it appears that a multiplicity of *separate* forces does not exist, but that all her forces pass into each other, and are but modifications of some one force which is the source and centre of the rest; secondly, that all of them are governed in their mutual relations by principles of

* The Philosophy of Belief, pp. 224, 258, 263.
† The Reign of Law, p. 273. ‡ Ibid. p. 264.

Digitized by Google

arrangement which are purely mental; thirdly, that of the ultimate seat of force in any form we know nothing; and, fourthly, that the nearest conception we can ever have of force is derived from our own consciousness of vital power.' (The Reign of Law, p. 275.)

As to 'the reign of Law in the realm of mind,' our author's leading positions are: 'that a material force and a moral 'or intellectual force are essentially different in kind;' that, close as the relation is between body and mind, 'mind is 'not conscious of its own dependence on material organs;' therefore 'physiology can never be the basis of psychology,' for the brain is not conscious, nor does it generate consciousness, as vital tissue generates electricity. Thus: 'It almost 'seems as if there were a barrier in the very nature of our 'minds against the possibility of conceiving how any com-'bination of material forces can either result in mind, or 'can be necessary to the working of its powers, or can be 'concerned even in giving it an abode.'

Space does not permit us to follow the reasoning in detail; but readers have enough before them to form a conception of the argument as a whole—an argument sustained with great ability. The judgement of the reading public, which has carried this book into a nineteenth edition, is grounded on inherent merit and marked adaptation to the wants of those who seek to appreciate the general results of recent advances in science.

'The Unity of Nature' presents the second instalment of our author's argument in seeking 'to trace the connexion 'between the reign of Law and the ideas fundamental to all 'religions.' After the extended representation of the manner in which the foundations of the author's reasoning have been laid, our review of this second volume may be more rapid. The contribution to the general argument may appear from the following selected positions. Nature is one system—it is a cosmos; every form of perceived existence must be thought of as part of the whole. This conviction does not depend on science, for it belongs to all ages and to all stages of intellectual developement, but it is upheld and extended by advancing science. 'The idea of the unity of Nature 'must be as old as the idea of one God.'* By 'the unity 'of Nature' is meant 'that intricate dependence of all 'things on each other which makes them appear to be parts 'of one system.'† Illustration is drawn from the harmony of the solar system—from the correlation of the forces of

* The Unity of Nature, p. 2. † Ibid. p. 8.

Digitized by Google

Nature, magnetism, electricity, chemical affinity, &c.—and from protoplasm as 'the basis of all organic life.' With every fresh advance this argument gains in weight.

'Every step in the progress of science which tends to reduce all organisms to one and the same elementary *substances*, or to one and the same initial *structure*, only adds to the certainty with which we conclude that it is upon something else than composition, and upon something else than structure, that those vast differences depend which separate so widely between living things in rank, in function, and in power.' (The Unity of Nature, p. 43.)

The conception of God is the natural accompaniment of the admission of the unity of Nature. Our recognition of God must be matter of *thought*, not of feeling or sensibility in any phase; it implies a conception of Cause, whose efficiency is visible in the system of things. Those who discuss the problems of comparative religion are apt to deal with religion as if it were altogether matter of feeling or sentiment, the element of thought being in this way frequently kept out of sight. But the inadequacy of this view is obvious when we admit the relation of thought as to the unity of Nature with thought as to the being of God. This is confirmed by the relation of morality to religion, for 'morality becomes religion in proportion as all 'duty and all obligation is regarded as resting on the 'sanction of a Divine authority.'* 'If we understand by 'Nature the whole system of things, visible and invisible,' the agency we name 'Supernatural' is not outside the system. It is a part of Nature in the large sense. 'Natural 'selection,' to which such prominence has recently been given in accounting for variations in animal form, 'likens 'the operations of Nature to the operations of a mind exer- 'cising a power of choice,' and we have no other language in which to express observed results. The unity of Nature is thus illustrated by every advance in science, for 'it is 'part of the unity of Nature that the clear perception of 'any one truth leads almost always to the perception of 'some other, which follows from or is connected with the 'first.' Thus the unity of the Cause becomes increasingly clear. It is an intellectual necessity under these conditions, that the unity of Nature and the unity of God should be accepted together and held with equal tenacity.

By this summary of the two preceding volumes we are brought up to line with 'The Philosophy of Belief; or, Law

* The Unity of Nature, p. 460.

Digitized by Google

'in Christian Theology,' which completes the series of contributions by which the Duke of Argyll seeks to uphold Christian faith in harmony with the accepted teaching of science as to the reign of Law and the unity of Nature. The long stretch of nearly thirty years separates this third volume from 'The Reign of Law,' showing the devotion with which the Duke has kept to his task. We can say that the task is ably finished, while the author is to be congratulated on the fact that the advance of thirty years of scientific research goes to uphold his positions. Many problems remain unsolved; many discoveries await persistent research; but the scientific faith of the day places permanently beyond challenge 'the unity of Nature,' with which Theistic faith is in rational harmony.

The first chapter in the new volume is entitled 'Intuitive 'Theology.' When one considers how the word 'intuitive' is at present regarded, this may seem the opening shot in a controversial campaign, scattering soil in every direction, and occasioning no small surprise to observers. We are prepared to see a lively demonstration in consequence; but closer investigation will not keep alive first impressions. What is here said as to 'intuition' need not fret the most sensitive antagonist of Intuitionism. This is not a philosophic polemic in the interests of the school. It is an easy, direct, and comparatively popular account of the thought of our race in its common characteristics, named and described so as effectively to sustain the contention that in its fundamental characteristics such thought is independent of science, yet in harmony with science. From one side the contention may appear as the unfolding of a truism, being the assertion that thoughts of God came before philosophy, as the thought of the unity of Nature was antecedent to science. The testimony of history is too strong to admit of denial; philosophically, the contrary position is impossible. From another point it may be taken as an assault on science, giving to scientific terms a significance and direction not contemplated in accepted usage. But neither can such a representation be taken as correct. From the standpoint of the author, which we are bound to assume, his argument is a contribution to the natural history of religious thought, as warrantable as is a natural history of organic life. It is a vindication of the validity of natural theology, on the single basis that theology is natural to thought, and the whole history of the human race can be appealed to in proof. His opening chapter, entitled 'Intuitive Theology,' is

Digitized by Google

really on the significance of modern science, as related to the ultimate inquiry concerning the origin and subsistence of the Cosmos. It is essentially and obviously the work of an author who, as he tells his readers in the preface, has had no experience of academic discipline. 'Neither in theology 'nor in philosophy have I ever had any exact training.' Proofs of this are scattered plentifully through the volume. Nevertheless, on this very account the book will be the more attractive to multitudes of readers whose lot has involved similar absence of academic guidance. This volume is the work of a man of 'plain Bible reading,' who has been a religious thinker 'amidst quiet surroundings of external 'circumstance.' The autobiographic preface is full of interest, and will go a long way to commend the volume, and to suggest the point from which it is to be regarded, if its full significance is to be appreciated. The book is a thorough example of persistent thought, deliberately carried out in a quiet spirit, and with a reflective power which has found a living interest in every division of it. This introductory chapter is the key of the book—clear, concise, telling—a careful gathering of the fruit of previous investigations, preliminary to a scrutiny of Christian faith in the light of natural law. Its full heading is 'Intuitive Theology; its definitions 'and their results.' Our summary of 'The Reign of Law' fairly suggests what is here presented in condensed form. A brief extract will show what is 'the intuitive phase of 'thought' contemplated by our author:—

'As regards the mere existence in Nature of the essential qualities of mind, as distinguished from the qualities of matter and of physical forces, it is demonstrable that the ubiquitous presence of this higher agency is not a matter of inference alone, but is an object of direct and immediate recognition by the highest mental faculties—which are the highest senses—we possess.' (The Philosophy of Belief, p. 5.)

This passage, taken as an affirmation of 'intuitive theo-'logy,' would not stand rigid application of the academic use of psychological terms; but it is a direct statement, in popular language, of a fact which has far-reaching significance for the interpretation of the history of common thought. It has little of the transcendental in it; it has nothing of the cautious defining and fencing in which philosophic dissertation abounds; but, apart from all this, and granting that escape from philosophic usage may not in the long run prove a possible thing, the statement will commend itself to the general reader as true to history; and will gain the approval of thinkers of opposing schools. It will be

Digitized by Google

assailed only by such of the agnostics as have spirit and vigour enough to defend their position, and the party of suspended belief is not yet in a state of suspended animation. Agnostics even, in their most skilful defence, will not, however, escape the consciousness that science, when talking in full accents of the unity of Nature, does not give them the support that a struggling man seeks to have. In these days, when the department of 'comparative religion' is claiming for itself a place in academic philosophy, none will find it possible to deny that men in all stages of civilisation, from the lowest to the highest, have reached for themselves a conception of God, and have shaped their fancies, and forms of action and of feeling, in accordance with it. We have long enough dwelt on the crudities of thought, on the superstitions and on the immoralities of savage life. What is now to be done is to estimate at its proper worth the thought of God which lives in the heart of such life, and which bears witness to the natural tendencies of human intelligence.

The Duke of Argyll uses the word 'intuitive' in a free and very general sense. 'Instinct or intuition' made its appearance early in his writings,* to mark the absence of training, and of the results of education; at the same time occurred an allusion to 'intuitive powers of numerical com-'putation,'† meaning powers more than normal, which are natural to some; and reference to 'instinctive knowledge,'‡ a knowledge which could not be attributed to individual observation. So also in 'The Unity of Nature,' when affirming that 'the idea of the unity of Nature must be as old as the 'idea of one God,' he adds, 'This is one of the many cases 'in which intuitions of the mind have preceded inquiry.'§ A few examples from 'The Philosophy of Belief' will further show the significance of the author's reference to 'intuitive 'theology.' 'What all men, of many races and of imme-'morial generations, have, as a matter of fact, seen in 'Nature, they have unconsciously recorded in the structure 'of human speech, and our very first business in all philo-'sophy is to read that record faithfully.'‖ As to the risk of obscuring such knowledge, or of undervaluing its significance, it is said 'that many of the most fundamental truths 'which we do most surely know, are in perpetual danger 'of being obscured and lost, by wrong methods of trying

* The Reign of Law, p. 292. † Ibid. p. 293. ‡ Ibid.
§ Unity of Nature, p. 8. ‖ Philosophy of Belief, p. 55.

Digitized by Google

'to increase our knowledge through bad definitions.'* And again, when contemplating scientific discussions themselves, it is said 'that the immediate perception and recognition 'of mental work in Nature is often most remarkable in the 'language of those in whom it is more or less unconscious, 'or is, at least, wholly unconnected with any theological 'preconceptions.'†

On the basis thus disclosed it is the object of our author, in 'The Philosophy of Belief,' to trace 'Law in Christian 'Theology'—that is, to test the teaching of the Bible by reference to the laws of natural thought, in the light of recent advances in science.

'The Philosophy of Belief' is discussed in two divisions—the first, or introductory portion, occupying two hundred pages, deals first with the uniform testimony of the ordinary thought of man to theological belief, and subsequently with the extended and powerful vindication of common thought supplied by scientific inquiry. The later and more distinctive part of the book, occupying the greater portion of the volume, is an examination of the underlying principles, intellectual, ethical, and religious, which are characteristic of Bible teaching, the Old Testament and the New Testament being treated as distinct, yet correlated. Of the results of the first part of the work, the following passage may be taken as index:—

'The great truth which has been reached by the preceding analysis is this, that the universal presence and power of mind in Nature, which has been well called in one word its purposiveness, is not a mere inference or the result of any conscious reasoning, but is a fact apprehended by direct, immediate, and self-evident perception; so much so that the perpetual acknowledgement and expression of it cannot be escaped in describing natural phenomena, even by those who are most desirous of avoiding or suppressing it.' (P. 181.)

In passing from the first portion of the work, our author remarks on the 'conscious limitations,' which inevitably restrict the action of common thought. 'Design and '"the argument from design" are two very different things. 'Such arguments may be good or they may be bad, in 'various degrees. But they all lie in the region of argu-'ments and inferences, and not in the region of pure and 'simple fact.' In view of this limitation, the author proceeds to consider Bible-teaching as transcending the boundaries equally of common thought as to Nature, and of

* Philosophy of Belief, p. 62. † Ibid. p. 113.

Digitized by Google

scientific discovery as to the processes producing the order of things visible.

'The Theology of the Hebrews' is contemplated as bearing on the character of God, and on the nature of man. In the Old Testament Scriptures there are 'no bare 'and bald conceptions of a Being having no known or 'knowable relations with the world or with man' (p. 204). God 'is, indeed, the Author of Nature.' But Nature was 'never thought of as constituting Him. He is the Father of 'our spirits, but he was never identified with their weak-'nesses or corruptions.'

'Without attempting to penetrate into a region which is obviously inaccessible to our powers—namely, the ultimate relation between the Divine Mind and those rules or laws according to which it works—the theology of the Jews did reach and teach this grand conception, that those laws are not only ultimate and immutable, but constitute the very life of Nature, the source of its authority, the one sole cause of all its order and all its beauty, and the only guide to its purposes and interpretation.'

Beyond this, and introducing the distinction between laws physical and moral,

'there is another conception about the method of the Divine action on the world, which is quite as important and quite as peculiar to the Hebrews, as their idea of the universal reign of Law, and that is the idea of the Divine laws being intelligible to man, and of their being recognisable by him as having a moral character, from their being in themselves just and righteous.' (P. 220.)

'Christian Theology' occupies the main part of the second division of this work. Here the object is to reach 'the fundamental conceptions of Christian Theology as a 'fact,' not 'to pronounce, or even to indicate, opinions on 'any of the points of doctrine which are in dispute between 'different sections of the Christian Church.' It may be difficult to secure a unanimous verdict that the Duke is entirely successful in adhering to his design; but this much may be said, that he resolutely adheres to the spirit in which he enters on the treatment of this great subject. His reasoning is clear and strong; he rejects pleasant commonplaces; does not restrict himself to the ethical teaching of the New Testament; but faces the grand problem of the Messiahship, and presents a fresh and manly discussion of Christian theology, as contemplated in the light of reason and of advanced science.

The headings of the opening chapter in this portion of the work indicate the line followed—'Christ as the Messiah.

Digitized by Google

'The nature of sacrifice, of faith, of inspiration, of regene-
'ration.' His inquiry is, How far Christian teaching on these points harmonises with the laws of thought, of right conduct, and generally of human life? How far can the doctrine of a Messiah be seen to fit in with the conditions of thought which human reason imposes? This particular truth is 'the one central belief of Christianity—
'namely, the instrumentality of a personal Messiah quali-
'fied to reveal Divine things, as they had never been
'revealed before, and qualified especially to give confidence
'to men in his character, as well as in his power' (p. 339). It is in the characteristics of our moral life that the key is found of the widespread acceptance of the Messiahship of Christ—and of the 'inexhaustible suggestiveness' of his meeting and sustaining natural law. In the opening up of this view of the Messiahship, the most valuable discussion in the volume is found. The Jewish people, as a people who were favoured with a special revelation, 'had an absolute
'belief in the omnipotence of God. But they had an instinc-
'tive belief quite as absolute, that omnipotence itself was not
'arbitrary in the exercise of its powers, but worked always
'through intelligible and moral laws.' Hence it is that the doctrine of sacrifice emerges, and holds so conspicuous a place in Christian theology (as it appears besides in many places, and in the midst of surroundings, that seem antagonistic to it). In the light of reason, there is apt to be in the first instance antagonism to a doctrine of sacrifice. A deeper investigation into human thought, as it involves responsibility and wakens sentiments of self-reproach, leads into those conditions of moral life which carry us beyond the early phases of doubt, making the offering of sacrifices something more than the outcome of groundless fears, the result of unreasoning traditions. This doctrine of sacrifice
'seems to us as if it implied some limit on omnipotence,
'some inherent need, such as we ourselves are under, to
'proceed always in the compassing of any purpose, upon
'some plan of operation in which natural laws can only be
'made subordinate by homage being paid to their inalienable
'and insuperable powers' (p. 332). Fully understood, our author contends, Christian faith lays deeper hold on natural law—'does not make void the law, but establishes the law.'

The Messiahship of Christ, as it is the central feature of Revelation, presents the test of the whole argument here developed; and upon this we concentrate as the portion most important for a critical notice of the work. There is

Digitized by Google

a common element of faith running through both the theology of the Hebrews and the Christian theology—that is, the reign of the Christ—a divinely commissioned Deliverer and Guide for all willing to receive Him. Of the presence of this faith among the Jews first, and among Christians afterwards, there can be no doubt. Even though the question of His having appeared was matter of contention and of severance between Jews and Christians, 'the 'mere statement of this alternative, which separates Judaism 'from Christianity, is enough to show how near must be the 'relationship in thought, between those who recognise what 'has already come to pass and those who only wait for it.' The faith is the same, and is founded in both cases on the same view of the Divine plan and purpose. The Messiahship was the central feature in the religious faith both of the earlier and of the later phase of life. This was, indeed, a 'superhuman' element, determined as essential for the welfare of human life; but it was not in their view 'super-'natural,' for these two were quite distinct. The conception of 'supernatural' had not even a place in their beliefs, so uniformly did they contemplate Divine agency as manifest in all history. 'They depended therefore, mainly, if not 'entirely, for the recognition of such a Messiah upon those 'rare spiritual faculties of the heart and soul, which are, as it 'were, the retina for catching the finest and purest rays of 'spiritual truth.' 'The very idea of what we now thought-'lessly and ignorantly call "the supernatural" was an idea 'unknown and logically unintelligible to them. They 'believed in the existence of a spiritual world underlying all 'visible things, and they expected it to make itself seen and 'felt in many ways.' 'It is, therefore, of infinite moment to 'observe that the theology of the Christian Church is built 'upon this conception of the universal reign of Law, if not 'more extensively, yet at least more consciously and avowedly, 'than the theology of the Hebrews.' Our author, granting that Superhuman Power supplies evidence on all sides of its efficiency, maintains that a Supernatural Power is an inconsistent conception.

His view of the relation of Christian faith to scientific teaching as to the unity of Nature may be concisely presented thus:—As all science bears witness to the co-operation of manifold forces for developement of one grand system of existence, we must accept it as the ultimate truth that Intelligence is at the centre of the whole system, and is manifesting itself to human intelligence in all phases of being,

Digitized by Google

and in all processes we have been able to decipher as affording explanation of observed results. When from the teaching of science we pass to Christian Theology, its central doctrine is the appearance of the Divine Intelligence manifesting itself in human form, carrying out Divine purpose in some higher, grander, and more enduring way than has been witnessed in previous history. Everything in this theological system is

> 'permeated with the conception of the Divine reign of Law, in the dealings of Jehovah with His universe, and with all the creatures of His hand. The predicted coming of some Person to do infinitely more, in the same direction, than any mere leaders or prophets had ever done before, was therefore in perfect harmony with the conception that every Divine, as well as every human, purpose is attainable only through the employment of some definite instrumentality.' (P. 328.)

Christian faith is in harmony with the position that intelligence is at the centre of all. No other conception of the Universe can explain the life and character of the historic Christ.

The Duke's presentation of the case for Christian Theology is clear and striking. In judging of its merits, these two things must be admitted as to his statement; first, that it faithfully represents the central feature of Christian faith; and that it accurately expounds, and unreservedly accepts, the fundamental positions of modern science. As to the criticism which will come from Agnostic circles, where faith depends on science alone, and is antagonistic to what will still be called 'supernatural' revelation, it is easy to reach a forecast. It will be granted that Nature is a unity; that existence, and movement, and procedure in Nature are accounted for by a combination of forces working out an intelligible system of relations. Human intelligence, it will be admitted, is equal to the reading of Nature, so as to demonstrate its intelligibility; but whether there is intelligence in all, and through all, Science cannot say; whether creative and constructive intelligence reveals itself to human intelligence cannot with certainty be affirmed. Whether it is only an amplification of the fundamental conceptions of modern science, that the creative intelligence should manifest itself more directly for the purification and elevation of human life, cannot be scientifically known. This position is not a strong one; it betrays lack of confidence in reason. It suggests that the limitations of common thought cleave around scientific thought also, tending even to narrow and cramp it to a greater degree. Worst of all, Agnosticism

Digitized by Google

shows defective appreciation of the difference of range belonging to scientific inference, and to philosophic thought, when dealing with the problem of Being.

Our author's position is that the Intelligence filling nature, working in all its history, and bearing highest witness as to its own essence in the appearance of Man, acts in analogy with all antecedent procedure, when Divine Intelligence is manifested in the human form, and in alliance with human intelligence, so conveying to man in human language, and expressly for human good, a larger revelation of the Divine purpose than could otherwise be given to the human race.

This is an argument founded on the analogy of Nature; it has, therefore, in the first instance, merely a *negative* value. Analogy does not satisfy conditions of proof; but it supplies instruments of defence. It meets the conditions of an apologetic. It rebuts the hypothesis of the impossibility—or even improbability—of the manifestation of the Divine in the human, for the good of humanity. If the Divine appears everywhere in the material universe—everywhere in the biological world—it is in accordance with the structure and history of the cosmos that there should be enlarged manifestation of the Divine Intelligence in man, and for man. This apologetic carries us even a stage further, for if humanity presents the highest result of creative agency, and if in human intelligence thoughts of God as the cause of all are common, it is in accordance with the system of things, as scientifically and philosophically interpreted, that Divine Intelligence should co-operate with the intelligence and voluntary effort of man towards attainment of that ideal life which all men, however dimly, recognise as the destiny of the race. This does not, even as an apologetic, imply a monistic conception of the Universe, but the contrary—an action of the Divine Intelligence upon the human, and for the human, for an end which is part of the grand purpose within the cosmic process. This conception is essential to the Biblical Theology; for, as our author says of the early Hebrew Theology,

'it is not mere Theism. It is not mere Monotheism. Still less does it partake, in the least degree, of the thought of Pantheism. . . . The Jewish conception of the Divine Being was absolutely different from all these. . . . He is the Father of our spirits . . . always represented as encountering, in the meantime, the opposition of rebellious wills.' (Pp. 204, 205.)

This apologetic has its basis in the common thought of man

Digitized by Google

concerning an Intelligence pervading Nature; and such thought is at once confirmed and extended by the entire history of scientic discovery.

But this argument, valuable as it is in the field of apologetics, cannot be carried into the region of constructive theology. It is not a demonstration of the divinity of Christ, nor of his Messiahship. These two distinctive features of Christian Theology must rest on historic evidence, apart from the sphere in which Science works. Science can have nothing to say as to the possible appearance of prophets or of specially inspired men, commissioned to guide the people in obedience to the laws of life. All the higher features of human life are thus beyond the scope of Science, whose limits need to be recognised much more fully than they have yet been. Tell us clearly what Science is, and you tell us with equal decision that it can offer us no help as to the loftier problems of human life. For a like reason scientific criticism of religious belief must be exceedingly restricted. The strongholds of religion are beyond range of the artillery at command. Agnostics are halted behind the mountain, and are occupied, as Cato said of Scipio, 'in 'places of exercise, as if they had not been sent to make 'war.' Their utmost advance is, according to their own avowal, at the base of the inaccessible. Approach is hopelessly closed against scientific methods. There may be much din in the camp; there is no breach on the citadel. The true outcome is an apologetic for Christian faith, not an argument for contentment with nescience. What else could have been the outcome, as the result of the marvellous uncovering of the processes of Nature, hidden throughout the ages? The common thought of humanity concerning a Superhuman Intelligence has not been disturbed; it has been strikingly confirmed.

When our author advances beyond the apologetic, towards constructive argument, he is restricted by the recognised limits of common thought. The distance between Natural Theology and Revealed is a further expanse, still more remote from Science.

'Analogies are not identities, and when analogies are used, as in this case, for the mere purposes of illustration, they may well be distant and imperfect. There is, accordingly, a vast space between that relation to the Godhead which belonged even to the greatest prophets "to whom the Word of God came," and that other relationship which Jesus Christ always claimed for Himself, and which St. John expressed by describing Him as "the Word," who became incarnate,

Digitized by Google

and who, in virtue of this embodiment, was both Son of Man and Son of God.' (P. 346.)

Thus entering the field of Revelation—widening the realm of the spiritual—we contemplate the Christ of history. Here we depend upon historic evidence, and we proceed to judge of His language and character, and avowed end, as interpreted in a Messiahship. The common thought of man neither directs us nor sustains us here, for this is 'super-'human' revelation—a discovery of truth which common thought cannot reach, and revealed in order that there may be an accomplishment of what unaided human effort cannot achieve, and which, nevertheless, must be realised in human history, if realised within the cosmos. There is here a new instrumentality for effecting a grander end. The Hebrew and the Christian faith are steadfast in this: that 'Omni-'potence itself is not arbitrary in the exercise of its powers;' even Omnipotence must use means commensurate with its ends. It is in this relation that the Incarnation of God appears, providing for the victories of a spiritual life, and laying the foundation of a 'kingdom of heaven.' The reality of such stupendous events can be established only on historic evidence. Advance in scientific knowledge has no more to do with the truth of the alleged events than has the advance of modern civilisation. Here the ancient world was as competent for judgement as the modern. The laws of evidence belong to all ages. There is, however, one grand advantage for the modern period. We have nineteen centuries of testimony to the power and value of the Christian religion. The most cautious inquirers—the most deliberate thinkers—can want nothing more than a searching application of historic criticism; they can be content with nothing less. Along with the marvels of advanced science must now be associated the marvels in discovery as to ancient history, which the excavations of our age have brought to light. Christian Theology, and Hebrew Theology also, have made large gains by the persistence of literary and historic criticism. Christian faith need desire nothing more than persistent application of the critical spirit, searching into the testimony at command of our age. Criticism, lower and higher, is laying tribute at the feet of Biblical Theology.

Our author, in prosecuting his argument, does not deal with the great metaphysical problems, which are vital to philosophy. He does not press the question of the possibility of the Superhuman Intelligence becoming incarnate,

Digitized by Google

and entering into vital relation with the human intellect. The whole range of questions emerging to the view of the metaphysician he is willing to leave on one side, as apart from the conditions of the common thought, which has supplied the 'Intuitive Theology' he has described. With this alone does he undertake to trace a harmony. His constructive effort is concerned mainly with the interpretation of the Christian system. The end of Christianity is righteousness, the elevation of humanity to its own ideal, always in view of man, sometimes obscurely, at other times, as in the history of Greek thought, more vividly. The affinity between the intellect of man and the Superhuman Intelligence is dwelt upon by the Duke, as showing that the teleology of Nature has its grandest manifestation in human life and history.

'The whole system of Christian belief rests on its conformity to the natural laws of one universal spiritual kingdom. It is in the light of this idea that the author of the Book of Hebrews insists on the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth as in no way hindering the application to Him of the spiritual means by which human souls are prepared and disciplined in Divine knowledge, and in the acquisition of a Divine character.' (P. 343.)

Along with the signs of the superhuman in the Christ of history there is so much in accord with the conditions of common thought, so much besides penetrating to our deepest needs, so much wakening within us noble sentiments and aspirations, that the mysteries of the incarnation are either lost to view—as the forces of Nature remain unseen while we observe the issues—or they afford the mystic setting, which warrants rational expectation of greater things beyond, to minds brooding on transcendent realities, still unappreciated by many who do not fail to acknowledge the practical value of the message which Christ has published.

A survey of these three volumes published by the Duke presents a clear and well-sustained argument. The testimony of science is read with interest and enthusiasm; and it is shown fully to warrant our author's contention. Whatever may be said as to the *name* 'Intuitive Theology,' it is beyond question that common intelligence has carried with it some form of religious thought. Testimony to this fact comes as readily from the great names of ancient Greece as from the simple nomadic tribes of the desert. On the other hand, if we desire evidence in support of a commonly recognised need of a larger discovery of truth, and a higher

Digitized by Google

help than can be found in the forces of Nature, or in the organisation of society, it can be traced in the witness of philosophy. A modern thinker, whose philosophic gift is unanimously acknowledged, speaking of the 'definite capa-'bilities of man,' says, 'These capabilities are not realised 'in any life that can be observed, in any life that has been, 'or is, or (as it would seem) that can be lived by man as we 'know him.'* Does not this admission continuously come from the world's history? And if we consider what reason can tell us of a life beyond death, the words of Socrates may be accepted as the answer of philosophy—'If I were to 'claim to be at all wiser than others, it would be because I do 'not think that I have any clear knowledge about the other 'world, when, in fact, I have none.'† Is not the testimony of ancient and modern thought conclusive as to the world's need of the revelation of life and immortality which the Christ brought as a gift from heaven to earth? 'The funda-'mental conceptions of Christian theology as a fact' surpass all scientific teaching, but they supply the wants of the common mind and of the speculative thinker: strange they are in their boldness and grandeur to the disciplined intellects of all ages, attractive in their simplicity and power to the nations of men whom now we describe as the 'Christian 'nations' of the world. As to the 'outlook' for the world, we accept the words of our author—'Perhaps the greatest 'testimony of all to the supreme rank of Christian belief as 'a system of philosophy is in its evidently unexhausted 'reserve of power.'

As a spokesman for Christian faith, our author deserves high commendation for the form in which his defence is conceived and expressed. There is here no aversion to own the large advance of science; nothing of the timid or cowardly attitude, which apprehends that science is likely to mislead or to weaken faith. The writer is in full sympathy with all scientific inquiry, and has himself found a large measure of the interest of life in marking its triumphs. Nor is there on his part any distrust of human reason, as if free exercise of thought might encourage a spirit of irreverence, or of scepticism. His desire is to see a more effective study of the common tendencies of human thought, even when uneducated, and unaided by the gains of civilisation. And though he does not claim to have entered largely into the

* Green, 'Prolegomena to Ethics,' p. 189.
† 'The Apology,' p. 29.

Digitized by Google

sphere of metaphysic, it has been with him so much a necessity of intelligent life to face the complex problems of existence, and to pursue the lines of philosophic thought arising naturally from the progress of science, that he writes with enthusiasm. He fully recognises that reason is the power which will carry us furthest in appreciation of the wonders of Nature, and of all that is grandest in human life and most inspiring in human faith and expectation.

Digitized by Google

ART IX.—*Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies.* By Sir GEORGE GROVE. London and New York: 1896.

No true lover of music would like to admit that while it is undoubtedly the most emotional, it is also the least intellectual, of the arts. Nor do we believe there is any real ground, taking the widest view of the art, for laying it under such condemnation. Rightly discerned, music appeals as much to the higher intellectual faculties of our nature as any art except poetry, which is something more than an art. Yet one is tempted sometimes to relapse into a temporary scepticism on the subject, not because great music has been written by men of otherwise little culture or intellect (for here we shall be at once consoled by the recollection of Turner's paintings, as compared with his life and conversation and literary efforts), but in view of the general intellectual level of the literary and critical appreciation which their works evoke. Not only is the average writing on subjects connected with painting far in advance of that on music in intellectual perception and literary style, but writers on painting understand that their office is not only to praise, but to discriminate, an idea which seems to be beyond the pale of the musical critic's perceptions.* His usual attitude towards a great composer is one of indiscriminate adulation, expressed with that effusiveness and tawdriness of epithet which is one of the worst vices in literary style; and it is not surprising that well-educated and thoughtful people who are not essentially musical should look, as they often do, with some suspicion on the claims to veneration of those who, as Voltaire said when he heard the gun-firing at Annecy on Christmas eve, are 'adorés comme 'cela.'

No great musical genius has suffered more lately from this kind of unreasoning adulation than Beethoven. To merely question the artistic propriety or perfection of anything which he wrote is to expose oneself to the charge of a kind of profanity. Why is a great composer, more than any other class of producer in art, to be exempt from all critical judgement as to his works? When J. Addington Symonds produced his admirable and thoughtful study on Michelangelo he did not hesitate, although the book originated in his great admiration for and interest in its

* We are speaking, of course, of criticism on composers and compositions, not on concerts and executants.

Digitized by Google

subject, to endeavour to analyse and discriminate in regard to the productions of the artist, and to show where he was greatest and what were his limitations. Michelangelo was as great a genius as Beethoven—possibly greater, and most certainly a greater man; but no one thought of accusing Symonds of audacity for attempting a critical estimate of his genius. But any one who attempts to adopt the same attitude of critical consideration in regard to Beethoven excites among the ranks of professional musicians and musical critics either anger or a kind of foolish surprise: 'he even criticises Beethoven,' &c.; as if the object of all art-criticism that is worth the name were not to get at the whole truth about art, and as if discriminating admiration were not a better homage to offer to any artist than mere blind prostration of the judgement before him. Those, we venture to think, who can judge in a dispassionate spirit the works of Beethoven, and who can realise where he was least successful, are also those who can appreciate most fully his highest and greatest works, though they may not be so ready to prate about them: the deepest and sincerest enthusiasm is not always the most loquacious.

There are three prevalent fallacies in regard to Beethoven recognisable in current musical criticism. The first is that to which we have already referred: that he was a perfect artist, who could do no wrong, and who is, as it were, to be swallowed whole. The second is, that his works exhibit a continuous progress or developement, from the beginning to the end of his artistic career, towards a higher ideal and a higher accomplishment in the art. The third is, that he first brought instrumental music to its true mission of expressing not only emotional feeling but intellectual meaning. The first of these may be best answered, not categorically, but by implication, in reference to some of the points we shall have to touch on in the succeeding pages. But one remark bearing on the subject may be made here. It is one of the amusements of the modern musical critic—a rather shallow one—to reprint passages from the criticisms on various works of Beethoven's written on their first appearance, and invite the reader to enjoy the joke of comparing these with the modern idea as to the same compositions. Some of these older criticisms are no doubt amusing—nay more, astounding—as showing how blind (or deaf) the first hearers of a great musical composition may be to beauties which seem self-evident to us now. But there are others of which it may be said that they were not only honest, but very fair

Digitized by Google

and rational criticisms from the artistic standpoint of their authors, and there are some which are true up to the present day, though they are not such as are popular now. It does not do to adopt the theory that all the early criticisms which seem to most people out of date now were necessarily foolish. Habit, the familiarity engendered by frequent hearing, is as much a disturbing element to the critical faculty as novelty. As to the second point, the 'progress' fallacy, that idea has taken such possession of the modern mind in musical criticism that people seem absolutely to be losing all perception of the essential distinction between science and art, and imagine that the latter is necessarily and of its nature progressive, like the former. The theory has been applied to Beethoven, perhaps, in rather an *ex post facto* manner: it has been desired to show that Wagner is the roof and crown of things musical, the ideal to which everything has been leading up; therefore it must be shown that Beethoven led up to him, and that Wagner was the natural sequence of the Ninth Symphony. Between one critic and another a regular argument in a circle has been started and kept up on this point. Sometimes it is that Beethoven's genius was always developing to the last, and therefore the Ninth Symphony must be his greatest work of the class; at other times it is that the Ninth Symphony is his greatest work, and therefore his genius was always rising to a higher developement. It does not seem to matter which way it is put to critics who are determined at any rate to have 'progress' mapped out. That Beethoven actually was, to the end of his career, striving to get more and higher intellectual aliment out of music we fully admit. There is abundant evidence of his ambition in this respect, even to the fact of his angrily repudiating the style and aim of many of his own earlier works.* The question is, Did he accomplish it? *Solvitur ambulando*, and we question the fact of the 'ambulance.' Of this more anon.

What we have called the third fallacy—that Beethoven first brought instrumental music to its true or highest

* As when, according to Nohl, he heard Fräulein Streicher practising his Thirty-two Variations in C minor, which he had forgotten, and said, on being told they were his own: 'O Beethoven, what a donkey you were then!' Thus, if he could, he would evidently have deprived us of the most interesting and original study for the handling of the piano in all modern music, not to speak of its remarkable concentration of musical design.

Digitized by Google

function, of expressing definite ideas and emotions, present to himself as the basis of the music, even if not obvious to his hearers—we call a fallacy not because there is no truth in it, but because it has been pushed a great deal too far as regards any known facts about the motives of Beethoven's compositions, and because it is very questionable, perhaps more than questionable, whether it is in theory the most true or the best manner of regarding the æsthetic function of instrumental music. In fact, this very generation, which 'seeketh after a sign' in music, seems to be under a curious unconscious contradiction of feeling on the subject. The three composers who 'draw' at the present day, at least in the professedly musical world of amateurs, are Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner; Handel and Mozart being left out in the cold as inferior composers. As we are only dealing here with purely instrumental music, we may leave Wagner out of consideration; and then we may ask how it is that the same set of people who are never tired of insisting on the necessity of a 'poetic basis' in instrumental music, and who reverence Beethoven as the composer who first gave full impulse to this element in the art, at the same time profess an equal reverence for the author of the 'Wohl-'temperirte Klavier,' than which no collection of instrumental compositions can be more thoroughly free from any suggestion of poetic basis? We are not forgetting what Spitta has so well and so truly pointed out, in a passage which has been referred to before in these pages, that Bach's fugues for the clavier (and still more is it true of those for the organ) are not to be regarded as fugues written for the sake of fugal structure, so to speak; that they are the expressions of musical moods of feeling, which took the fugue form because that was at the time the highest and accepted form for the expression of the most serious musical ideas, just as Beethoven's most serious moods of feeling were expressed, for a similar reason, in the sonata form. But 'poetic basis,' in the sense in which it has been used by modern critics, obviously means something more than saying that the music must be the expression of feeling, and not mere sound-structure: it means, if it means anything, that the music must be the expression of an idea which could, if the composer so willed it, be defined in words. There are a few compositions of Beethoven's which confessedly and by his own showing belong to this class, and it is assumed that there are others which would equally admit of this literary definition had the composer chosen

Digitized by Google

to take us into his confidence. There is an element of dramatic expression in them which suggests the idea that there is something definite to express; and it is further assumed that in this fact lies the vivifying power of Beethoven's instrumental music, and the secret of its hold on our emotions. But it is impossible to predicate anything of the kind in regard to the 'Wohltemperirte Klavier,' the only collection of keyboard music which can be said to hold a position at all parallel with that occupied by Beethoven's sonatas. With the single exception, perhaps, of the sad and tender prelude in E flat minor in the first set (and that is probably only an apparent exception), these preludes and fugues are absolutely undramatic; they are compositions cast in a highly conventional mould, the structural method of which will not admit of any varying play of feeling; they are the artistic antipodes of the Beethoven sonatas; the æsthetic methods of the two sets of compositions may almost be said to be mutually exclusive. If, then, 'poetic 'basis,' as supposed to be exemplified in Beethoven's instrumental music, is the way of musical salvation, why this simultaneous veneration for the instrumental works of Bach? With the veneration we are entirely in accord, but the venerators have obviously got something wrong with their logic.

Instrumental music is the expression of emotion, of a mood of mental feeling, through the medium of sound, but in subordination to artistic form. Both the emotional impulse and the artistic structure are necessary to the production of really vital musical art. A symmetrically constructed composition, written as a mere academical exercise, apart from any emotional impulse, may give a certain amount of interest and pleasure as a piece of design, but will not retain its hold for long, as it makes no appeal to the deeper and more permanent emotions of mankind. Mere emotional expression, on the other hand, however poignant, will not satisfy our intellectual demand for artistic form. But it is not in the least necessary that the origin of the emotional feeling which is at the basis of the music should be definable in language. On the contrary, it may be said, in a general way, that the more it is defined, or can be defined in language, the less suitable is it for expression in music; as Beethoven himself said, in his preliminary memoranda in regard to his most distinctly 'poetic basis' symphony, 'All painting in instrumental music, if pushed 'too far, is a failure.' For music, like architecture, is in

Digitized by Google

its artistic form a physical symbolism of metaphysical ideas, and the relation between the symbol and the idea is such as, for the most part, it is quite impossible to define in words; if it were possible we should not require music, which is to express something that words cannot express.* And it is not so much in regard to the emotional impulse as in regard to the artistic form that a composer often needs, and is influenced by, suggestions from without. Take the well-known case of the recurrent four notes in the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, which form such an important element in the whole design of the composition, and which are said to have been suggested by the repeated knocking at a door in the neighbourhood of the composer's house. The anecdote seems to be regarded as true by Beethoven students; it is certainly not in the least improbable. No one can dignify that by the name of 'poetic basis;' but it furnished a suggestion for musical form; it started, so to speak, the wheels of rhythmical fancy; and, the suggestion once made, the application of it was amplified into the dominant motive which was to bind the whole composition together. At another time it may be a phrase suddenly occurring to the composer's mind, he knew not how or why, as in the interesting story of the theme of the *scherzo* in the Ninth Symphony occurring suddenly to Beethoven at the moment of stepping out of darkness into a brilliant light. The phrase itself might have occurred to many another man, as likely as not; the genius consisted in perceiving what could be done with it. And the incident, it will be observed, disposes of any theory of 'poetic basis' for this extraordinary composition, which would afford as good an excuse as almost any other movement in Beethoven's works for imagining some special meaning to be attached to it. But it is evident there can have been nothing of the kind here; it is simply a glory of musical fervour and excitement,

* Even in the case of vocal music the relation between the words and the music is far more vague and arbitrary than is generally realised, as is proved by the fact that music written for one set of words may be set to quite different words, and appear, to those who have not heard the composition in its original form, to have been written expressly for them. How many listeners, for instance, in hearing the air, 'He layeth the beams of His chambers on the waters,' have imagined it an instance of Handel's peculiar genius in adapting his music to the words? And not without reason; it sounds as if written for them. Yet it is only an adaptation, by another hand, of words quite different in character from the original Italian text.

Digitized by Google

which stirs the blood as if one met the living crowd in Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' and heard the 'Evoë!' and the cymbals clashing. Nor do we need any explanation, save the beauty of artistic contrast, for the fine episode of the *trio*, and the startling blast from the trombone which seems to set it going. One wonders that the 'poetic basis' people have never attempted to give us the precise meaning of that trombone note!

Now, if we had the same knowledge as to the moment and method of origination of the themes of all the other movements of Beethoven's symphonies, we should very probably find that the majority of them originated much in the same manner as the *scherzo* of the Ninth Symphony. How Beethoven hammered at his melodic ideas to forge them into better shape, and get all that could be got out of them, we know from his notebooks, and for this knowledge being brought before them, and almost, one may say, popularised, the English musical public are mainly indebted to Sir George Grove. Whence arose the original inception of these melodic ideas we do not know, except a rather doubtful story of the bird origin of the first phrase of the C minor Symphony. But, as we see in the instance of the *scherzo* just referred to, the melodic phrase almost accidentally, one may say, occurring to the composer really originated and dominated the whole composition It was not an effort to express any idea secreted behind the music; it was simply a musical creation, a work of art. People have busied themselves, for instance, about the meaning of the first *allegro* of the A major Symphony, a composition of remarkable and striking individuality, even among Beethoven's works. We take it that the meaning of it is the music itself, and nothing more. Given the idea of the first phrase of the movement occurring to Beethoven—probably in a cruder form at first—just as the first phrase of the Ninth Symphony *scherzo* occurred to him, and we want nothing more to account for the form of the composition. And hence we would suggest that the distinction between the symphonies of Beethoven and those of his predecessors is in reality a difference in degree rather than in kind. We have the one confessed piece of programme music, the 'Pastorale,' which stands apart; and we have the Third Symphony, which is distinguished by a general title indicating that it is in honour of a hero. But beyond that the distinction of Beethoven's symphonies seems to be that they are the work of a more powerful intellect and a more intense nature

Digitized by Google

than any which had been before directed mainly to instrumental music, working with ampler and more highly developed materials of utterance. How slight an event was a symphony in the early days of Mozart we are forciby reminded by the expression in one of his father's letters: 'The symphonies at all concerts are by Wolfgang.' The symphony was at that date a musical entertainment which a boy of genius could undertake to provide, *couramment*, as it was demanded. Mozart himself foreshadowed something far greater for it in that memorable year in which he wrote his three prominent symphonies—in E flat, G minor, and C—of which, again, the two latter tower above the E flat, and represent much more serious work. Indeed, he did something more than foreshadow, for his G minor Symphony is one of the most remarkable instances of concentrated and impassioned expression, with perfect structure, to be found in music; and it is almost a question whether the *finale* of the Symphony in C, in regard to some of the highest qualities of musical art, has been surpassed even by Beethoven,* though there is a difference in scale, of course. Mozart wrote these three symphonies, it is true, very quickly, as compared with the slow process of developement characteristic of Beethoven; but Mozart was a quick worker, partly because he had by nature a much stronger grasp over musical construction than Beethoven. Apart from this, no doubt, Beethoven's was the stronger and more serious intellect, the deeper emotional nature; moreover, he came in with the opening of the floodgates of the Revolution period, and the more romantic feeling which permeates his music is not merely his own—it is that of his epoch. Added to all this, he had the opportunity of dealing with fuller means of expression in the increased size and executive powers of the orchestra, which he soon perceived how to turn to account. Hence the symphony with him became an altogether larger and more highly elaborated work of art, of more serious import than before; and his grave conscientiousness in his art—which was one of his most remarkable qualities—led him to think no thought and trouble too much to perfect his works in every detail; not that they are more perfect in detail than Mozart's, but the scale is greater and the detail far more multifarious and elaborate, and making,

* As we heard it remarked once by a musical amateur (who was also an ardent lover of Beethoven), 'I have sometimes the fear that I shall die before I have realised all the beauties of that *finale*.'

Digitized by Google

therefore, a greater demand both on composer and hearer. Apart from his merely musical genius, also, Beethoven was a man of much stronger feeling and greater individuality of character than Mozart, and this quality of human character naturally comes out in his music—*le style, c'est l'homme.*

But all this does not necessarily imply that his symphonies, with the exception of the 'Pastorale,' were, as musical art, on an essentially different æsthetic basis from all previous instrumental music. In fact, even the idea of the 'Pastorale,' that of representing the beauty of Nature in music, was not new; it was only that no great composer had tried it before, and that Beethoven, as a child of the new era, had that broad and deep feeling for Nature which in poetry and painting, and in literature generally, is a feeling essentially modern. The 'Eroica' Symphony bears the general indication that it is for a festival in memory of a great man; the simple word 'Eroica,' as suggesting the broader and more poetic associations connected with the word 'hero,' would have been better alone. But, on the one hand, let it be asked, Should we really have lost much of the enjoyment of this work if we had had it without even this indicating title? Would not its general character have explained itself? The Funeral March, of course, would; the *finale* has nothing to do with the nominal subject of the work at all. The *scherzo* may or may not have; compared with the other scherzos there is a certain recognisable martial character about it. In the first movement the title is necessary to explain the strange and abnormal passage just after the bit of contrapuntal treatment—a passage which, as Sir George Grove says, 'defies quotation'—which is an excrescence on the main design of the composition, and which (*pace* Sir G. Grove) has little musical beauty; and there is one other passage, to be noted when we come to speak more particularly of this symphony, which to our mind acquires, from the suggestion of the title, a more pathetic beauty than it would otherwise have; but that is about all. The real 'Sinfonia Eroica' is the C minor Symphony, which we can feel to be such without any literary explanation; which leads up to the great climax of the triumphant March at the close, whereas the *finale* of the 'Eroica' is an anti-climax. On the other hand, could we know what was the feeling which inspired Mozart to write that G minor Symphony—so passionate, so concentrated, with such a unity of style and feeling, and at the same time so different from his usual manner—we might find that there was

Digitized by Google

something behind it which deserved a characterising adjective just as much as the 'Eroica;' but Mozart is inscrutable in this respect. The explanations on record about one or two of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas are as little decisive. Schindler records that the two sonatas, Op. 14, were scenes between lovers, or 'the entreating and resisting principle.' The one in G is obviously conversational in many parts of the first and last movements, and the explanation is a pretty and fanciful comment on a form of musical design, which, however, quite explains itself; the Sonata in E (a much finer work) does not answer to the suggestion, which adds nothing whatever to our enjoyment of it. Schindler's further statement, that his request for a key to the meaning of the Sonata in D minor and the so-called 'appassionata' sonata, was met by the reply, 'Read 'Shakspeare's "Tempest,"' is still further from the mark; the 'poetic basis' must have been vague indeed which could supply nothing more definite than this as a key to two works very different in character, and written at an interval of two years. Probably the answer was given to get rid of Schindler's importunity for the moment; it has, at all events, the merit of being harmless. Beethoven at one time (in 1816) meditated the publication of a new edition of his Sonatas, in which the ideas which suggested them were to be stated. We may be thankful indeed that we escaped this.

Whatever view we take, however, of the æsthetic basis of Beethoven's symphonies, they stand—the latter seven at least—as among the most remarkable works of art which have ever been given to the world, and their composer as one of the most remarkable of men; and there was much in their method of production which presents an interest different from that which is connected with any other works of instrumental music. An analysis of their general features, with a record of the known facts in connexion with their inception and progress, the early performances of them, and the impression they made on their first appearance, such as Sir George Grove has collected and put into a popular form, was therefore quite worth doing; and, as far as the record of facts is concerned, no person in England was probably so competent to do this. Sir G. Grove has the merit, among popular writers on music, of having probably taken more pains to be accurate in his information, and to hunt down and dispose of inaccuracies, than any of his predecessors in this country; insomuch that,

Digitized by Google

where he gives a fact or an anecdote as reliable, we feel that we may accept it as such without hesitation, and that where there is any doubt as to the authenticity of a statement we shall be told so. This is much in the literature of music, which swarms with unreliable and imaginative anecdotage. If the author had confined himself to putting together all that he knew as to the facts connected with Beethoven's symphonies, he would have produced a book a good deal smaller than this, certainly, which every musical person, professional or amateur, would have been glad to have in his library; and if he had added a brief analysis of each movement, giving the leading themes (though there would be many who would not want that), it would have been useful to some readers, and unobjectionable to the remainder. Unfortunately, he has attempted a great deal more than this. He has undertaken to act the part of a kind of musical showman to Beethoven's symphonies (for that is what it really amounts to)—to point out all their various beauties with an exuberance of superlatives which becomes wearisome and almost irritating to the reader. To him the world of Beethoven's symphonies is the best of all possible worlds, and everything is for the best in it. When we consider that these essays are founded on, or to a great extent reprints of, the programme articles which the author used to write for the Saturday Concerts when he was secretary of the Crystal Palace, we can easily understand the kind of influence under which this exaggerated optimistic style would develope. A zealous official of the institution which gives the concerts is naturally under the temptation, in such a case, to write up everything in the programmes to the highest point, to keep an audience composed largely of people with only a limited knowledge of music constantly under the impression that everything they are hearing is of especial beauty and interest. There is far too much of this in annotated concert programmes generally; the writers of them are not content to give a short analytical guide to the composition, but must needs thrust their own opinions and their own enthusiasms on the audience, who, if they are worth anything, can feel all this without having it put down for them; and that which is in bad literary and critical taste in a programme-book for temporary use becomes far more objectionable when put in more permanent form in a book. And Sir G. Grove seems to have no sense of proportion at all in his enthusiasm: he is ready to go into ecstasies over everything. Take this

Digitized by Google

passage, for instance, about the *coda* of the last movement of the Second Symphony:—

'Earth is forgotten, and we are in heaven. The rhythm changes; the bass goes down octave after octave *pianissimo*, distinctly heard through the thin scoring' (here follows a quotation from the work). 'A fresh subject comes in in the wind; the opening theme is once more alluded to, but only to lead to an entirely new thought—a magic shimmering, impressive as the evening sun shining broad and low on the ocean; a lovely flowing melody in the oboe and bassoon, accompanied in notes of equal value in the basses, and with a pedal D through three octaves in the horns and violins. The beauty of this passage words cannot describe; it is pure Beethoven, a region full of magic and mystery, into which no one ever before led the hearers of music.'

The passage referred to is a very charming episode in a symphony which (except the slow movement) is the least beautiful and interesting of the nine; but to write about it in this way is worthy only of 'the undying Laura Matilda;' and it is inaccurate too, for a 'pedal' is not a note, but a form of musical construction, and the 'D' in this case is merely a long holding-note common to the successive chords in the passage referred to.* On other occasions his tendency to exaggeration is more seriously misleading. After remarking on the curious fact that the opening phrase of the 'Eroica' Symphony is anticipated in the opening of the overture to Mozart's youthful opera, 'Bastien et Bastienne,' he breaks out in this fashion:—

'These are among the links which convey the great apostolic succession of composers from generation to generation. Handel builds on a phrase of Carissimi or Stradella, and shapes it to his own end—an end how different from that of his predecessor! Mozart does the same by Handel; Mendelssohn goes back, now to the old Church melodies, now to Bach, and now to Beethoven. Schumann and Wagner adopt passages from Mendelssohn. Beethoven himself is not free from the direct influence of Haydn, and even such individual creators as Schubert and Brahms bind themselves by these cords of love to their great forerunner; and thus is forged, age by age, the golden chain, which is destined never to end as long as the world lasts.'

Anyone unacquainted with the history of music would gather from this passage that each great composer was dependent

* The author might have found the true definition of a 'pedal point' and the distinction between a 'pedal' and a mere 'holding-note' from the article on 'Pedal Point' in his own 'Dictionary of Music,' where it is very clearly demonstrated and illustrated by Mr. F. Corder.

Digitized by Google

more or less on the use of themes borrowed from a predecessor, and he would be rather astonished to find that the only ground for it was the existence of occasional plagiarisms by one composer from another (or of accidental coincidences), which form quite an insignificant element in their works. Moreover, the resemblance between Mozart's little overture and the theme of the 'Eroica' Symphony is certainly accidental—one of the curious coincidences in music, of which others are known. To imagine that Beethoven, in the mood he was in when composing that symphony, would have deliberately 'lifted' its leading theme from a youthful and nearly forgotten opera overture of Mozart's is preposterous.

When he can keep clear of rhapsodising Sir G. Grove can often express things in a picturesque and piquant manner by the use of a happily chosen expression which exactly conveys the idea required, especially in regard to instrumental effect, of which he seems to have a keen perception. Thus, in speaking of the opening phrase of the C minor Symphony, he refers to the effect of the 'long roar' of the strings on the last note of the phrase, an expression which comes naturally from one who has heard it at rehearsals and in close proximity, instead of from the ordinary position in the auditorium; and he is equally happy in describing how, in the opening of the Fourth Symphony, a low *pizzicato* note from the strings 'lets loose' a long holding-note in the wind instruments. This is exactly the effect produced on the hearer; the short 'cluck' from the strings seems somehow to be the cause of the long note from the wind.* Sir G. Grove's quick æsthetic perception on points of effect of this kind, and his frequently happy phraseology in characterising them, we gladly recognise. But the general style of his

* It would be curious to consider what is the origin of the pleasure which this little incident in the first bar of this symphony always gives one. We should say that it is a highly artificialised bit of enjoyment, only possible to those who have studied the methods of treatment of the orchestra to a certain extent, and arises from our recognition of the refined æsthetic perception of the composer in regard to the character and capabilities of the two classes of instruments. He wants to begin very quietly with a long liquid-sounding note from the wind instruments; but the actual moment of commencement might be hardly sufficiently marked, so he just punctuates it, as it were, with this short note from the strings, about which there can be no doubt. It is one of the most characteristic examples of Beethoven's close attention to detail in his symphonies.

Digitized by Google

book (except where he is dealing with mere facts) is tawdry and exuberant in a literary sense, and exceedingly unbalanced in the critical sense; and the author made a great mistake in thinking that he could promote the further appreciation of Beethoven by constant rhapsodising, which, so far from appealing to the best-educated class of readers, will rather have the effect of preventing them from giving the book a permanent place on their shelves, in spite of the information imbedded in it. Some of us, at least, have too much real respect for Beethoven to wish to see him gushed over.

In offering a few remarks on certain points in the symphonies, and on some of Sir G. Grove's ideas in regard to them, we may observe at the outset that we do not agree with the estimate which rates the Second Symphony as superior to the First. The First is (except the Minuet) a symphony in the school of Haydn, of remarkable finish and beauty according to that school. In the Second, Beethoven seems to have been, as it were, feeling his way towards the broader style of handling, and the more romantic feeling which was to characterise his later works; the passage in the *coda*, referred to above, is one of the instances of this. But he has not fairly come to his colours, and on the other hand he has lost for a time (except in the slow movement) the clearness, concentration, and finish which delight us in the First Symphony; the first and last movements are lengthy in proportion and unwieldy in detail, as if the music were trying to lash itself into sublimity; the themes are much less spontaneous and melodious than in the corresponding movements of the earlier work; and the Minuet in the First Symphony is, beyond comparison, more charming and more original than its successor in the Second Symphony; the former contains, in fact, the first suggestion of the new character which Beethoven was to give to the third movement of the symphony,* while the latter is a kind of exaggerated Haydn minuet, without the tunefulness of Haydn. As to Sir G. Grove's attempt to persuade his readers that the *finale* of the Second Symphony puts into the shade that of Mozart's G minor Symphony,

* Beethoven had already given intimation of this in the *scherzo* of the C major Sonata, published five years before the symphony, though the two were in all probability composed about the same time. He seems to have been at this time much more cautious about new departures in a symphony than in a pianoforte sonata.

Digitized by Google

such a remark only shows that he does not appreciate the difference between force and vigour, with diffuseness of form, and the same qualities combined with concentration and perfect balance of form; Mozart's *finale* (which of course represents his fully developed genius) is a far superior work in an artistic sense, and those who do not feel that can have little perception of style. On the other hand, we may quote with entire sympathy his characteristic comment on the procedure of the conductor at Halle who omitted the six introductory bars to the *finale* of the First Symphony, on the ground that they would make people laugh: 'If Beethoven 'wanted us to laugh, why should we not?' which is unanswerable. There are other passages, in Beethoven's later works, where he obviously wanted us to laugh, and was laughing himself; to have imported a new humorous element into instrumental music was one of the achievements of his genius, though he sometimes allowed it to approach a little too near the borders of the grotesque.

The period of a year, which is believed to have separated the conclusion of the Second from the commencement of the Third Symphony, might almost have been a quarter of a century for the æsthetic distance traversed, at all events as far as the first movement of the latter is concerned. To our thinking, this first *allegro* of the 'Eroica' Symphony is in some respects the most remarkable thing in the whole range of the symphonies, and, with all the Beethoven-worship of the day, we doubt if there are many who appreciate it at its full value. The number of melodic ideas it contains, their intense emotional expressiveness, their dramatic contrast, and the manner in which they are all welded into a complete artistic whole—all these elements combine to give this composition a place almost apart in the creations of the art of instrumental music. As a matter of artistic form the manner in which the various 'subjects' seem to be linked, and to grow naturally out of each other, forms the first complete realisation of the important step in regard to continuity of structure which Beethoven introduced in instrumental music—the apparently spontaneous blossoming of a new melody out of what preceded it, instead of its formal introduction after a break or a pause. Mozart, indeed, had largely indicated this in the minor details of his symphonies, but his principal sections were still in general separated by the artificial pause, the relic of the first origin of instrumental composition, in the succession of different dance tunes. The peculiarly pathetic character of some of

Digitized by Google

the themes in this first movement of the 'Eroica,' the dramatic contrast of others, show how strongly the composer's impassioned nature was excited by the contemplation of the heroic ideal, nowhere more so than in that first subsidiary theme which goes sighing from one instrument to another, and which is the passage we referred to before as being perhaps the one which specially needs a knowledge of the ideal underlying the whole composition for us to fully appreciate its pathos. For there can be little doubt that this passage, with its intense expression of sadness and longing, represents (consciously or unconsciously) that phase which comes into every life of heroic conflict—the remembrance of past days of tranquillity and happiness. The same idea is evidently present in the second subject of the fine battle movement in Sterndale Bennett's 'Maid of 'Orleans' Sonata. The full pathos of this passage in the symphony, as well as the full grandeur of others in the same movement, is to some extent lost in performance by the too great speed at which the composition is nearly always taken by modern conductors. The direction 'Allegro con 'brio' has a very large margin in Beethoven's music, and Schindler, from his observation of Beethoven's own conducting, is emphatic on this point: 'a perfectly tranquil move-'ment should prevail from beginning to end, even in the 'loudest parts.'* Too often with the modern conductor it becomes in many parts a kind of scramble; nor have we ever heard it done with all the expression of which we believe it is capable. And as to the general appreciation of its poetic symbolism, what are we to expect when we find an enthusiast like Sir G. Grove, who on one page exhausts superlatives in praise of this symphony, telling his readers on another page that, in spite of the alteration in the title-page (the removal of the original dedication to Napoleon), 'it is still a portrait '—and we may believe a favourable portrait—of Napoleon,

* Sir G. Grove himself draws attention to the complaints of the length of the symphony on its first production—that it 'lasted a full hour'—and asks whether the present forty-five or forty-six minutes of performance indicates an increase of speed in the present day. Of course it does. The 'full hour' was perhaps a slight exaggeration. The Funeral March is probably played now at the original speed, and perhaps the *scherzo*; the other two movements are almost undoubtedly played considerably faster. This does not matter for the *finale*, as it will bear a high speed as long as the rapid passages are clearly executed (and orchestral instruments are much more agile now than formerly); but the first movement will not bear it.

Digitized by Google

'and should be listened to as such' (!) If he had wanted at one blow to materialise the whole thing, to crush all the true poetry out of it, he could not have done it more effectually.

There are two other points for comment in connexion with this symphony. Sir G. Grove goes into ecstasies over the celebrated passage where the horn sounds the notes of the principal subject in advance, as if to show that it is coming, in a position where those notes are out of relation to the harmonic structure. 'All the rules 'of harmony are against it; it is absolutely wrong—as 'wrong as stealing or lying—and yet how perfectly right 'and proper it is in its place.' Nonsense! As far as we have observed, neither those who have attacked nor those who have defended that passage have ever perceived what was the real point in regard to it. It is not a question of 'rules of harmony;' there are no such things, except in a relative sense; it is that it is out of keeping with the whole principle on which musical symbolism and musical structure are carried out, not only generally, but in all the rest of this very composition. It is really materialistic, not poetical. It means that Beethoven, from some momentary freak of the intellect, chose, instead of foretelling the *design* of the principal theme by a phrase in connexion with the musical structure of the passage, to sound its actual notes at a point where they do not conform to the musical structure. The momentary discord produced to the ear is a secondary matter; the important point is the deviation from æsthetic principle; and those who cannot see that do not understand the metaphysics of music. Of course we do not suggest that Beethoven did not know what he was doing, but only that it was an æsthetic escapade, and not a happy one. In regard to the *finale*, Sir G. Grove persists, with his usual optimism, that it is an appropriate climax to the whole scheme: 'he must have written it because he had something 'to say about his hero which he had not said in the other 'three movements.' In that case, why did he take an old theme (a very rare procedure with him) and work it up again, even to the use of that freak of playing variations on the bass of the theme before letting the hearer have the real theme; treating them, too, in a semi-grotesque manner —a musical joke surely as out of place, in connexion with the rest of the symphony, as anything could well be. To our thinking, the internal evidence of the *finale*, which, though brilliant and effective to listen to, is loosely put together and deficient in unity of design, clearly points to

Digitized by Google

the fact that there was some hurrying up of the conclusion of the symphony; that the composer was desirous to complete it for presentation to the person to whom it was dedicated, and hence the adoption of an old musical idea which could be worked up rapidly into an effective concluding movement, without the long deliberation which the evolution of new musical ideas always cost him. At all events, one thing is certain—no one who regards the *finale* as an adequate climax to a symphony with such a commencement as the 'Eroica' can ever have risen to a real feeling of the poetic greatness and significance of the opening movement.

The Fourth Symphony is a work comparatively underrated at the present day, because no sort of pretence of 'poetic basis' can be manufactured out of it; but it is really one of the finest of all in its broad genial beauty and its perfect finish in form and detail; and if one wanted to select an instrumental composition which should be a type in music of the quality of Greek art, no better illustration could be found than this symphony; it has the clearness, the balance, the serenity (*Heiterkeit*, as Walter Pater called it), which belong especially to Greek art. Nor do we by any means see the 'drolleries' which Sir G. Grove seems to find in it. The music is quite above the humoristic level. There are one or two passages in the *finale* which might seem to excuse that idea, but the whole movement is really a glorious revel of joyousness, and reminds one of Beethoven's remark to Bettina, 'Music is like wine, and I am the 'Bacchus pouring it out.' To the exquisite beauty of the Minuet and Trio, however, Sir G. Grove does full justice. The slow movement is noteworthy for what we may call its serenely impassioned character; passion deep and earnest, but in its expression never outstepping for a moment the limiting lines of artistic form. The first *allegro* is remarkable for the great use which Beethoven makes of the musical device called 'syncopation,' involving the temporary displacement of accent from the accented to the unaccented part of the bar; and it is very curious to consider, as an instance of that 'symbolism' in music of which we have spoken, the remarkable and unaccountable effect on the mind of this device as employed here and elsewhere by Beethoven, which seems to give wings, as it were, to a phrase which might otherwise hang comparatively dead. There is one passage in this *allegro*, first occurring at bar 139, the melody played in octaves by the violins, which is one of

Digitized by Google

the noblest and most uplifting passages in the whole range of instrumental music, and always recalls to us Gray's famous lines about the Theban eagle

> 'Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air;'

but the effect depends almost entirely on the cross-accent given to it by the syncopation; without that it would be tame and cold in comparison.* It is strange to note that this noble work is the one which, of all the seven great symphonies of its composer, 'draws' least in our concert-rooms. Our musical taste is in a somewhat morbid state in this generation; like the æsthetic lady in *Punch*, we must have everything 'intense.' If we were in a more healthy emotional and intellectual condition we should recognise, as the Greeks did, that for art to be serene, joyous, and beautiful is also its highest strength.

The C minor Symphony, the next in order, might seem at first thought to contradict this; but on reflection we shall see that the real greatness of the C minor lies in its breadth and simplicity of style, and in the noble and triumphant character of the *finale* which forms its climax. Try to think of it as without the *finale*, and where would it be? And, in spite of the tragic character of conflict in the first movement, there is nothing morbid about it, while the slow movement, with all its pathos, is beautiful and symmetrical almost throughout. The popular opinion that this is the greatest of the symphonies, which is echoed by Sir G. Grove, is, we think, sound. It is true that Spohr's criticism of it as 'rough' or 'coarse' (not in the letter quoted by our author, but in another) is not without its point; it wants the delicacy of detail which is found in some of the other works; and Spohr's remark that 'the opening of the first 'movement is wanting in the dignity which, to my mind, is 'indispensable for the opening of a symphony' would also have a certain truth if this were a symphony constructed on the usual lines. But though Sir G. Grove is perfectly right in his remark that the first movement, in spite of its passionate character, is as symmetrically constructed as any

* In the *finale* of the C minor Symphony, again, the tremendous energy of the unison passage leading to the first subsidiary subject arises entirely from the strong accent, twice in each bar, on what would naturally be the unaccented notes; without that the passage would be commonplace. But if we ask why this is so, we seem to be driven back on Browning's phrase, 'We are made so.'

Digitized by Google

other, the symphony differs from most others in the fact that the first movement is not, as usual, the most important; the final march is that to which everything leads up, and the first movement is more like a prelude than like the usual first movement of a symphony, though a prelude of most serious and vital import to the whole. Beethoven's recorded remark about the leading phrase, 'It is thus that Fate knocks 'at the door,' though it may have been an afterthought or illustration only, furnishes, nevertheless, a very interesting suggestion to the hearer, without tying him down to materialistic explanations; but Sir G. Grove cannot be content to leave it where Beethoven left it, and just as he has done his best to materialise the 'Eroica' by telling us that it was a portrait of Napoleon, so he does his best to materialise the C minor Symphony by the quotation of the account of a scene between the composer and Countess Brunswick over a music-lesson, and invites us to regard the first subject of the movement as representing Beethoven, and the second subject as Theresa! He would have employed his own time and the printer's to better purpose if, instead of thrusting this gratuitous assumption upon us (the only effect of which is to bring down the music from the higher region of the ideal), he had made some attempt to get evidence as to the manner in which that first subject should actually be played, the most important point remaining unsettled in regard to the reading of Beethoven's symphonies, and to which no reference is made. Though the movement is simply marked 'Allegro con brio,' Schindler distinctly states that Beethoven always took the phrase at the opening, and also at its recurrence in the middle of the movement, in slower time. Mr. Cowen, when he was conductor of the London Philharmonic Society, startled some of his audience by adopting this reading, which, however, is probably right. Schindler, who played Boswell to Beethoven,* seems to have been a poor creature, as Boswells (though useful to the world) usually are; but the account which he gives in his 'Life' of Beethoven's alterations of time and special *nuances* of expression, in regard to

* A story was current in Vienna that Schindler had the words 'Ami de Beethoven' engraved on his cards; but Sir G. Grove, in his notice of Schindler in the 'Dictionary,' dismisses this as a satirical invention. In the same notice he observes that 'Schindler's honesty and intelligence are to be trusted,' an opinion which is of importance in regard to his evidence on the point referred to above.

Digitized by Google

some other compositions, is perfectly reasonable and probable, and the alterations are such as unquestionably contribute to the higher effect of the passages quoted; and as all of these refer to rather delicate points in the execution of the music, it is exceedingly improbable, if Schindler could notice and record them, that he should be mistaken as to the much more marked and important modification of the theme of the C minor Symphony. We take it that his tradition is correct, and ought to be taken account of by conductors; though it would have been more satisfactory, of course, if Beethoven had formally marked the change of time in the score.

The C minor Symphony is not without its eccentricities in some minor points, of which one is the twice-repeated 'false start' of the basses in the second part of the trio, which has no pertinence or charm, that we can see; and the other is the passage of arpeggios for the violins and violoncellos in turn in the slow movement, which we are told was particularly obnoxious to the old Philharmonic people in the early performances of the symphony, though, Sir G. Grove tells us, it is 'now necessary to our enjoyment;' that is to say, we have got used to hear it, and should therefore miss it if it were taken out. Truly we may say with Goethe, 'And this 'they call criticism!' It is a weak passage, a platitude in an otherwise perfect composition; and this is one of the instances we referred to above in which the early critics were in the right. The most interesting and curious of all the facts collected by Sir G. Grove about the symphony is that in regard to the *scherzo*, of which the first phrase is identical in intervals, though not in rhythm or character, with the first phrase of the *finale* of Mozart's G minor Symphony. The character of the two compositions is so absolutely dissimilar that everyone would have set this down as one of the accidental coincidences of music, but for the fact that Beethoven had copied twenty-nine bars of the melody of Mozart's composition on the adjoining page of his sketch-book; so that the resemblance in the intervals was not accidental, though beyond this it is difficult to see that the one composition owes anything whatever to the other.

The 'Pastoral' Symphony is the popular one with the masses, because it presents them with a distinct realistic idea which they can easily grasp, or think they do; but there is no doubt that it has been overrated by comparison with its companions. Although Beethoven, except in the unlucky bird passage at the end of the second movement—

Digitized by Google

the special delight of popular audiences—has kept wonderfully clear of anything like realism, there can be little question that it stands, intellectually, at a lower level than any others from the Third to the Ninth. Indeed, we have heard an amateur—not a conservative in music, but a man of 'advanced' views, and an enthusiastic cultivator of Wagner—candidly express a wish that Beethoven had never written it. This we certainly cannot echo; it was a thing to be done once, and Beethoven has done it wonderfully, but we doubt if its influence on the art has been for good; it has served to point the way to a less intellectual and abstract use of music, and has been the parent of whole libraries of 'programme music.' It is the only one of Beethoven's symphonies of which, on the whole, it may be said that it is less effective the oftener it is heard; it is possible to get tired of it, except, perhaps, of the *Andante*. This latter is no doubt one of the most remarkable examples of pure sensuous beauty of sound-combination to be found in music; it ravishes the ear by its melodic sweetness and the beauty and delicacy of its continually varying detail, as well as by the happy tone-picture which it presents of the slumberous murmur of Nature on a glad summer day. The criticism which was passed on it in early days—that it was too long, and full of repetitions, and might be shortened with advantage—though it seems strange to us now, was not so unreasoning from the point of view of the older school of musicians as might be supposed. They regarded music as a matter of form rather than colouring, and, accustomed as they were to the concentrated construction of Mozart's slow movements, they did not at once realise that a new element of variety was to be introduced, in the shape of variations of orchestral combination and detail. Mozart's slow movements could be reduced to the level of a pianoforte arrangement without losing any of their essential beauty; a composition like this could not—it requires the ever-varying detail of the instrumentation to keep up its interest and vitality. It could hardly be expected that the old school of musicians should realise that all at once, but they were not on that account necessarily stupid. Some of the early criticisms on the work—as that it was more in the nature of a fantasia than a symphony properly so-called—are true enough to this day, in reference to the rest of the composition. Sir G. Grove observes, quite truly, that there is something in the monotony and repetition of phrases in the first movement which suggests the monotony of sound in Nature; but the

Digitized by Google

monotony of Nature is one thing, the monotony of art is another. We may never tire of the living landscape, but we may very soon tire of a decorative treatment of landscape. The finest part, next to the *Andante*, is the Storm, which has an element of the sublime in it, and keeps wonderfully clear of materialism on the whole, considering how hazardously near to it we get now and then. It is noteworthy that the very finest feature in it is that powerful and striking phrase first introduced at bar 35 (Sir G. Grove's quotation No. 41), the one prominent feature in the movement which has absolutely nothing to do with any suggestion from Nature, but is simply a musical expression of fury and perturbation. The 'rumble' produced by the employment of groups of four notes against five in the basses and violoncellos, so that none of the notes are sounded together, is a thing perfectly indefensible on any principle of musical æsthetics, and a most unhappy precedent to be set by a great composer. A writer in the 'Saturday Review' once, in reply to a criticism of this kind, actually was shallow enough to put the question: 'Why should the notes be 'sounded together?' He might as well have asked why we should select certain sounds, out of all the possible ones, to form a musical scale, and ignore the intervening sounds. Music is an artificial art, based on an arbitrary selection of sounds having certain relations to one another; to ignore those conditions is to destroy the whole basis of the art.

The next Symphony, the A major, is one of the greatest of all, and is a gratifying return to the higher regions of metaphysical beauty, after the comparative materialism of the 'Pastoral' Symphony. Romantic as this symphony is in feeling, strongly marked as it is by individual character and style, there is not the slightest clue to it, any more than to a symphony of Mozart's; for which let us be thankful, though one cannot help being amused to find Sir G. Grove, because he has no reasons to offer himself for the form or character of any of the movements, scolding those who have tried to give explanations, as if he had not been doing just the same thing himself with the 'Eroica' and the C minor Symphonies. Some of his expressions in regard to the music are happy, as when he says that the *trio*, at the modulation into F just before the return to the *scherzo*, 'seems to *go out*, as if it 'were a flame,' which is very much the effect produced. But Sir G. Grove lays far too much stress on what he assumes to be the humour, or 'boisterous mirth,' in this symphony, a quality which we do not find in it; it is something far

Digitized by Google

higher than that, and we object to having it dragged down to that level. If one were to add an adjective to it to characterise it, as in the 'Eroica,' we should be disposed to call it the 'Chivalresque' symphony, at least as to the first and last *allegro*. The latter seems full of the clash of arms; the former seems the music

'Of tourneys and of trophies hung,'

only in an idealised form. One might even continue the quotation in application to the succeeding movement, the *allegretto*—

'Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear;'

for music has seldom shadowed forth such a strange dream-country as this, so haunted by mysterious presences; and in this light there really does seem to be a direct significance in the fact that the movement begins and ends with the same long chord from the wind instruments, reminding one somehow of the ivory gate of dreams; it seems impossible to doubt that there was some fancy of the kind in the composer's mind in placing these two chords as sentries at the opening and close of the movement. There is much for special note in this remarkable composition: the variety with which the theme, though repeated many times, is treated throughout, so as never to become monotonous; the pathetic effect of the restless movement kept up by the basses, even beneath the calm and consoling melody of the second subject, like the beating of the heart; the tenderness of the unexpected modulation at bar 135, which Macfarren has commented on so eloquently in his analysis of this movement; and other points not to be illustrated without quotations. The *scherzo* is rather superficial in comparison with the rest of the work, though brought again into the regions of pathos by the beautiful *trio*, which seems to come suddenly from another world, and of which it is strange to find that the theme is an old Austrian 'Pilgrims' Hymn.' As used here it seems to be full of deep feeling, though a great part of the effect lies, no doubt, in Beethoven's addition of that long-drawn-out high note for the violins which accompanies it, like a level line of light in the evening sky.

The first movement of the A major Symphony, like the first movement of the 'Eroica,' has its *locus vexatus*, the long passage near the end where the basses repeat the same phrase over and over again, and about which Sir G. Grove makes the same mistake as in regard to the passage in the

Digitized by Google

coda of the Second Symphony, speaking of the holding note of the wind instruments as a 'pedal point.' His analysis of the passage we cannot accept; and though in general it is unsuitable to introduce musical technicalities into an article of this kind, we must be allowed here, in case any musician should read this, to give what we consider the true construction of a passage which has caused much discussion; and those who do not understand musical technique can pass over this paragraph. From his quotation in 'short score' Sir G. Grove evidently thinks that the E in the horns is the real bass, and that the basses and 'cellos are playing a melody above it. This is a mistake. The E for the horns, owing to the confusion as to notation for these instruments, is written an octave lower than it really sounds. (On this point we may again refer Sir G. Grove to the pages of his own Dictionary, article 'Horn,' written by Dr. Stone, who knew more about wind instruments than most people.) The real bass is the phrase for the strings. In the six bars preceding this passage the basses and 'cellos are making a regular descent through G, F, E, and finally to the low D, to which the 'cellos continue their descent; the only reason the basses do not is because their lowest string is E, and therefore they necessarily take a leap to the higher octave (where, however, their actual sounds are still below the E of the horn); but the progression in the violoncello part is conclusive as to what Beethoven meant. The succeeding passage, the *locus vexatus*, reduced to its simplest harmonic terms, might be defined as a succession of alternate harmonies of $\frac{4}{2}$ on D and $\frac{6}{3}$ on C sharp (the '4' of the former chord is not actually present), the wind instruments sustaining the E, which is common to both harmonies; the bass, however, plays round the C sharp with a melodic phrase in order to maintain the characteristic rhythm of the composition. At all events, no one with any perception of musical logic, who looks at the position of the basses immediately before and immediately after this passage, can have any doubt that this is the true interpretation of it, and that they have been playing the bass all through; and we hope that point may be considered as settled. Whether the passage itself is an addition to the beauty of the composition is very questionable. It introduces an eccentric and slightly grotesque feature into a composition which in every other respect is perfectly clear and well-balanced, and the critics who objected to it when the work was first produced had more reason on their side than people in the present day are willing to allow.

The Eighth Symphony shows in its first three movements

Google

a curious reversion to an earlier and more naïve style and feeling, and its real beauty has been, perhaps, rather underrated in consequence of its simplicity. The *finale* belongs to a different region, and is a most extraordinary mingling of impetuosity and fire with almost grotesque humour, alternating with passages of great beauty and grandeur. While admitting the obviously humorous element in it, however, we have little sympathy with Sir G. Grove's jocular expressions on this point (as where he tells us that one passage is as if Beethoven said 'Boh!' to us), which might pass for the moment in a musical symposium, but are in very bad literary taste, and suggest an element of vulgarity in the music which certainly does not exist; and when the author, seeking for a reason for all this outbreak of musical high spirits, admits that 'it is exceedingly hazardous to attempt 'to connect Beethoven's music with the simultaneous events 'of his life,' one is inclined to ask why he did not find that out before, and what else he has been attempting to do in many previous pages of his volume.

Concerning the massive and colossal movement which opens the Ninth Symphony it is difficult to speak with precise discrimination. In no composition, perhaps, has Beethoven shown such sustained grandeur and elevation of style, with the exception only of the rather eccentric and certainly not happy device of anticipating the real subject by the weak and uninteresting tentative passage, as it may be called, which mystifies the hearer at the opening. This is one of the eccentricities by which Beethoven sometimes vexes us unexpectedly in some of his greatest works. How far grander and more impressive would have been the immediate starting off with the broad and powerful unison passage which forms the real theme of the movement! And yet the modern Beethoven critics would persuade us that this preliminary passage is an added beauty, simply because it is there. But, with all the elevated style of the composition when it fairly commences, the earnest tone which pervades it, the breadth of phrasing (especially shown in the wide-spaced intervals constantly employed in the bass), and the amount of interesting and highly finished detail in the orchestration, there seems to be a want of spontaneity and charm about it in comparison with many of the composer's earlier works; it has not that indefinable magic of beauty which we find in so many of its predecessors; we seem able to analyse its effect; it is the music of determination rather than of inspiration. Of the *scherzo* we have already spoken. As to the *adagio*, which takes the peculiar

Digitized by Google

form of an instrumental song with instrumental symphonies (for that is the real definition of it), words can hardly do justice to its beauty. It is true that in an æsthetic sense it is not quite so perfect and rounded in form as some others of the slow movements. It is somewhat discursive; but it grows in beauty as it proceeds, and the new melody introduced at the change of time to *andante* is one of the most wonderful in all music: it is as if the whole sadness and longing of humanity—the *lacrymæ rerum*—were summed up in it. It is with the *finale* that we have to drop into the questioning mood again. The theme to which the first verses of Schiller's ode are set is indeed a golden and immortal melody, such as once heard can never be forgotten. But in the prelude to it Beethoven has become materialistic again. The crashing discords which precede both the instrumental introduction and the subsequent vocal portion of the movement are obviously discords of set purpose, introduced in order to contrast with the 'joy' which is to follow, and the rebuke of the bass solo, 'Friends, not 'these tones,' &c.; but this employment of music involves a perfectly false æsthetic. It is the employment of sounds which are literally and materially harsh, instead of the symbolising of harshness by the legitimate use of musical expression. The conversational recitative passages for the basses, in which they seem to comment on the themes offered to them, form a piquant piece of musical humour, but it has been much overrated; it is hardly a kind of device in keeping with a great and serious work of art, and it is, moreover, of a kind which becomes less effective the more one becomes familiarised with it. In the subsequent developement of the music the composer seems to have lost his artistic balance altogether, and the expression of Fanny Mendelssohn when she first heard the symphony, which is quoted by Sir G. Grove: 'A gigantic tragedy with a con-'clusion meant to be dithyrambic, but falling from its 'height into the opposite extreme—into burlesque,' is no more than the truth, however harsh the words may seem; and many people who hear it even now in their own hearts feel the same, if they would say the truth.

With this result we feel convinced that the composer's sad affliction of deafness had something to do. However a great composer may hear music with the ear of the mind, the bodily ear counts for something in the matter also, and we are convinced that if Beethoven had still possessed his bodily faculty of hearing, he would not have written those 'crashes' at the commencement of the *finale*, nor the

Digitized by Google

absurd grunts for the contrafagotto which introduce the march, nor the noisy and screaming passages through which the chorus have to scramble later on. Some part of the misfortune, however, is to be attributed to an inherent excitability of temperament, which increased as Beethoven advanced in life, and which led him to exaggerate the climax of a composition to a degree totally at variance with true artistic balance, and even with the musical dignity of the subject treated. We see this tendency even in earlier works, which are otherwise sound and symmetrical enough in form. We see it in the conclusion of the 'Hallelujah' from the 'Mount of Olives,' which begins as one of the most sublime of choruses, and ends like an opera overture; in the *presto* at the end of the Symphony in C minor, which brings the composition to what is called a 'brilliant 'close,' but at the expense of the grandeur and dignity which have characterised it up to that point; or (to come to later works) in the *presto* which winds up the 'Gloria in Excelsis' of the Mass in D, with the hysterical shouts of 'Gloria' at the close; in the extravagances of the 'Et vitam venturi' chorus in the same work*; and, last of all, and most prominently, in the *finale* which in the Ninth Symphony forms such an unfortunate anti-climax to an otherwise great and sublime composition. And if the reader be told that this is 'flat blasphemy as ever was committed,' we would exhort him to have the courage to think for himself instead of following the fashions of musical critics; to remember that indiscriminate worship is a poor homage to pay to genius, creditable neither to the genius nor to the worshipper, and that one may bow the head before Michelangelo's figure on the Medici tomb without therefore thinking the Christ of the 'Last Judgement' an ideal portrayal of the Saviour; and, finally, to be grateful to Sir George Grove for his facts about Beethoven's symphonies without accepting his fancies.

* The manner in which this colossal, but most unequal and tantalising, work is run after now is a curious instance of the influence of fashion in musical taste. Like the 'Passion-musik' of Bach, the Mass in D has become a kind of popular idol, to the entire exclusion and forgetfulness of the composer's more simple, but much more beautiful, Mass in C, mainly because it is a late work of the composer, and is very big and very difficult. We should say unhesitatingly that there is not a movement in the Mass in D equal to the 'Quoniam' of the Mass in C, with its broad and perfectly balanced style and essentially vocal or 'singable' character; and yet the public who run after the later work know nothing of the earlier one, and many are hardly even aware of its existence.

Digitized by Google

ART. X.—1. *The Life of the Lady Arabella Stuart*, in Two Parts, containing a Biographical Memoir, and a Collection of her Letters, with Notes and Documents from original sources, relating to her History. By E. T. BRADLEY (Mrs. A. MURRAY-SMITH). 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1889.

2. *The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart*, including numerous original and unpublished Documents. By ELIZABETH COOPER. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1866.

3. *Despatches Preserved in the Archives of the 'Frari' at Venice*: the Series, in MS. folio, labelled 'INGHILTERRA, 'Senato III., Segreto':—namely, Vol. II. Gio. Carlo Scaramelli, Segretario, 1603; Vol. III. Pietro Duodo, Nicolo Molin, Amb^ri, 1604; Vol. VIII. Marc. Ant. Correr, Francesco Contarini, Amb^ri, 1609; Vol. IX. Idem, 1610; Vol. X. Marc. Ant. Correr, Antonio Foscarini, Amb^ri, 1611; Vol. XI. Ant. Foscarini, Amb^re, 1612; Vol. XII. Idem, 1613; Vol. XIII. Idem, 1614; Vol. XIV. Idem, 1615; Vol. XV. Antonio Foscarini, K^t, et Gregorio Barbarigo, Amb^ri, 1615.

UNTIL recently, our best authority for Lady Arabella Stuart has been the biography which Miss Cooper published close upon thirty years ago. Miss Cooper, however, with some justice, complains in her preface of having been prevented from using many MSS. in family muniment rooms; but the times have now changed, private archives and collections have become generally attainable, and after the lapse of a third of a century a new work on this most unfortunate princess of the luckless house of Stuart was certainly called for. Mrs. Murray-Smith has done us this good service, and in her recent work, having had access notably to the Cecil Papers, besides other MS. records, she has been able to set in their true light for the first time many important incidents, and fill in details of the biography which Miss Cooper had perforce left blank. On some points, nevertheless, the new volumes still fail to afford us full explanation, and hence it will be found worth our while to examine the Despatches of the Venetian Envoys who resided in London during the years when Arabella Stuart played a somewhat prominent part in English history. The Venetian *Dispacci* of this epoch have not yet been published either in Italian or in any translation, for the latest volume of the 'Calendars of State Papers: Venetian,' which Mr. Horatio

Brown is so ably editing, only brings the student down to the time of the Spanish Armada; but the original despatches are preserved among the Archives at the 'Frari,' in Venice, where, thanks to the liberality of the Italian Government, they may be consulted by any who take an interest in these matters.

During the long reign of Elizabeth the Republic of Venice kept no envoy in England until the very last year of the Queen's life, when, in order to seek redress for the acts of English pirates, Secretary Scaramelli was despatched to London. He reached England in February, 1603, and obtained one interview with the Queen at Richmond, before her death, March 24, O.S. On the accession of James, the Doge sent two ambassadors, the Most Illustrious Duodo and the Most Illustrious Molin, on special embassy of congratulation, and from this date onwards one or two envoys continued to represent the Serene Republic at the English Court. In regard to the events of the life of Arabella Stuart we, therefore, have an uninterrupted succession of contemporary despatches from the beginning of 1603 down to 1615, when, in October, Arabella closed her unhappy life a prisoner in the Tower.

Precisely five weeks before the death of Queen Elizabeth Secretary Scaramelli penned a despatch (dated February 27, 1603) to the Doge in order to explain to his Serenity the exact lineage of the various pretenders who might shortly lay claim to the English crown. He names four possible claimants to the crown, but adds that it is most difficult to obtain certain information on this subject, 'seeing that it is 'a matter above all others to be avoided in conversation, and 'this under pain of high treason.' The Secretary begins by reminding the Doge how King Henry VIII. had been the husband of *seven* wives, all of whom, except the first, he had espoused 'a modo suo' after breaking with the Church of Rome. The number seven is reached by counting Lisabetta Polontia, Elizabeth Blunt, the mother of Henry Duke of Richmond, as one of Henry's lawful wives, doubtless because at one time it seemed likely that her son—whom Scaramelli calls by his second title, Duke of 'Somer,' a mistake for Somerset—would gain a place in the line of succession. The Duke, however, as the Venetian Secretary remarks, had died (in 1536) before his father, and without leaving issue, neither had the legitimate children of Henry VIII., to wit, Edward VI. and Queen Mary, left surviving descendants, and Queen Elizabeth being in a like case,

Scaramelli then takes up the lines of descent from the two sisters of Henry VIII.—that is, Queen Margaret of Scotland, who had married, secondly, the Earl of Angus, and Mary, the widow of Louis XI. of France, who had married Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. It is then explained that the descendants of Queen Margaret of Scotland were two—James VI., the present King of that country, and Arabella Stuart, his first cousin, since her father, Charles Lennox, had been the younger brother of the unfortunate Darnley.

Scaramelli passes next to the heirs of Mary, the younger sister of Henry VIII., called the Suffolk line, since these were the descendants of her second marriage. This line was now represented by the Earl of Hertford, who in right of his late wife Katharine, sister of Lady Jane Grey, might set up a claim for himself and his sons, more especially through the provisions of the will left by Henry VIII., which was to the effect that, in default of the King's issue, the crown should descend to the children of his younger sister Mary—the express intention of Henry being to exclude the Scottish line. Of the children of the Earl of Hertford and Katharine Grey (whose mother was daughter of Mary, Duchess of Suffolk) more will be related in the sequel; all that need now be remarked is that this Suffolk claim was, as Scaramelli puts it, 'of no great moment, by reason of 'illegitimacy, for Katharine had been married to Edward 'Seymour, Earl of Hertford, secretly and illegally.'

The fourth possible pretender to the throne, mentioned by Scaramelli, was a descendant of the White Rose—namely, the fourth Earl of Huntingdon, whose mother, Katharine, was daughter of Lord Montague, the elder brother of Cardinal Pole, and hence a great-grand-daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. The Secretary states that Huntingdon, though now living in retirement with his only grandson, was held in much esteem by the nobility, among whom he could count many connections; the Earl was further greatly beloved of the common people, especially the citizens of London, and it was generally believed that he would in due season be one of the first to lay claim to the succession, however fruitless this act would certainly prove in the result.

The despatch from which the foregoing extracts have been made contains some information about Arabella Stuart which will probably solve one of the minor problems which have puzzled her biographers, but it may be as well first to recapitulate the chief incidents of her life about which there

Digitized by Google

can be no dispute. It will be remembered that Arabella was the only child of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, younger brother (by eleven years) of Darnley. She was therefore niece of Mary Queen of Scots, and first cousin of King James. Arabella was born in 1575; when the child was two years old her father died, and at the age of seven she lost her mother, Elizabeth Cavendish, being thus left to the care of her grandmother, that redoubtable dame the Countess of Shrewsbury, commonly known as 'Bess of 'Hardwick,' whose second husband had been the father of Elizabeth Cavendish aforesaid. The child Arabella was brought up chiefly at Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire, and at no great distance from here, either at Sheffield or at Chatsworth, Mary Queen of Scots, her aunt, was kept prisoner, in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. After the execution of the Scottish Queen in 1587, Arabella, a child of twelve, was taken to court and treated with some favour by Elizabeth, who thus brought her forward as a sort of foil to the pretensions of James. Elizabeth, however, as time went on, became jealous of her possible successor, and Arabella, being suddenly sent back to Hardwick Hall, was kept there almost as a State prisoner during the last ten years of the Queen's reign. The following is the account which Scaramelli gives in the despatch from which we have already extracted the paragraphs relating to the succession :—

'Arabella,* who was born in England, is now in her twenty-eighth year, a woman of great beauty and of rare qualities, being possessed of many talents, among the rest able to speak Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, all in addition to her mother tongue—English. She is further of great nobility of mind, having ever steadfastly nourished the opinion that she must succeed to the crown. This princess has always lived far distant from London, under the care of Protestant governors and governesses, and for this reason is of that faith. Now, some fourteen years ago, the Queen caused Arabella to be brought to the Court, intending to keep the maiden there as one of her ladies; but Arabella, though at that time still almost a child, showed such haughtiness of demeanour that only the first place could satisfy her pretensions, and, on a certain day when going to chapel, she of her own accord took the precedence of all other princesses who were following her Majesty, refusing to give way, although several times admonished thereto by the Master of the Ceremonies—asserting that this was the least place that could now, God willing, be given to her. Upon which the Queen, becoming wroth, had her sent back to live in private

* The name is invariably spelt *Arbella* in the despatches written by Scaramelli, as was the custom of the time. Ambassador Foscarini, in 1615, on one occasion writes *Herbella*.

Digitized by Google

station, and, neither at the leave-taking nor since, would her Majesty ever be persuaded to see her.'

The biographers relate how, during the last year of the life of Queen Elizabeth, Lady Arabella had been giving everybody infinite trouble by her love affairs; though who the person was on whom she had fixed her affections is a point that has not been satisfactorily explained. Mrs. Murray-Smith has for the first time published the numerous letters of this period, but this 'mysterious episode' is still only partially cleared up. More than once the Queen sent Sir H. Brounker down to Hardwick to examine into the matter, but Arabella became hysterical when pressed on the subject, wrote numberless long and silly letters to Brounker when he had again departed for London, and protested that she could and would reveal the secret of her love to the Queen only, and in person. Elizabeth, however, absolutely declined to grant her an interview. From various hints in the contemporary letters, it has hitherto been supposed that the person to whom in 1602 Arabella had secretly engaged herself was that very William Seymour whom, eight years later, she married, though it is generally admitted that this supposition is, on the face of it, absurd, since William Seymour in 1602 was a boy of fifteen. Scaramelli solves this small mystery by stating that it was Thomas Seymour, uncle of William, to whom Arabella was now engaged; but before quoting the words of the despatch, it may be well to recall a few of the facts relating to the Seymour family, which gave the importance of a State secret to this love affair of Arabella Stuart.

Queen Mary of England had inaugurated her unhappy reign by beheading Lady Jane Grey, whose claims to the succession then passed to her only sister Katharine. Jane and Katharine, it will be remembered, were the granddaughters and co-heiresses of Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, the younger and favourite sister of Henry VIII., whose claims to the succession Henry had by his will set above those of his elder but hated sister, Queen Margaret of Scotland. Hence it followed that when Elizabeth succeeded to the throne, Katharine Grey became heiress presumptive by Henry VIII.'s will. As already mentioned, Katharine, in 1560, secretly married Edward Earl of Hertford (son of the Protector Somerset), and the marriage being discovered, Elizabeth promptly committed the lovers to the Tower. Here Katharine bore her husband two sons, Edward Lord Beauchamp in 1561, and Thomas Seymour, born in 1563.

Digitized by Google

The Commission, however, appointed by the Queen to examine into the matter, declared that, in spite of all Hertford and Katharine could bring forward to the contrary, no marriage had really taken place, and that consequently the children were illegitimate. The facts of the case were that the only witness, Jane, sister of Lord Hertford, was then dead, and that the parson who had performed the ceremony was not forthcoming. After eight years of imprisonment in the Tower, Katharine died, and the Earl subsequently obtaining his release, had striven, on more than one occasion (namely in 1580, 1588, and 1589, by deeds drawn up before a notary-public), to establish the legitimacy of his two sons Edward and Thomas. Edward Lord Beauchamp, the elder of the two, had married in 1585, and it was to his second son William, born in 1587, that the scandal about Arabella in 1602 has hitherto been supposed to allude. This, however, is now fully disproved by the despatch which Scaramelli wrote on February 27, 1603. The paragraph begins by a summary record of the descendants of Mary Duchess of Suffolk, explaining that Katharine, who took secretly for her husband 'Edoardo Semer, Conte di Erfort' had two sons, 'Thomaso et Edoardo Semer, Conti di Arbic' (which latter title, in the mouth of a Venetian, doubtless represented the Barony of Hache, which had been conferred on the Protector Somerset), and the despatch then continues as follows:—

'The Queen is now much disturbed by the news of an attempted flight on the part of Arabella from the castle where she has been made to live [Hardwick Hall], it being rumoured that on more than one hand proposals of marriage have been made to her; further, it is generally said, and such may well be the fact, that she has a great preference for that same Thomas Seymour whom I have more particularly mentioned above as being the son of Katharine Suffolk and of Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, the said Thomas being of an age suitable to hers, and of most rare excellence in both body and mind. For mere suspicion, however, in so jealous a matter, the Queen, so long as Thomas Seymour keeps out of the way, is not anxious to show any extreme rigour. Hence, fearing either that tumults should be raised among the people, or made anxious by some other unknown cause, all that her Majesty has as yet done is secretly to order the doubling of the guards round the castle [of Hardwick] aforesaid. This is situated some fifty miles from London, and here the unfortunate lady has now lived for many years, not exactly as a prisoner, but, so to speak, buried alive by what was her own act and will.'

It may be worth while here to note that already during the preceding year, the Jesuit, Father Rivers, writing (on July 26, 1602) to his friends on the Continent, reports that

Digitized by Google

'some have an intention to marry the Earl of Hertford's 'second son with Arabella,' and this, since the Jesuits (whatever their other failings) were generally reputed to be very exact in their information, certainly tends to confirm the account given by Scaramelli, that it was Thomas Seymour (and not the boy William) with whom Arabella was now engaged in an intrigue. Connected with her attempt to escape from Hardwick and the guardianship of her grandmother, the Dowager Countess, is the story of the suicide of John Starkey, at one time tutor to Arabella, who had promised him the post of her chaplain. He had, it appears, fallen in love with his former pupil; but the details of the incident, about which there is still some mystery, may best be read in the letters which Mrs. Murray-Smith has now published for the first time. Scaramelli refers to the matter in the following paragraph, which occurs in the next weekly despatch, that of Thursday, March 6 (O.S. February 24).

'In the house of the Lady Arabella the body of one of her chaplains has been found with his throat cut. This man, who had been her tutor, and who was also the most intimate person of those about her, is generally believed to have taken his own life, having on his conscience a knowledge of the recent plots. But it seems that her Majesty will not at present move further in this matter, although she holds in her hand many intercepted letters of the said Lady Arabella which are deemed to be of great importance.'

A week later (March 13, O.S. March 3) Scaramelli writes that 'the marriage of the Lady Arabella is now every day 'spoken of more freely,' adding he hears that both the King of France and the King of Spain are favourably inclined to this match, hoping that, her claims to the throne being thus united with those of the Suffolk branch, Arabella would certainly succeed Elizabeth, and so prevent England, Scotland, and Ireland from being united under a single sovereign; a state of things that neither France nor Spain could contemplate with satisfaction.

The next despatch (March 20, O.S. March 10) gives the news of the death of the Countess of Nottingham, and of the subsequent illness of the Queen. But the true cause of the illness of Elizabeth Scaramelli considers 'to be the 'anger suffered by her Majesty at the doings of the Lady 'Arabella.' He continues:—

'Affairs with the latter have come to such a pass that this son of the Earl of Hertford, to whom she is said to have promised herself in marriage, having suddenly disappeared, and being no more to be heard of, the Lady Arabella has now been taken out of the custody of

Digitized by Google

her grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury, and lodged in that same castle where Queen Mary of England did at one time keep her sister Elizabeth, the present Queen, a prisoner.'

Hatfield is presumably the place indicated, where Elizabeth had lived during the last three years of her sister's reign. But neither this place nor Woodstock (where Queen Mary had sent her sister on releasing her from the Tower) would appear ever to have been tenanted by Arabella, who, according to the information given by Mrs. Murray-Smith, was placed under the care of her kinsman, the Earl of Kent, at Wrest House, during these last few weeks of the life of Elizabeth. Dr. Lingard, on the other hand, says that Cecil sent her to Sheriff Hatton; the place, however, is unimportant, the fact that Arabella was kept out of possible mischief, till the succession was settled, being the only point of interest.

The envoy next relates how Elizabeth, wishing to prevent news of her own illness and of the annoying behaviour of Lady Arabella from getting abroad, had suddenly ordered the ports to be closed, by the which measure letters and persons going over sea would have been stopped; but the orders, Scaramelli adds, had come down too late, and, the mails having already gone, the matter was allowed to drop. The despatch continues in cypher, and, as this paragraph serves to explain the letter of the following week, it may with advantage be given in lieu of a prefatory note:—

'All men, however, are now in a state of suspense, but those who belong to the faction of the King of Scots, and have the power of exciting the popular compassion for Arabella, are now on the contrary occupied in spreading rumours defamatory to her good name, both as regards the past and the present time.'

The next weekly despatch begins likewise in cypher, and with the following paragraph:—

'March 27 [Thursday 17th, O.S.], 1603.

'Most Serene Prince,—The agent of the King of Scotland, who is residing at this Court in much privacy—his chief object being to gain the Lords of the Council and others for his King, labouring in such wise on the one hand that, while he obtains the goodwill of these, he shall not on this very account fall under the mistrust of the other side—has of late been compassing to bring it about that the Lady Arabella be no longer prevented from carrying her marriage into effect. In concert with those of his friends in the Council, he acts thus because they deem Arabella to have lost her good name [*pudicizia*], it being now publicly said at Court that she has already received a verbal permission to marry; and further they hold that [the son of] the Earl of Hereford is infamed on the score of illegitimacy. This marriage, thus consummated, would stand in defiance of that ancient law of the

Digitized by Google

kingdom, which provides that no one of the blood-royal may marry, under pain of capital punishment, without the consent of the Sovereign. The Scottish agent, in acting as he now does, doubtless is urged thereto by certain persons here, being also sure of the approval of the King, his master.'

This Machiavellian policy of defaming any possible rival was eminently successful in the result. The 'ancient law' which Scaramelli refers to is doubtless the Act passed by Henry VIII. in 1536, when Lord Thomas Howard had ventured secretly to betroth himself to Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry, and who, by her subsequent marriage to the Earl of Lennox, became the grandmother of Lady Arabella. This Act (of which Miss Cooper gives an abstract) made any such marriage, without the license of the King in writing under his Great Seal, high treason.

On this same Thursday Scaramelli wrote a second despatch, describing at great length all that he could learn of the illness of the Queen, 'which continues to gain ground,' adding that Elizabeth 'sits brooding over the affair of the Lady 'Arabella, who now is, or feigns to be, half mad.' Events followed one another rapidly. The Queen died on the early morning of April 3 (O.S. March 24), and on that same day Scaramelli repeats the information that the council 'have 'put the Lady Arabella under safe custody—it being held 'that she, by her actions, has been the true cause of the 'death of the Queen.' On Monday, April 7 (O.S. March 28), after informing the Doge that 'King James the First of 'England and Sixth of Scotland' had been proclaimed on the 4th (the day after the death of the Queen), Scaramelli continues, 'the followers of the Lady Arabella, of the Earl 'of Hertford, and of the Earl of Huntingdon, not knowing 'to whom to turn, have all remained quiet. Not one of 'them, however, has been brought to set his signature to 'the Proclamation.' At the close of the despatch a paragraph is added, stating that 'yesterday and to-day news is 'come that the Earl of Hertford, who at first was nowhere 'to be found, has now appeared in the west country near 'the sea-coast, and is there making levies of foot and horse, 'with a view of proclaiming himself king, not only by 'reason of his own rights to the throne, but also on account 'of those of the Lady Arabella.' This piece of news, however, proved to be a false alarm; Hertford was far too cautious to risk his head for the sake of Arabella and her claims, and at the end of the week—on Saturday, April 12 (O.S. April 2)—Scaramelli writes as follows:

Digitized by Google

'It is now generally believed that the Earl of Hertford has throughout been acting at the instigation of France, and the Ambassador of his Most Christian Majesty has been put to great travail therein. Of late, however, the authority and power of the majority in the country have crushed down all opposition, and rumours of tumult are no longer rife, it being even affirmed that the old Earl of Hertford, who is the father of the young pretender, though he be very lame, has promised to get himself carried up to London, in order to put his name and that of his son to the recent Proclamation, provided only they be both pardoned. Further, the Lady Arabella, now no longer mad, writes from her place of custody, in utmost humility, that she will have no other husband, no other state, and no other life than that which King James, her lord and cousin, shall graciously be pleased to grant her.'

Matters thus far, Scaramelli continues, are in a good way, and on the following Thursday week, April 24 (O.S. April 14), he reports: 'It is now said that the King wishes the Lady 'Arabella, as sole princess of the blood-royal, to attend 'the obsequies of the late Queen, and these are fixed for 'the second week of May.' But this intention was not carried into effect, for Arabella herself declined, and, in the words of her letter (quoted by Mrs. Murray-Smith), 'Sith 'her access to the Queen [in her lifetime] might not be per-'mitted, she would not, after her death, be brought upon 'the stage for a public spectacle.' However, the first cousin of the new monarch was now to enjoy high favour, and the Thursday despatch of May 1 (O.S. April 21) reports that 'the 'Lady Arabella has already been put at liberty, and is to 'set out with three hundred horse to join the King,' who at this date was halting at York to recover from the fatigue incidental to his journey South and to celebrate his Eastertide.

The funeral of Queen Elizabeth took place a fortnight later, and, Scaramelli writes, 'the King refused to attend, 'and would not even allow the Lady Arabella to be present.' The next mention of her name in the despatches is under date of May 28 (O.S. May 18), where, after describing his first interview with James at the Palace of Greenwich, the Venetian secretary somewhat scandalously continues:

'The Lady Arabella, a perfect virago of a woman, came last Sunday to visit the King, bringing in her train a number of Lords and Ladies. She was again most lovingly received [*accarezzata*] by his Majesty, and is now held in high favour—so much so, indeed, that at Court it is beginning to be said that should the Queen happen to die, this Arabella would forthwith be married to the King and crowned in her place.'

Queen Anne of Denmark. however, did not die, and was,

Digitized by Google

apparently, wise enough not to show jealousy of Arabella, whose favour at Court was still on the increase, although the King took occasion shortly after to complain of the manner in which the French Ambassador, when Elizabeth was on her death-bed, had sought to meddle in the business of Arabella and her claims to the crown. M. de Beaumont, thereupon, was full of excuses, and Scaramelli writes, on June 12 (O.S. June 2), that 'he goes about seeking to 'justify himself, and protesting that all he ever said in her 'behalf—to wit, at the time when Arabella was in trouble, 'and after the death of the Queen—was only what the duty 'of every good Catholic would be—namely, to protect and 'succour a lady.' The next mention of Arabella occurs more than two months later, for her name does not find place in the account of the coronation. Scaramelli begins his letter of August 20 (O.S. August 10) with this paragraph:

'The Lady Arabella has been summoned to Court and given her position, next to the Queen, as princess of the blood-royal. Rooms have been assigned to her and an allowance of diet, also precedence above all the other Ladies of the Court, and she has begun to carry the Queen's train when her Majesty goes to chapel. But at other times the Lady Arabella still lives in much retirement, and this naturally does not happen without some mystery being made over the matter.'

Nothing further concerning the doings of Arabella is to be found in the despatches of Secretary Scaramelli (who was superseded, in November 1603, on the arrival of the ambassadors-extraordinary, Duodo and Molin), unless it be for a paragraph giving some curious information, and incidentally mentioning her name, which occurs in one of his earlier letters—namely, that of May 28 preceding. This paragraph relates to the affairs of the Armada year, 1588, and makes a statement that is not, apparently, confirmed by other sources. To understand the allusion it must be borne in mind that Arabella, from her earliest childhood, had been the object of matrimonial alliances projected by persons interested in the succession to the English crown. Already, in the year 1586, she then being only eleven years old, the Catholic faction had proposed that she should marry Ranuccio, eldest son of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, the latter being at the time Governor of the Netherlands, in the name of Philip II. of Spain. The significance of the proposed marriage lay in the fact that Ranuccio was heir to the claims of his mother, Princess Mary of Portugal, who represented

Digitized by Google

the male line of Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; but, as far as we are aware, it has never been supposed that Elizabeth would have countenanced this scheme of giving a Catholic husband to the little girl, who, as has already been mentioned, was then living at Court in the capacity of a maid-of-honour, in high favour with the Queen, and ostentatiously put forward in rivalry to the claims of the King of Scots. However, at the end of May 1603, shortly after the peaceful entry of James into his English capital, Scaramelli writes to the Doge informing him that he has just come home from his first audience with the King at Greenwich, and not having been much impressed by the British Solomon, falls to praising the late Queen, whose superiority in matters of statecraft he illustrates by citing two instances. The first instance has reference to the clever manner in which Elizabeth notoriously kept the Duke of Alençon at her beck and call, as her suitor, so long as this would serve her purpose in the affairs of the Netherlands. The despatch then continues:—

'And the second instance is this, which is no less matter, for it is now plainly discovered that in the year 1588, during the very height of the Spanish enterprise against England, the Queen, without consulting anyone, despatched into Flanders Sir Robert Cecil, the little hunchback, then a private gentleman, but already a person of great understanding. He, voyaging thither with a letter written by the Queen herself for his credentials, went to propose secretly to the ear of Duke Alexander Farnese that Arabella should be given in marriage to Prince Ranuccio, and with her hand the right of succession to the English Crown. Now what was the fruit which came of this proposal all the world well knows.'

This last enigmatical phrase should presumably have reference to the failure of the Prince of Parma to join forces with the Duke of Medina Sidonia. It is well known that immediately after the Armada dropped anchor in Calais roads on August 6, 1588, Farnese sent a courier to the Duke, declaring that his army could not be collected for embarkation under a fortnight, that his barges were not manned ready for sea, and that the arms and stores were still lying on the quays of Dunkirk. Now the failure of the great enterprise was largely due to this miscarriage of the combined plan of invasion; and Scaramelli apparently accuses Parma of having had an understanding with Elizabeth—the matter is at least curious.

During the month of November, 1603, the two Venetian Ambassadors-Extraordinary, the Most Illustrious Pietro

Digitized by Google

Duodo and Nicolo Molin, sent by the Doge and Senate to compliment James on his accession, arrived in England; and on December 1 (O.S. November 21) they were received by James in audience. The Court was at this time at Salisbury, whence the despatch is dated. The two ambassadors, after briefly describing their reception, proceed to speak of the double plot, called the Main and the Bye, which had come to light just before the coronation, in the previous July, and in which Sir Walter Raleigh, with Lords Cobham and Grey, were among the chief persons implicated. They and their fellow-conspirators had recently been brought to trial at Winchester for high treason, and were condemned; the details of the plot are well known, but the part which Arabella was to have played in it will be best understood from the following passages from the Venetian despatch, and some of the details are, we believe, new to history:

'In the course of the trial of the conspirators it came out that their intention was to have compassed the life of the King, and to have made Arabella queen; further that they having sought to obtain the sum of 600,000 ducats to be divided among them, from [Count Aremberg] the ambassador of the Archduke Albert [of the Netherlands], he forthwith promised to give them 300,000, but undertook to obtain the other 300,000 after his return to Flanders. The Lord Cobham, also, who was the chief concoctor of the plot, wrote a letter at the end of this last August, directed to the Lady Arabella, in which he besought her to write, as of her own accord, to the King of Spain, giving him her promise that she would grant liberty of conscience throughout this kingdom, the like of what exists in Spain and Flanders, further adding that she would abandon the cause of the rebel States, and lastly would give her word not to marry anyone without the consent of his Catholic Majesty. But this letter from Lord Cobham, Arabella herself presented, unopened and with the seal unbroken, to King James, and it is to this act of caution that she now owes the security of her life, although it was deemed none the less incumbent on her to proceed to Winchester for the meeting of the judges, in order to justify her conduct, had there been any need. She was, however, entirely exculpated from all connivance in the plot by Walter Raleigh, one of those chiefly implicated therein, and this after that he had himself been convicted and sentenced to death. It is said that they designed to give her, for husband, the Duke of Savoy. All these machinations and intrigues have greatly disturbed the King, and in this matter, which is one of no inconsiderable importance, he cannot make up his mind whether to act with rigour would be for the best—allowing the sentence of the law to take its course—or to show royal clemency. The said Arabella likewise, although now proved innocent, and held in much honour by the Queen as a princess of blood-royal, is, by reason of these grave events, kept in a state of constant perturbation of mind.'

Digitized by Google

This extract from the despatch of the ambassadors Duodo and Molin is the only passage throughout their voluminous correspondence in which the name of Arabella Stuart occurs, since from this date onward, for the next six years, her uneventful life gave no reason for the envoys of the Republic to trouble themselves about her. These six years were without doubt the happiest epoch of the life of Arabella; the unimportant details of this time—how she lived at Court and took part in the masques and revels of Queen Anne, out-spending herself, petitioning for the grant of monopolies, and trying in vain to recover from King James the estates that had belonged to her father, the Earl of Lennox—all this will be found amply chronicled in the volumes of Mrs. Murray-Smith. In February, 1608, Arabella lost her grandmother, 'Bess of Hardwick,' the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury, who had survived the Earl, her fourth husband, by eighteen years. One of her daughters, Mary Cavendish (aunt of Arabella Stuart), was wife of the eighth Earl of Shrewsbury, stepson of the Countess Dowager aforesaid; and it is important, in view of subsequent events, to remember that this Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, who was a Catholic, was the nearest blood-relation then living whom Arabella could count on, Mary being the sister of her dead mother, Elizabeth (Cavendish), Countess of Lennox.

About Christmas-time, of the year 1609, the Court was startled by the news that Lady Arabella Stuart had been put under restraint, and next brought before the Council. Her biographers are unable to explain the cause of this imprisonment. 'She fell suddenly and mysteriously into disgrace,' writes Mrs. Murray-Smith, 'why we can never exactly know, as the only allusions to the subject are some passages vaguely referring to it in contemporary letters. . . . That her arrest was connected with money matters is the simplest explanation.' Mrs. Murray-Smith has here been unable to add anything to the information supplied in the work of her predecessor, Miss Cooper. The Venetian Ambassador in England at this period was Marc Antonio Correr, and his account of the matter, when writing to the Doge, will probably be found to solve this small problem, since his information tallies with indications derived from other sources. As early as November 19 (O.S. November 9) Ambassador Correr states in his despatch:—'It is now reported that two of the 'principal ladies of this Court have been converted to the 'Catholic religion, the which gives cause for much comment;' and writing on January 8, 1610 (corresponding to December 29,

Digitized by Google

1609, O.S.) the ambassador adds the following information, writing in cypher:—

One of the two ladies, who, as I wrote to your Serenity on November 19 last, had, it was believed, become a Catholic, is the Lady Arabella, first cousin of the King. Further, during the last week his Majesty has received information that she was trying to escape over sea in company of a certain Scotchman called Douglas, with intent to marry abroad. For which cause the King sent the captain of his guard, and the Baroness, his wife, to fetch her away from the house of a certain lady of the Seymour family, bringing her, under pretext of a friendly visit, in their company to Cenua,* from whence they took her direct to the palace, where she has been kept under guard for some days past. The said Douglas also was arrested, and certain of the servants and waiting-women of the Lady Arabella, and they have put seals on all her property. At this present hour, however, she is at liberty again (though the others are not yet free), for, when brought before the Council, she spoke so as completely to satisfy his Majesty. For some time past the Lady Arabella has been living away from the Court in the house of one of her friends or relations, being in a state of great melancholy by reason of the little esteem with which she finds herself treated, and further because she cannot obtain her proper income, namely such as would befit her condition, being now involved in endless litigation in respect to the recovery of her paternal estates. In this last case she has been petitioning the King to grant her aid; and, as at former times, his Majesty has told her that such is his intention.'

The next weekly despatch, dated January 15 (O.S. January 5), contains the following, also in cypher, which relates the sequel of the story:—

'The Lady Arabella, as I wrote to your Serenity, is now no longer under arrest, but lives in her own rooms: she does not, however, go abroad, and only her relations can visit her. Douglas is also set at liberty, which proves that the affairs of this lady are considered as settled. One of her waiting-women, however, is still kept in prison, she, it is said, having answered too boldly when before the Council, declaring very resolutely and pointedly that their Lordships had no business to inquire into the secrets of her mistress, neither would she, for her part, discover these to them; adding that had she ever heard aught spoken of to the detriment of the service of the King, she would have left the house, but that it was no affair of hers to betray secrets. The replies which the Lady Arabella gave are, on the other hand, deemed very prudent and pertinent; she declined either to acknowledge or to deny that she had ever had any intention of leaving the kingdom; but since she asserted that everyone now treated her ill, it appears very probable that she had some thoughts of getting away.

* The decipher of this name is not clearly written; it may be 'Jenua.' What place is meant is matter of doubt. Also who was the 'Baronessa'?

Digitized by Google

Further, I have recently been told, that the case being as it is, the King will grant her the wherewithal to live in more easy circumstances.'

From the foregoing it appears evident that what caused Arabella to be arrested at Christmas-time 1609 was a report that she had already become a Catholic, and, further, was about to leave the country. In the early years of the seventeenth century it was a grave matter for a princess of the blood—who, after the children of the sovereign, was the heiress presumptive to the crown—to be accused of joining the Church of Rome, and entertaining a wish to flee the country in order to marry a foreign prince. The Catholics had four years before this almost succeeded in blowing up James and his Parliament with the Gunpowder Plot; and the King was keenly alive to the complications likely to ensue should a Roman Catholic pretender be forthcoming. That Arabella was not then becoming a Catholic, and indeed throughout her life apparently never wavered from the Protestant faith, naturally did not prevent public rumour from crediting her with the tendency towards Rome. The Queen was a Catholic, and, as already remarked, Arabella's nearest relation, her favourite aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury, with whom she now constantly corresponded, was of the same faith. Further, the report mentioned by the Venetian Ambassador is confirmed in the 'Letters from Chamberlayne 'to Sir R. Winwood,' who writes, at this date, that Arabella, though set at liberty, is 'not altogether free from suspicion 'of being collapsed.' Mrs. Murray-Smith was apparently mystified by this last word; she confesses that 'the term '*collapsed* is very ambiguous.' But in the seventeenth century the expression 'collapsed' is habitually applied to those who have gone over to the Church of Rome, being the equivalent in the modern usage of 'perverted.'*

* See the 'New English Dictionary,' by Dr. Murray, s. v. *Collapsed*; where of the year 1609 is cited the pamphlet of Sir E. Hoby, 'To all Romish collapsed Ladies of Great Britaine,' besides other authorities. How persistent was the impression retained in the popular mind that Arabella had been 'collapsed' to Rome is proved by a verse in the curious ballad, composed long after her death, which Mrs. Murray-Smith has printed. (Vol. ii. p. 277.) In this one of the stanzas runs as follows:—

'"Lady Arabella," said our King,
"I to your freedom would consent
If you would turn and go to church,
There to receive the Sacrament."'

Lady Arabella, however, refuses to comply with the royal suggestion, and hence remains a prisoner in the Tower.

Digitized by Google

As yet, it will be noticed, there is no rumour of any marriage with William Seymour; six weeks later, however, in the despatch of the Ambassadors Francesco Contarini and Marc Antonio Correr dated February 25 (O.S. February 15) the following passage is met with:—

'The King, not wishing to drive the Lady Arabella to despair, has granted her 10,000 crowns to pay her debts, and so has fulfilled the promise given some time back. His Majesty, further, has much increased her annual pension, and in place of the former eight dishes of meat allowed her daily from the royal kitchen for her table, eighteen have now been accorded to her.* Much jealousy, however, has been stirred up by this, though she for her part expresses herself but little satisfied by what has been done. And, being a lady very high-spirited and audacious, the malcontents may possibly make use of her to suit their purposes, should occasion serve, in the furthering of some evil design. Hence, as it was lately rumoured that there was an intention of marrying her to one of the [grand]sons of the Earl of Hertford, who, like her, is of royal descent, the old Earl was himself summoned last Friday before the Lords of the Council, and interrogated on the affair. The Earl did not deny some knowledge of the same, but the King showed himself so highly displeased at there being even a question of the matter, that they now say the marriage will be stopped.'

A fortnight later the ambassadors add further details under date of March 9 (O.S. February 27):—

'The King, as we wrote in our former despatch, has been most anxious that† this project of a marriage between the Lady Arabella and the grandson of the Earl of Hertford should not go further, lest the rights and pretensions of these two families, who are of all others the nearest in blood to the royal house, should thus come to be united into a single claim. His Majesty, therefore, using much diligence, caused each of the incriminated parties to be examined separately, and

---

* From here the despatch is in cypher to the close of our quotation. In regard to the *scudo*, or crown, in which coin Scaramelli computes sums of money, it is known that this was reckoned at one ducat and a tenth. Now the ducat, as appears from the accounts for postage sent home by the Venetian ambassadors (see, for example, the despatches at the Archives under date of July 14 and December 23, 1610, *Inghilterra*, vol. ix.), varied with the exchange between 4*s.* 9*d.* and 4*s.* 10*d.* Hence in round numbers the *scudo* was equivalent to five shillings. The purchasing power of money, however, in the time of James I. was four or five times what it is at the present day; we may, therefore, count the *scudo* of that date as about the equivalent of the pound sterling of the present time.

† In cypher from here to the close of the extract.

Digitized by Google

then had the two brought together before him, Prince Henry of Wales and the Lords of the Council being also present. The King commanded them both to give up all project of matrimony, but the Lady Arabella answered at length, at first haughtily refusing, and, representing the unhappiness of her condition, once again bewailed how she could obtain none of the inheritance left by her father, which the King has granted away to others. She, however, handed back to this Seymour two rings which he had given her, and it being then required of her that she should crave pardon of the King, she replied that, seeing herself thus abandoned, she had never thought any evil would be imputed to her were she to provide herself with a husband of her own condition in life; however, if she had erred in this assumption, she was ready most humbly to ask pardon. The King, not satisfied with this, insisted that she should confess directly that she was in fault, and ask frankly for forgiveness. This she finally did, thereupon receiving anew promises of money, and leave also to marry, provided only that it should be with someone to the taste [*gusto*] of his Majesty.'

The account here given agrees fairly well with what the biographers of Arabella relate from other sources. The person now spoken of is William Seymour, the second son of Lord Beauchamp, eldest son of the old Earl of Hertford. William was therefore nephew of that Thomas Seymour whom (according to Scaramelli) Arabella had wished to marry in 1603. The lady had now attained the discreet age of thirty-five, William Seymour being still only in his twenty-second year. Arabella must have known Seymour from boyhood; he is represented as being a studious lad not given to the follies of masques, balls, and the 'everlasting hunting' in which Arabella complains that the Court is entirely immersed. He and Arabella had plighted troth on February 2 (O.S. 1610), according to his own subsequent confession; but on February 20, after having been brought before the Privy Council (as described in the despatch), his heart failed him, and he wrote a humble letter to their 'good Lordships' protesting that there was 'no promise of 'marriage,' and undertaking to abandon any such intention 'unless his Majesty's gracious favour and approbation 'might have been first gained therein.' Doubtless, William Seymour at first intended all he wrote, but the circumstances of the case were too strong for him. The lovers, thus duly admonished and having given their promise, were set at liberty; but four months later they contrived to be secretly married at Greenwich, on Friday, June 22 (O.S.), the exact date having only recently been recovered from the fly-leaf of an old account-book, where it had been recorded by one

Digitized by Google

of the witnesses to the ceremony.* The marriage was kept secret for rather more than a week. Early in July the King was told of it, and on the 8th of the month Seymour was committed to the Tower, while his wife remained a close prisoner in the house of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth. Ten days later, Ambassador Correr, in his despatch of July 28 (O.S. July 18), supplies the following details of what had taken place:—

'The Lady Arabella, some time ago, concluded her marriage with the second grandson of the Earl of Hertford, notwithstanding the injunction which the King had laid on her to abstain from so doing. The two were therefore brought before the Council. The youth, who was introduced first, denied the act; but the lady freely confessed to it, excusing the denial of her husband as prompted by fear, and striving to maintain that neither by laws human nor Divine could any impediment be raised thereto. The King, however, took what she had done very evilly, and she was sent away to be placed in the custody of a certain gentleman living just outside the Capital, while the husband has been taken prisoner to the Tower. The law which touches the present case is the one declaring guilty of high treason and rebellion any descendant of the blood-royal who shall marry any other such person without due licence; and this law was passed on the occasion of the secret marriage of the present Earl of Hertford, grandfather of the youth now in question, whose own father, indeed, was in consequence [of the Earl's imprisonment] born in the Tower. It is to prevent any like occurrence, they say, that the Lady Arabella has now been shut up in a place separate from her husband, and it is generally believed that she will not easily regain her liberty,† though if she were found to be with child she would, perhaps, be better treated, [the rigour now used] being with the hope thus to prevent any question as to the succession.'

In their respective prisons Arabella and her husband passed the remainder of the year 1610, the lady occupying her time in writing petitions to the King, the Queen, and the Lords of the Council. The fate of one of these is described by Ambassador Correr in his despatch of September 30 (O.S. September 20) of this year; the petition here spoken of is probably the one printed by Mrs. Murray-Smith‡ signed 'Arbella Seymaure;' in one of subsequent date the offence to which Correr alludes is avoided by the signature being simply 'Arbella S.,' since the initial might stand for either Seymour or Stuart, as the King chose to consider it. The following paragraph is in cypher throughout:—

* For the authorities see Mrs. Murray-Smith, vol. i. p. 252.
† This last phrase is in cypher.
‡ Vol. ii. p. 247.

Digitized by Google

'Since the King has come back from his progress, the Lady Arabella has managed to get the Lords of the Council to present to his Majesty a petition, composed and written with her own hand, begging for an increase of liberty. She met with some difficulty with the Council, but the Lords, after consultation, finally agreed to gratify her. The King, in the first place, took objection to the signature, in which she no longer named herself as of the house of Stuart, but wrote herself "Seymour," the name of the family of the husband, and this his Majesty resented. When he had read through the petition he desired the Earl of Salisbury to see her once again, who, after having done so, declared that he (Salisbury) was not ashamed to own that though what he had spoken was most pertinent, yet his speech was not to equal what the lady had answered; for he protested that even the whole Parliament would find difficulty in replying with effectual argument and eloquence to what she had advanced. The King enquired of him: "but were it well that one so near akin to the blood-royal should let her feelings entirely govern her?" adding that he would reserve his answer for the present and ponder on the matter. It is, however, now generally believed that beforé long her request for liberty will be granted, only it will always be difficult for her to obtain leave to see her husband—at any rate as long as she shall remain of an age to bear him children.'

Thus it was the fear of a child being born, whose claim to the crown would have united the rights of the Suffolk line with those of the next of kin in the Stuart house, that prompted James to strive completely to separate Arabella from her husband. The King could not dissolve the marriage; but he imagined that he could in the future prevent the birth of a pretender to the crown, and this is the only possible justification of the harshness with which James treated his cousin. Towards the end of the year 1610 Arabella, from Lambeth, carried on a secret correspondence with her husband in the Tower, and it seems probable that some clandestine interviews even took place. News of these dangerous proceedings reached James, and he determined to put a stop to any trifling with his orders. The royal intentions are clearly set forth in the first paragraph of a despatch written by Ambassador Correr on January 21 (O.S. January 11), 1611, and the text is in cypher:—

'Most Serene Prince,—When it began to be hoped that the Lady Arabella was about to experience the usual clemency of the King, suddenly, and in spite of the many reasons put forth in excuse of her marriage, and her own most humble petitions, orders have been sent down by the Lords of the Council, it being their will that within the term of twenty days she shall set out for Durham, a city lying some thirty miles from the Scottish border; and here she is in future to live in charge of the Bishop. It is also now generally said that the

Digitized by Google

King will later send her still further away, and that, by carrying her out of the kingdom, he makes sure that the malcontents shall not be able to base their hopes of rebellion on the use of her name. The husband also is now condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, and much more strictly guarded than heretofore; and the knowledge of this has so affected the Lady Arabella that she has fallen into extreme affliction, whereby there are many in this city of London who heartily deplore her unhappy case.'

This journey into the North was delayed by the real or affected illness of Arabella; but on March 15 she was carried in her litter out of Lambeth, and reached Highgate in company of Dr. William James, Bishop of Durham, to whose 'care and custody' the King had confided his cousin by a royal letter written 'from Roystone, this 13th of March.' At Highgate Arabella became so seriously ill that her 'discomfortable journey' (as the poor lady phrased it) had perforce to be interrupted, and it was only by the end of March that Barnet was reached. Her state now was such that the King found himself forced to grant delay of a month for the restoration of her health, and the reverend Prelate, having urgent business in the North, left his charge, by the royal command, to the care of Sir James Croft, who hired a house at East Barnet for her accommodation. The month of respite having expired, Arabella was still apparently unfit to proceed, and her eloquent petitions to the King at length obtained leave for her to remain a second month at Barnet. This, however, was to be the limit of the royal patience, and it was settled that on June 5 she was to set out finally for Durham. Arabella, however, was not acting in good faith. While pretending to be ill and writing to give her promise to the King that she would 'undergo the journey after this time had expired without any resistance or refusal,' she was labouring to concert a plan of escape through the aid of her aunt, Lady Shrewsbury, who had agreed to provide money both for her niece and for Seymour to get free and take refuge on the Continent. The first part of this scheme was carried out successfully, and the news of the escape is communicated to the Doge and Senate in the following despatch of Ambassador Antonio Foscarini, dated June 15 (O.S. Wednesday, June 5), 1611, that is to say, on the day after the event became public:—

'This Seymour, whom the Lady Arabella chose to take for her husband without the consent of the King, and who, on this account, was imprisoned by his Majesty in the Tower of London, has made his escape thence the day before yesterday [Monday]; and also the lady

Digitized by Google

has got free—for, although it had been ordered that she must live under the custody of the Bishop of Durham on the Scottish border, yet, through the clemency of his Majesty, she had been allowed to stay on for a certain time, here in the neighbourhood of London. Nothing of this escape was known to the King before yesterday [Tuesday], but on his Majesty learning of it, the Council was forthwith assembled, and proclamations issued, which were printed that same day; further, one of these is enclosed, with its translation, in the present despatch. In this document it is stated that for diverse great and heinous offences these two persons were committed, the one to the Tower aforesaid, and the other to a special guard, from whence, by the wicked practices of diverse lewd persons, some of whom are mentioned by name, the two have found the means to escape, with an intent to transport themselves into foreign parts. After this follows the prohibition to all persons whomsoever to receive them, and the injunction for their apprehension and keeping in safe custody. Couriers have been despatched to various places, and to France in particular, for it would appear that the two met and embarked at some place not far from London, and forthwith quickly set sail. To-day [Wednesday] the King, after dining at Greenwich, where he has been staying, returned to London, and the Lords of the Council have spent the whole day with his Majesty in secret consultation. It is now generally affirmed that this flight must have been accomplished by the counsel and with the aid of some person of note; and it is believed that the Lady Arabella, who hitherto has professed the religion of the Puritans, will, together with her husband, find no difficulty in becoming Catholic, and thereby will the more easily obtain safety and secure protection abroad.'

In this letter, as stated, was enclosed the Proclamation, 'imprinted at London by Robert Barker, printer to the 'King's Most Excellent Maiestie,' and it is still preserved in the volume of despatches at Venice. It forms a single folio sheet, beautifully printed (of course, on one side only) with the text in black letter, the names of individuals, however (with the colophon of place and date), being in the Roman type, to call special attention thereto. The proclamation recites 'that the Lady Arbella and William Seymour, 'second sonne to the Lord Beauchampe,' managed to 'escape on Munday the third of June,' but as this petition will be found in Rymer's 'Fœdera,' it need not be given again here.

As is well known, the escape was not carried to a successful issue, and the following week Antonio Foscarini describes all that had occurred during the preceding days, ending with the news that Arabella had been retaken. The account appears sufficiently interesting to warrant the translation of his despatch in full; it agrees very exactly with what is known from other sources, but adds some new

Digitized by Google

details, more particularly in the matter of how Seymour effected his escape from the Tower.

'June 23rd [O.S. June 13th, Thursday], 1611.

'Most Serene Prince,—At the Council, which was in session at the time when I sent off my last despatch, and at which the King was present in person, it was resolved to arrest the Countess of Shrewsbury, who is proved to have been with Arabella on the Friday preceding the day of the flight, and to have afforded counsel and aid both to her niece and to Seymour. This order was carried into effect on the day following, and the Countess was forthwith arraigned, being commanded by the Lords of the Council to give answer without delay on the several points of grave accusation charged to her account. At the same time the Ambassador of France, to whom the Earl of Salisbury went and spoke with in person, was informed that his Majesty requested him to send couriers immediately over to Calais and other places on the coast of France, with a view that should Arabella and Seymour land in any such place, they might there be arrested:—and this the Ambassador did, sending off messengers express. That same day [Wednesday], after all the needful orders had been issued, and various persons thrown into prison,—as, for instance, the men of the Guard at the Tower where Seymour was confined, as well as many others, all of whom are to stand their trial—the King, having thus used all possible diligence in the matter, returned from London to Greenwich; when suddenly the Earl of Salisbury received news by express from Dover, stating that the Lady Arabella had been captured by a frigate of the Guard-ships about a league distant from Calais on board the self-same ship in which she had set sail. The Earl went off immediately to the King, and the news was heard with much content at Court, and very particularly by the Lords of the Council of State. For inasmuch as the King and Arabella are the children of two sisters [who are descendants] of Henry VII., and although she, Arabella, be the daughter of the younger sister and a female, it was none the less highly displeasing to them all that a Princess of the blood-royal, one so near a-kin to his Majesty, and one who after the royal children was without doubt the next in succession to the Crown, should thus flee into a foreign country, possibly affording pretext to some foreign prince, already nourishing designs against this country, of gratifying his evil intentions and effecting harm. It must further be explained that since Seymour also was related to the royal house, though in a more distant degree, their separate claims had been united by the marriage, and after a change of religion the two hoped, on declaring themselves Catholics, to obtain protection abroad; for it is currently said that they were to have gone straight to Rome in the first instance, and next possibly to Spain. However, all this project is now at an end. The lady for the present will remain well guarded in London, whither she was brought last Sunday evening, and the known clemency of his Majesty gives no room to fear anything worse for her than this, so long as nothing more heinous be discovered against her than what now appears—all of which may be set down to the effect of an extreme affection for the

Digitized by Google

man whom she chose as her husband. The ship in which the Lady Arabella tried to escape is a very small one, entirely unarmed, and belonging to a Frenchman, but what is of more moment is that on board the same they found a Courier from the French Ambassador with a packet of despatches addressed to the Most Christian King, and all the sailors were French. Arabella embarked on this ship Monday evening accompanied by three of her gentlemen, and one of her ladies; they then dropped down to the mouth of the Thames, where the vessel lay-to for some hours, the wind being contrary. Seymour, who was on board another ship some distance off, sent to know if his wife were there and to visit her. Then the weather having abated somewhat, the vessel which carried Arabella set sail for Calais, but when rather more than half way across she was hailed by a frigate of the English guardships, which only two hours before had received orders to overhaul and search all barks and other vessels. The guardship forthwith commanded the French vessel to lower her sail and come alongside, attempting to enforce obedience by several cannon-shot, but these having no effect the frigate despatched a boat with men in pursuit, for there was a calm, the wind having dropped; and shortly, about a league from Calais, the boat from the frigate came up to the vessel with Arabella on board, which though of light draught was now hardly moving in the water. In a moment the French ship was overpowered, for no resistance was offered either by the crew or by those who attended on the lady. So soon as Arabella found that all was lost, she gave a good portion of the money and other valuables that she had with her to various of those present, particularly to the Captain of the French ship, which forthwith was brought back to the mouth of the Thames, the Captain and the French Courier being put in strict confinement. The despatches for the King of France from his ambassador were shortly after this returned to the latter, but without the cover, being brought him back by the same Courier, who it appears when he was first seized and had the despatches taken from him, was questioned by his captors, "as to what he was doing there?"—"why, seeing he had been sent off by his ambassador four days previously, he had so long delayed his journey?"—and "wherefore he had embarked in this very ship?"

'Further the French Ambassador sent [one of his secretaries] to me the day before yesterday morning to acquaint me with various of the particulars, which I have written above concerning these late events, informing me also that both the Captain of the vessel and the Courier having been sent ashore on the river-bank by the officers of the King, the two had of their own accord come to London and to him, on which occasion the Courier had handed him back the despatches. These two men the Council, later on, had again wished to seize and imprison, but the ambassador protested that they were in no wise culpable, for the Lady Arabella had come on board the vessel without letting it be known who she was, and he further maintains that, even if these men should have had any knowledge of her identity, it was for him or for the French King his master to punish them, and in no wise the business of his British

Digitized by Google

Majesty, or of the English Justices. The French Secretary who came and communicated all this to me further added, that his ambassador had immediately been to express his regrets to the Earl of Salisbury, and it was also his intention to speak with the King, of whom he had requested an audience, in order to lay an exculpation before his Majesty; and this audience was granted him for to-day. Further he let me know that it was his wish himself to visit me to-morrow in order to advise with me in this same matter, and in conclusion he requested of me to let him know without delay my opinion on the form in which he proposed to lay his arguments before the King. Hereupon I answered the French Secretary that I should ever remain deeply obliged to his master the ambassador, for the honour he thus did me, but that it was impossible to add anything further to the arguments thus ably stated by one so prudent in counsel as was his Excellency aforesaid:—then leaving this matter I passed on to talk of other things.

'It is believed that those who accompanied Arabella in her flight may have to pay the penalty of their act with their lives; and from the examination of the prisoners already in the jail it has been made manifest how it was that she effected her escape from the place, ten miles distant from London, where she was kept in custody. This was very easily arranged, for she was left under the charge of a gentleman who, it may be said, was only nominally her warder, and as for some days past she had pretended to be ill, she was only seen by the physician sent for (he being the person who ordinarily attended her), and this physician also under pretext of the illness of one of her relations with whom she had preconcerted the matter, Arabella succeeded in getting away to his London house. Then, leaving behind her the waiting-woman who usually served her, and who on the night of her flight regaled the guard at the house-gate with the dishes from her mistress's table, Arabella went out through the surrounding gardens, being in man's clothes, and, getting on horseback, rode, it is said, in less than an hour the thirteen miles down to the place of embarkation. She is now being frequently examined in order to get to the bottom of the affair, and find out if there be collusion with any foreign prince, also concerning other like questions.

'As to Seymour, all that is yet known is that he has landed at Ostend. He escaped from the Tower by the assistance of his barber. This man, presenting himself at the Tower completely disguised in a false beard and with his leg bandaged, inquired of the servants there for the barber—that is, for himself. He was answered, That the barber was within; and thereupon entered and proceeded to disguise Seymour in the clothes he himself had on, after which Seymour and he boldly sallied forth, the guard putting no impediment in their way, supposing that the companion was the man who had just gone in, while they did not stop the barber, knowing him for a person who was wont to be seen going in and out almost daily. People are very curious here to learn how Seymour will fare in Flanders, and how the Archduke will receive him; further, what route he will take, whether he will change his religion or not, and, more than all else, whether, indeed, he will find any country to give him protection, for they say

Digitized by Google

that previous to arranging his escape he must have come to an understanding in this matter with some foreign prince.'

The usual account of the escape of Seymour from the Tower relates that he slipped past the guard at the main gate, walking behind a cart filled with faggots. That it was his barber who procured him the disguise, as the Venetian Ambassador writes, obtains corroboration from the fact that in the list of those put under arrest, by order of the Council, on June 4 and 5, figures the name of 'Batten, 'Mr. Seymour's barber,' committed to the dungeon in the 'Tower, by Mr. Lieutenant.'

Ambassador Foscarini, in the following week, under date of July 1 (O.S. June 21), adds these further items of news. The French Ambassador having obtained his audience with James, had produced the answer from Calais to his express, the French governor of that port promising to arrest Arabella should she fall into his hands; meanwhile, the French authorities were stopping all passengers. King James had been very civil in his reply to the French Ambassador; the Captain of the French vessel had been set at liberty, nothing more having been said about the captured despatches; and after leaving the audience chamber, the French Ambassador had been sent for by the Queen, who had treated him most honourably. Further, Foscarini adds that on the previous Saturday (June 25, O.S. June 15), the Countess of Shrewsbury had been committed to the Tower for supplying her niece Arabella with money, and it was feared that throughout she had been acting in concert with the Catholics, with whom she was in intelligence. Meanwhile, the English agent [Trumbul] at Brussels had written to report that the Archduke had protested under no circumstances would he have aided Arabella to escape, but would have done everything to please King James. The despatch closes with the remark:—'Meanwhile, they continue to cross-examine Arabella, who 'remains in the Tower, and if no conspiracy be brought to 'light, it is certain that she will not be ill dealt with, 'though, of necessity, she must be guarded in future more 'strictly, in order to prevent her escaping anew.'

On July 7 (O.S. June 27) Foscarini saw James for the first time since the recent stirring events. The following extracts from the despatch seem worth translating, as giving the contemporary view of the matter, and showing how the King considered the question. It cannot be denied that James at this time acted heartlessly towards his cousin, but on the other hand, in the year 1611, a royal princess was

Digitized by Google

not supposed to follow the dictates of her heart only in the choice of her husband. Many eligible matches had been proposed to Arabella, which she had time and again refused. She then married secretly the one man whose claims to the succession, when united to hers, made the alliance a menace to James. 'She had eaten of the forbidden tree,' as James is reported by Lady Drummond to have answered when the Queen interceded with him in this matter, and Arabella had to submit to the consequences of her rash act, and repent at leisure. Foscarini's despatch runs as follows:—

'The day before yesterday I had my audience with the King. . . . [After the usual compliments] his Majesty began to talk to me about the Lady Arabella and her flight: he stated that it had been his intention to have bestowed her in marriage according to her rank: that he knew exactly what would have suited her. Proceeding, he hinted that worse might still be hidden from view, adding, however, that he did not lay any great stress on the matter. Going on to speak of Seymour, the King informed me that the Archduke, in replying to his request that Seymour might be arrested, had answered that he, the Archduke, would not fail to prove to the King and to the whole world how great was his desire to serve his Majesty, but beyond this had given no promise; further, the King appeared to believe that by this present time the Archduke must already have forced Seymour to quit the Netherlands. The King did not appear at all satisfied on this point, and he next commanded me to urge on Your Excellencies that if the said Seymour appeared in the Venetian territory, he must be held in durance until his Majesty should be communicated with. The King did not seem to doubt but that this favour would be accorded him, adding that he knew well Your Excellencies would never wish the territory of the Republic to become an asylum and a point of passage to harbour or to forward people of this kind; for such courtesies were often used by princes towards each other, one State seizing and sending back to an ally fugitive outlaws guilty of misdemeanors, which yet were in no wise treasonable to their own king or prince; and his Majesty concluded by remarking that whosoever was prompt to declare himself a friend and give aid in moment of peril might be sure of a like favour at his own time of need.

'To this I answered that be the matter in request how great soever, Your Excellence would certainly order it forthwith to be so executed as to gratify his Majesty . . . and continuing in similar language . . . I gave a general promise, but without entering into particulars. The King listened to my speech with much content, and, seeming well assured that Seymour would seek refuge in some foreign country, he greatly holds to the proofs of friendship and sincere alliance which Your Serenity has ever manifested towards him. The King is more disquieted by this escape of Seymour than he shows either in speech or manner, and it is commonly believed that the said Seymour will

Digitized by Google

ultimately find refuge either in the Pontifical States or in those of the Catholic King. . . . This morning I went to visit the Earl of Salisbury, who very confidentially talked over the same affair with me, substantially speaking in the same terms as the King, though more succinctly; but adding, in reference to Seymour, that he was a bastard, and in a few words explained to me the reasons for this assertion. He seemed to be in no doubt that, should Seymour appear in the Venetian territory, Your Excellencies would cause him to be arrested.'

In conclusion, Foscarini writes, Salisbury had told him that an order was already sent to the English envoy at Venice to present this request officially from the King to the Doge, and he begged the ambassador, with much earnestness, to urge the matter in his despatches. Foscarini adds that he answered Salisbury in the terms he had used to the King, and then forthwith took his leave of the Treasurer.

What remains to be told of the story of the unfortunate Arabella and her husband does not occupy much space in the later despatches. The danger of a plot, if any there were, was past. Under date of July 14 (O.S. July 4), the ambassador writes:—'The Lady Arabella and the Countess 'of Shrewsbury still remain in close confinement in the 'Tower, and their examination continues, in hopes of dis-'covering the origin of the whole affair, which, from what is 'now reported, appears to have had many ramifications.' In the next despatch, that of July 21 (O.S. July 11), it is reported that the Earl of Shrewsbury had been petitioning the King for the release of his Countess, but in vain, having only been answered by threats; and many months later, on December 9 of the same year, the Doge is informed that 'the Countess of Shrewsbury continues as 'before,' in the Tower, where, indeed, for some years to come, she remained a close prisoner.

William Seymour never saw his wife again. He left the Netherlands, unmolested by the Archduke, and travelled to Paris, where he subsequently resided on an allowance of 400*l.* a year, sent to him by his grandfather, the old Earl of Hertford. Arabella, after remaining a prisoner during four years in the Tower, died, it has always been said, of a broken heart, and out of her mind. From evidence which Mrs. Murray-Smith is able to bring forward from the contemporary accounts, it does not appear that Arabella was ill-treated, everything but her liberty having been granted to her. Her latest biographer does not give credence to the story that she went mad at the close of her life; indeed,

Digitized by Google

the only direct evidence which appears to be forthcoming in support of this assertion is a passage in a letter of Chamberlayne, dated March 11, 1613,* who writes that Arabella has 'been dangerously sick of convulsions, and is 'now said to be distracted.' We have searched through all the despatches of the Venetian Ambassador, from the year 1611 to 1615, and can find no mention or allusion whatever to Arabella having become mad during this period, and the ambassador would assuredly have reported it in his weekly letter had any such rumour reached him. From the month of July 1611, the name of the unfortunate lady does not occur again in the despatches, until, writing under date of October 9 (O.S. September 29), Foscarini announces her death :—

'The night of Wednesday, a little before daybreak,† the Lady Arabella Stuart died suddenly in the Tower, and without leaving any will; thus the poor Lady at one and the same time has found an end of her troubles and of her life. Her body was yesterday borne to the grave, being followed by more than sixty coaches. Shortly before her death the Countess of Shrewsbury was allowed to see her, but she found her voiceless and almost entirely senseless, being very nigh to death.'

The fact that over sixty coaches followed the funeral to Westminster Abbey shows that Arabella can hardly have been laid to her rest 'at dead of night . . . without any 'ceremony save the hurried reading of the burial service,' as Mrs. Murray-Smith has stated.

---

* Quoted by Miss Cooper, vol. ii. p. 298.

† The Italian runs, 'Mercordi notte poco inanzi 'l giorno,' which may be ambiguous, though good authorities agree that it almost certainly refers to the dawn of Thursday. But throughout the East the night of a day is its eve, and at the present day, in Venetian dialect, 'sta notte' means '*last* night.' Hence the above might mean Wednesday morning. The date of the despatch (the 9th) is a Friday, and it states that the funeral took place 'hieri'—that is, Thursday, October 8 (N.S.), or September 28 (O.S.). Miss Cooper ('Life,' vol. ii. p. 245) gives September 25 (that is, Monday) as the day of the decease, and (*idem.* vol. ii. p. 299), quoting from the Register of Burials in Westminster Abbey, gives the 27th (Wednesday) as the day of the funeral. Mrs. Murray-Smith ('Arabella Stuart,' vol. ii. pp. 51 and 72), following her predecessor, mentions twice over the 25th as the day on which Arabella died, but quotes her authority as stating that this was a 'Tuesday night,' the 25th being really a Monday. The matter is of very small importance, since nothing depends on it, but it is curious that the contemporary Venetian despatch, instead of settling the question, rather adds to the imbroglio.

Digitized by Google

One more extract from the despatches remains to be added, dated the following week, October 16 (O.S. October 6), and it certainly may be quoted as an argument against the usual assertion of Arabella having been mad at the time of her death, that she is here spoken of as dying 'in a certain way 'contumacious.' This term surely would not have been applicable to a person bereft of reason.* The despatch is signed by the two ambassadors—Antonio Foscarini, Kt., and Gregorio Barbarigo—and the paragraph in question runs as follows :—

'I, Foscarini, wrote last week that the Lady Arabella was dead, and seeing she was so nearly related to the King, and so much spoken of, we think it well here to add that the Council have already met and deliberated whether, as the Queen desired it, their Majesties should put on mourning; further, where the Lady should be buried. It was resolved that since she had, in a certain way, died contumacious, the Court should not go into mourning; but as to the place of her burial, that might be where her relations best liked it. Hence she has been buried in the same grave where her grandmother lies, among the royal tombs, and near the resting place of Prince Henry. Her death, which was almost instantaneous, accompanied by a sudden tremor and loss of power in the lower limbs, has been much regretted by many of the chief persons here, but the King has said nothing on this subject, though his Majesty is become heir of such small property as she has left.'

After the death of Arabella, William Seymour was at last allowed to return to England. By the death of his elder brother in 1618, preceded by that of their father in 1612, William Seymour became Lord Beauchamp, and, in 1621, succeeded his grandfather in the earldom of Hertford. He was created marquis by Charles I. in 1640, and being governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., was a notable figure on the Royalist side during the Civil

* As a specimen of how rumour was ever busy with the fate of Arabella, it may be mentioned that she was popularly supposed to have borne a child in the Tower. The imputation, however, cannot be supported by any contemporary evidence. Further, James was credited with having poisoned her, as appears from the debate in Parliament a century and a half after her death, for in describing the passage of the Royal Marriage Bill in March 1772, Horace Walpole ('Journal of the Reign of George III.,' vol. i. p. 71) writes:—'On the 24th the Bill was reported to the House, and opposed with vehemence by T. Townshend. The Lady Arabella Stuart, he said, was poisoned in the reign of James I. He wondered why the precedent had not been put into the preamble: it would have made as good a figure there as prerogative.'

Digitized by Google

Wars. At the Restoration, the attainder passed on the Protector Somerset was reversed, and his great-grandson, William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford, became the second Duke of Somerset, enjoying this honour, however, for a month only before death overtook him in October 1660. Some years after the death of Lady Arabella, William Seymour had married again, and a grandson by the second marriage afterwards succeeded to the dukedom; but that his first wife was not entirely forgotten appears to be indicated by the fact that of his daughters one received the name of Arabella, in memory of the wife of his youth.

Digitized by Google

ART. XI.—1. *Parliamentary Debates.* Session 1896.

2. *Speech of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone at Liverpool.* 'Times,' September 25, 1896.

3. *Letter from the Earl of Rosebery to Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P.* 'Times,' October 8, 1896.

THE lot of Lord Salisbury's third Administration has been cast in times of difficulty and danger. In almost every quarter of the globe troubles have arisen sufficient to try the quality of British statesmanship. Indeed, from month to month, sometimes even from day to day, events have succeeded each other with such rapidity that almost before the public could make itself acquainted with the facts affecting one difficulty, it found itself plunged into another of even more pressing interest. Already half a dozen questions have arisen and have stirred public feeling, any one of which, if handled in an undecided or blundering fashion, would have been productive of much mischief and even danger to the State. With the present division of parties, and with an unprecedentedly large majority supporting the Government, it is true that failures and blunders would probably not immediately entail the fall of an unsuccessful Administration, but they would at once destroy its authority with the public. Whatever might happen in the House of Commons, the people would not be long in withdrawing their confidence from a Ministry that had failed. With the change in opinion would come the growing doubt whether any longer the Ministry represented the feeling of the country. Opposition statesmen would find themselves listened to for their advice and looked to for their leadership even by people outside the limits of the regular party caucus, and power would begin to drift towards them long before the all-powerful ministerial majority in the House of Commons was seriously shaken.

Our readers doubtless can call to mind several occasions in the history of modern Governments when Oppositions, miserably weak in numbers, have first begun, partly through ministerial mismanagement, partly through their own vigour or steadfastness, to rally to themselves the support of a growing public opinion; and how opinion, at first wavering and uncertain, has become at length consolidated, either round some principle of action adverse to the ministerial policy or in the recognition of some statesman or group of statesmen in Opposition as the true exponents of the popular sentiment and will.

Digitized by Google

It may perhaps be worth while inquiring whether the Ministry which came into power in June 1895, primarily in order to overthrow the projects of domestic legislation of the preceding Administration, remains in October 1896 a true exponent of British opinion and sentiment; or whether, on the other hand, Opposition criticism is becoming something more than mere ex-official criticism, and is hardening into a definite policy likely to rival in popular favour the policy of the Ministry as regards either the external or internal affairs of the nation.

For the last month 'an agitation' has swept Great Britain from Land's End to John o' Groats, and for the time all popular interest in politics is centred in the Eastern Question, or, perhaps, it should be said in the one aspect of that question which concerns the barbarous and atrocious treatment by the Sultan of his Armenian subjects. We cannot, however, in a review of the political situation confine our gaze solely to the events of the passing hour. Moreover, as yet the agitation has been productive of no rival policy, though it has demonstrated the detestation with which the British people regard the Sultan and his rule, and the keen desire to assist by every means in their power the unhappy Armenians. It is necessary to stand back a little from the occurrences of the moment if we would see the political situation in true perspective.

The trite saying that 'in politics it is always the unexpected that happens' has certainly received confirmation in the events of the last twelve months. A year ago, still less a year and a half ago, when the vital question of Home Rule was undecided, who could have predicted that in the year 1896 the minds of Englishmen were to be chiefly occupied with affairs in South Africa, a difference with the United States as to the delimitation of the British frontier with Venezuela, a revolution in Crete, the possibly imminent collapse of Turkish authority in Constantinople itself, and the advance of an Anglo-Egyptian army into the Soudan? Who could have foretold, after all the legislative promising inevitable at a general election, that the principal measure of the first working session of the Unionist Government would be a proposal to recast fundamentally the educational arrangements of the Act of 1870?

It is the unexpectedness of the situation that tries majorities and men. How have our statesmen acquitted themselves? How has the great Unionist majority that rewarded the patriotic exertions of the people in July of last year stood the test? Let us glance for a moment at the

Digitized by Google

political situation of only a few months ago. On June 21, 1895, a small majority of the House of Commons in a thin house declared that the quantity of cartridges kept in stock by the War Department was insufficient to meet the possible exigencies of the country. This division, on a subject which excited no public attention, put an end to the Home Rule Administration, which ever since the defeat of its Home Rule policy in the House of Lords in 1893 had, in fact, been tottering to its fall. Three days later Lord Salisbury had formed a Unionist Cabinet, in which for the first time Liberal and Conservative statesmen sat side by side. Then began the experiment of once more frankly founding party arrangements upon the principles which really divided the opinions of men on the great question of the day, rather than with reference to the party names, party whims, and party badges of the past.

The general election, which in a few weeks followed the momentous division of June 21, testified in the most unmistakeable manner to the approval with which the country witnessed the co-operation in the Cabinet of the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist leaders. The nation, after nine years of political strife, had given an overwhelming vote against Home Rule; a policy which apparently it liked none the better when it appeared that Home Rule would have to be brought about by the previous annihilation of the legislative authority of the House of Lords. Neither Home Rule, nor the Abolition of the House of Lords, nor the Disestablishment and Disendowment of Churches, nor Sir William Harcourt's Liquor Bill, nor the Payment of Salaries to Members of Parliament appeared to elicit any great amount of popular enthusiasm amongst the generality of men, whilst their combination in a great party-programme provoked a feeling almost approaching to popular disgust.

The result, therefore, of the Unionist coalition and of the general election was to place in power a Ministry containing an unusual amount of statesmanlike ability, and to give it the support of an almost unprecedentedly large majority in the House of Commons. For the Unionist cause all the omens were favourable. If these men, backed by the hearty support of both branches of the Legislature, and with public opinion, as evidenced by the general election, strongly in their favour, could not govern the country to the general satisfaction; under what circumstances and by whom could the country be satisfactorily governed? This was the question which Unionists generally were asking themselves a year ago.

Digitized by Google

Yet, rightly or wrongly, at the prorogation last August it was the Opposition, small though its minority in Parliament might be, which rejoiced over the history of the past session, rather than the great battalions who supported the Government. Whether there was any real justification for this feeling of elation on one side of the House of Commons and of disappointment on the other is another matter, and so is the question whether these sentiments extend beyond parliamentary and political circles, and affect materially the political leanings of the electorate. Ordinary party men, on the one side and the other, probably hold, and certainly always profess, on such questions the belief most agreeable to themselves. But there are of course, in the absence of a long series of bye-elections, no sufficient data upon which anything deserving the name of a sound opinion as to a change in the sentiment of the electorate can be founded It is more useful to try to ascertain the cause of the professed elation of the Opposition and of the scarcely veiled disappointment of many of the supporters of the Government than to speculate on the result of an immediate general election which everyone knows is not going to take place.

The Unionists did not owe their victory to the popularity attaching to any definite legislative programme advanced by their leaders. The Ministry came back from the country pledged to govern it as a single nation through the Parliament of the United Kingdom, undertaking moreover to turn the legislative energies of the House of Commons towards the practical improvement of our existing institutions, and towards measures beneficial to the condition of the people, rather than towards sweeping measures of constitutional change. Sometimes in our history a majority has been returned almost solely with a view to forwarding some great legislative measure, the principle of which has been approved by the electorate. In the last election no such 'mandate' as this was imposed upon Parliament. The newly formed Ministry was sent back to Westminster with the largest majority of modern times at its back, in order to govern the country upon certain definite principles, to guide the nation with a steady hand in its foreign relations, and to forward domestic legislation of a businesslike rather than a showy character. Again, there have been general elections of which the decisive result has been due to the evident desire of a great majority of the country to be governed by some particular statesman, whose personal popularity has far outweighed with the electorate any purely

Digitized by Google

political considerations. At the last general election there was no single name on either side of overwhelming popular power. In Great Britain and in Ireland there is indeed at the present time little sign of that 'one-man power' which we are told that democracy generally promotes. The victorious Unionists looked to a group of statesmen whose co-operation was essential to success. The Opposition have hardly yet decided upon whom the mantle of Mr. Gladstone is to fall, and Irish party politics have resumed their resemblance to the *mêlée* of a faction fight.

But to whatever causes a large majority is due, the high party hopes to which it gives rise are rarely or never quite realised. The name of the 'Eighty' Club bears melancholy witness to the enthusiasm with which young Liberal politicians in 1880 welcomed Mr. Gladstone's great majority of sixteen years ago, as the beginning of a new period of prosperity for their principles and their party. Yet before the new House of Commons of that year had been many months in existence, the Government had been repeatedly defeated upon the Bradlaugh question, the House of Lords had rejected one of the principal measures of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, and those difficulties were already in sight which were before long to cause the resignation of several of its ablest members. In 1886 the Conservative Government had, properly speaking, no party majority at all, its continuance depending upon the steadiness of the then untried Unionist alliance; and many experienced men not unnaturally prophesied that no Ministry could survive for many months with a House of Commons in such an anomalous condition. Thus Lord Salisbury's administration of 1886 began with little expectation of winning political triumphs, and indeed with very indifferent prospects of long maintaining its position. Yet that Government remained in power for six years, and, in the administrative work it accomplished and the legislation it passed, it may challenge comparison with any ministry of this generation.

It is the constant effect of the keenness of parliamentary debate and the rivalry of parties to give exaggerated importance to passing incidents. A trifling blunder of a minister, or some trivial administrative success, or the fact that a majority is a little larger or smaller than ordinary, is hailed by the one side or the other as being of the utmost moment to the country. There is a lack of all sense of proportion in the nightly party conflicts of the House of Commons; and it is, of course, the object of parliamentary

Digitized by Google

reporters, and of newspapers catering for readers, to make as interesting and pungent as possible their description of parliamentary incidents. We all like to read of the debating triumphs of our own protagonists, and of the nightly rout of our foes. And to the local party politician these things are the very breath of his existence. Newspapers respond to the demands of the public, and the incidents, scenes, all-night sittings, and gossip of the Lobby are retailed with a graphic power and an exaggeration of their significance which for the moment make men forget how very little in most cases it all comes to! When the lapse of time has removed us a little distance from these temporary excitements, it becomes more possible to estimate the result of a session—to survey the field of battle as a whole, apart from the incidents of every skirmish. Nothing is easier than to count the Bills passed, and to compare them with the Bills promised; to compare the number of pages of Statutes 59 & 60 Victoria with the number of pages of some bulky volume of earlier years; but to judge how the session has affected the party position in the House of Commons and in the country, how far it has added to or taken from the reputation of this or that statesman, how far it has affected the influence of this or that parliamentary group, how far its progress has promoted or checked the growth of particular political principles, is a much more difficult matter.

It must be said, however, that political interest has during the last year centred far less than usual in the proceedings of Parliament. The Budget, involving no very important changes, and the vigorous measures taken for increasing the strength of the fleet and the defences of the Empire met with almost universal approval; and the explicit language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget speech, declaring the steadfast determination of the Ministry to refuse to listen to any projects for changing the basis of our currency system, brought comfort to those who dreaded that the bimetallic leanings of certain members of the Cabinet were more than the mere 'pious opinions' of eminent individuals. The Rating Bill was, it is true, vigorously contested by the Opposition; but it was very naturally popular in agricultural districts. It was not, and did not pretend to be, a great measure. No one supposed that it would remove the distress from which agriculture is suffering. But to the general public it seemed only reasonable, since this distressed interest was bearing a far larger share of local

Digitized by Google

burdens than would equitably fall upon it, that, pending a proper redistribution of local taxation between the different classes of property, provision should be made for diminishing this excessive burden, by a subsidy out of the general resources of the country. The Irish Land Bill, the greater part of the provisions of which were necessitated by the lapse of the fifteen-year terms—those quasi-leases, as Mr. Gladstone termed them—of the Land Act of 1881, and the inclusion within the operation of the Act of various exempted classes of holding, provoked vigorous opposition in the House of Lords, where the Government, though supported by the principal statesmen of the Opposition, suffered several defeats. The Bill conformed very much to the expectations raised by previous speeches of Ministers; but the Irish landlord party bitterly opposed, in the House of Commons, some of its provisions, and in the Upper House that party, aided by the sympathy and votes of English Peers, prevailed against both Front Benches. The one-sided character of the debates of the House of Lords on landlord and tenant questions is greatly to be regretted. The prejudices—nay, the interests—of the tenants as against those of landlords find no independent expression in that assembly. It was difficult to convince the public that a measure which seemed just and expedient to men like the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Ashbourne, well acquainted, if ever men were, with Irish land questions—a measure which had been pressed through the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour and his brother (the Irish Secretary) as urgently required in Ireland—was in truth one more forward step in the policy of landlord plunder. The Government, as it was bound to do, adhered to its own view, and on the essential points of controversy the House of Lords ultimately yielded.

So far the parliamentary policy of the Government was such as had been anticipated; and, on the whole, it had undoubtedly met with public approval. The country, on the other hand, was completely taken by surprise by the proposal of the Ministry to overhaul from top to bottom the educational arrangements of Mr. Forster's Act of 1870. A great deal had doubtless been said at the general election in criticism of Mr. Acland's rule at the Education Department. It was felt that his policy was one of hostility to the Voluntary schools, and that demands were being made upon them with the deliberate intention of making their continuance impossible, or very difficult, and so to promote

Digitized by Google

the universal establishment of School Boards. Whether this belief was entirely justified may be a question. There can be no doubt that it was largely held; and, accordingly, very many candidates were returned pledged to see that some assistance was rendered to the Voluntary schools. Under Mr. Forster's Act our educational system was intended to embrace both Board and Voluntary schools, and assuredly the country was not prepared to tolerate indirect attempts to drive the latter out of existence. The proposals, however, of the Ministry went far beyond satisfying the very moderate expectations of the country in its desire to check the bellicose policy of Mr. Acland. A great scheme of delegation to local authorities of the powers now centralised in the Education Department in London, a very substantial grant in aid of the Voluntary schools, provisions for the permission of denominational religious teaching by voluntary agencies in the public school buildings, the raising of the school age from eleven to twelve years, and the vesting in the new local authorities of power to deal with secondary education and with technical instruction, as well as with the elementary schools, were the main features of the Government plan. The scheme, in truth, contemplated a reform in our local government system no less than in our educational arrangements. It was the first attempt to reduce, by means of consolidation of powers, the multiplicity of local authorities and boards—to diminish their number, and thereby to increase the responsibilities of each. With the increased importance of the work to be done would come a rise in the quality of the men chosen to do it. The frequency of local elections, and the dispersion of local powers amongst so many functionaries, tend to increase public indifference. Let education ultimately be regarded as a branch of local government, and education and local government will both benefit by the change. Mr. Balfour in this regard held up the example of Germany, where primary education is the best in the world, and where it is administered under the municipal system, and not under a system carried out by bodies elected *ad hoc*.

A great deal is to be said for the main principles underlying the Government measure; but the subject had not been discussed by the public, opinion had not ripened or become definite, some were interested solely in one feature, others solely in some other feature of the proposal, so that before the Bill had been many weeks in print confusion

Digitized by Google

reigned in party counsels. Though the second reading was passed by the unexampled majority of 267, it soon became apparent that, if the details of the measure were to be properly discussed, there would be no time available for other legislative business. Mr. Asquith, as the spokesman of his party, had moved the rejection of the Bill, strongly condemning the transference of authority from the central department in London to local authorities. The vehemence with which he took the departmental view, that upon the London office depended the progress and success of our educational system in its struggle with parochial and rural inertness, was surprising coming from one who looks at 'decentralisation' as the principle upon which our political constitution is to be reconstructed. At the Home Office a small experiment had been tried in delegating to the local authorities the inspection of workshops in matters of sanitation; but the ex-Home Secretary had found it was impossible to trust even so small a duty as this to local bodies. The work was, he said, habitually neglected. It would be little less than madness for the central department to delegate important powers to local educational authorities. This, of course, is the usual language of a departmental official. A wider experience would have told Mr. Asquith of cases where the hindrance to local educational progress was central red-tapeism and the want of support given by the London department to local energy and zeal.

On other branches of his subject Mr. Asquith stood on firmer ground. Three-fourths of the expenditure on Voluntary schools comes from the State, yet their management was in private hands. The Bill contained no provision to remedy this defect. The proposal to depart from the Cowper-Temple compromise was, he declared, an attempt still further to denominationalise the school system of the country, and he quoted high dignitaries of the Church to the effect that what was wanting in the religious instruction given in the Board schools could well be supplied elsewhere. 'There 'was no evidence that the parents of the children for whom 'this religious instruction was provided were dissatisfied. 'The agitation was a clerical agitation, carried on for the 'most part by the extreme members of the clergy and by a 'body of laymen more clerically minded than the clergy 'themselves.'*

To this portion of Opposition criticism Mr. Balfour's

* Mr. Asquith, Parliamentary Debates, May 5, 1896.

Digitized by Google

reply was not altogether reassuring; though his retort upon the Scottish members who denounced denominationalism was effective– viz. that in every Board school in their constituencies and in every parish in Scotland the Shorter Catechism was taught, a 'formulary' far more elaborate than those of the Church of England, which are excluded by law from the Board schools south of the Tweed. The merit of the Cowper-Temple clause is that it is a check upon denominationalism; and that it renders it easier in the English system of education for boys and girls whose parents belong to different religious communities to be educated together. That surely is an object at which our statesmen ought to aim. It is the shallowest of pretences that it is necessary, in the bringing up of children as good Christians and good citizens, to instil into them, almost from their babyhood, the teaching of those elaborate formularies which are the favourite battle-ground of Christian sects. The Roman Catholic priesthood will probably always insist upon the separation in educational matters of their own youthful flocks from the contaminating influence of Protestant youth. With the former we must expect that the views of the priesthood will determine the action of the laity. But with Protestant churches and sects the sentiments of the laity count for much more; and even were the clergy universally in favour of the denominational system, it may well be that the growing dislike, among laymen, to the exaggeration of sectarian difference, and the steady diminution of sectarian animosity, will in time give increased popularity to a general undenominational system, such as it has been the object of the Cowper-Temple compromise to promote.

The Bill was of necessity withdrawn, the Government pledging themselves to provide, before the commencement of next financial year, assistance to the Voluntary schools. No good purpose would have been served by any further pressing forward of the measure this year. Its failure was, of course, hailed by the Opposition as a great triumph; yet it may well be doubted whether, from the party point of view, the proposals of the Ministry had not caused far more dissension in the ranks of the victorious Opposition than in their own. The all-important alliance between Irish Home Rulers and the regular Opposition broke down completely, and vehement was the language in which Irish Roman Catholics and English Nonconformists expressed their dissatisfaction with each other. Yet, in truth, no just complaint could be made against the conduct of the

Digitized by Google

Irish Home Rule members, who had never undertaken to sink their own political preferences in return for Nonconformist support to the policy of Home Rule!

But it has not been with Rating Bills, or Irish Land Bills, or Education Bills, or with parliamentary rules of procedure that the minds of men during the last year have been mainly occupied. Foreign and colonial politics have been passing through a very trying period, and the credit of the Ministry has been for the most part dependent upon the manner in which Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain have dealt with their difficulties. The Eastern Question, indeed, is always with us. As regards Armenia, Lord Salisbury was confronted with the same problem as Lord Rosebery, and he pursued—as he was almost bound to do—the same policy as his predecessor—viz. that of endeavouring, by the instrumentality of the Concert of Europe, to intimidate the Sultan into putting an end to the massacres of his Armenian subjects, and into providing some sort of just government for the distracted province. This policy has as yet met with no success. Not one of the Continental Powers was willing to take upon itself the duty of imposing upon the Sultan the wishes of Christian Europe; and had Great Britain attempted to take solitary action, it would have been in the face of the disapproval, probably even of the active opposition, of one or more of these Powers. In Crete it appears that the 'Concert' has been more successful, and, owing mainly to the urgency of Lord Salisbury, there are good prospects that under the rule of a Christian governor, and with practical independence from the rule of the Turk, a new era of tranquillity will begin.

But in the last few weeks the whole problem of the Eastern Question has reached a much more acute stage. The Sultan has pursued his policy of massacre—for such it really appears to be—at Constantinople itself, under the very eyes of the Ambassadors of the six Powers representing the Concert of Europe. It is true that the Armenians themselves, in a murderous assault upon the Ottoman Bank, were the first to resort to violence; but the Sultan and his agents appear to have greedily availed themselves of such an opportunity for resorting to wholesale massacres of unoffending citizens. The Ambassadors are convinced that these outrages were either actually instigated by the Sultan and his creatures, or at least were deliberately allowed to continue whilst the Sultan had ample means to bring them to an end. The Ambassadors have concurred in the use of the

Digitized by Google

strongest language of remonstrance to the Sultan himself; language, indeed, which almost imports that he is not the Sovereign power even in his own capital, and that they are addressing one who must obey their commands, and whose existence is dependent on the sufferance of the Powers they represent. But events have proved in Armenia for the last year and a half that, unless the 'Concert of Europe' proceeds beyond words, the Sultan will remain perfectly indifferent to remonstrances, however vigorous. As yet, the Great Powers have shown themselves as unwilling to concur in taking common action to protect Armenians in Constantinople as they were to protect them in distant Armenia.

Under these circumstances it is natural that a great thrill of indignation should have run through the country. The agitation is a cry for action. Its purpose is to press upon Lord Salisbury the necessity of making an end of Turkish barbarity and misrule; and, so far, instead of assuming, as in 1876, the character of a party agitation, the meetings and the speakers vigorously assert that their great object is to strengthen Lord Salisbury's hands, and to assure the Ministry that public opinion will support them in any vigorous steps they may take to put an end once for all to a state of things which is a scandal to civilisation. Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding his great age, has come forth from his retirement, and shown once more that no man is so fit as he to give emphatic voice to popular emotions which he so keenly shares. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Asquith, and other ex-Ministers have also spoken, and as week has succeeded week there has been apparent a growing indisposition amongst Opposition speakers to urge on the Ministry warlike action by Great Britain against the Turk regardless of the policy of the other Powers of Europe. At first, indeed, the more fiery orators of the platform, and still fiercer writers in the press, insisted that, so great was British responsibility for Turkish misrule, so bound were we by treaty and by honour to espouse the cause of our fellow-Christians, that with or without assistance we must ourselves and alone force upon the Sultan, by means of our fleets and armies, the establishment of a just rule throughout his dominions. These gentlemen have now learned that the sending of a British fleet to Constantinople to take separate action would mean war with Russia as well as with Turkey, and that it is more than probable that the first result of such a move would be the further outbreak on a gigantic scale of a wholesale massacre of Christians.

Digitized by Google

That the agitation is now taking a wiser and more cautious line is mainly owing to the patriotic conduct of Lord Rosebery. The two statesmen in the Opposition ranks best acquainted with foreign politics are Lord Rosebery and Sir Charles Dilke. At the beginning of the excitement, when popularity was to be gained by violent declamation and by the reckless use of language which meant—if it meant anything—a policy of war, Lord Rosebery and Sir Charles Dilke calmly pointed out to their countrymen the unwisdom of the path they were being advised to take. Lord Rosebery may momentarily suffer in popularity for the good advice that he has given; but, after all, Englishmen like a statesman who keeps his head cool and his judgment clear, even in the turmoil of a popular agitation; and the great service which he has lately done to his country will yet be fully appreciated.*

Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool struck a note which has been too often absent from recent meetings. He pointed out that he, at all events, made no call for an anti-Mahomedan crusade. Our great object should be, he said, the bringing to the Turkish Empire of just government to Christian and Mahomedan alike, and that it was monstrously unjust to accuse Mahomedanism at large of the crimes and atrocities of the Sultan's rule. Where Mr. Gladstone's speech was disappointing was not in the expression of his sentiments and his hopes, which all Englishmen share, but in the means he proposed to give effect to them. The British Government should make a peremptory demand upon the Sultan to secure henceforth his subjects against the recurrence of these monstrous outrages and barbarities. If no favourable answer was vouchsafed to this demand, the Turkish Ambassador was to be dismissed from London and Sir Philip Currie recalled from Constantinople, and the country would then be able to consider what action it would be advisable to take in order to force the Sultan to comply with our demand. This was Mr. Gladstone's only suggestion, failing the successful working in the first instance of the European Concert!

Sir William Harcourt has still more recently addressed the public. His advice is to make an end once for all of

* On the day of Mr. Gladstone's speech at Liverpool Lord Rosebery wrote, that 'for England to interfere in this grave and terrible matter without the co-operation of other European Powers would be in his judgement to *court a European war*.'—'Times,' September 25, 1896.

Digitized by Google

Turkish rule. His reliance is less upon the European Concert than on a complete understanding with Russia. In favour of isolated action by Great Britain against Turkey he has no word to say. It is very natural, he thinks, that Russia should be suspicious of Great Britain; but that Englishmen should imagine that Russia has purposes of selfish aggrandisement, and should refrain from giving her a helping hand to any positions she may covet, is a mark of that innate selfishness of spirit on the part of British statesmen which he has never ceased to rebuke. Russia, we gather, is to be invited to do what she likes with the Turkish Empire so that the rule of the Turk is abolished, and Great Britain is to help her to carry out her projects; for these cannot possibly have any injurious effects upon 'British interests,' about which it is really too selfish of Englishmen to take a thought.

We turn our eyes for a moment from selfish England, occupied with her own thoughts of aggrandisement, to the Powers of Europe, which have so long been prevented (according to some political teachers) by British policy from substituting a just rule for the hateful barbarism of the Turk. We find that it was Russia that prevented England from taking forcible action against the Sultan in the interest of his subjects in Armenia, by intimating that in such an event Russia would be on the side of the Sultan; and this was whilst our enthusiastic Russophil, Sir William Harcourt, was in office. In Russia, in Austria, and in France, it appears that up to the present time the common watchword has been the maintenance intact, in the interests of European peace, of the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The public has not yet been made acquainted with the recent action of continental diplomacy; but it is impossible to question that the assertion of the able writer in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes'—'Personne aujourd'hui, nous en 'sommes convaincus, ne désire la chute de l'empire otto-'man'*—represents the prevalent feeling on the Continent. The fact is that the break-up of the Turkish Empire, if it takes place, will necessarily affect for better or worse, and in more or less degree, the position of almost every European state, and so difficult will be the adjustment of interests to which it will give rise that war between the Great Powers would become extremely probable. It is trifling with the whole subject to pretend that in the ultimate

* M. Francis Charmes, 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' September, 1896.

Digitized by Google

settlement of the Eastern Question there are no difficulties but those connected with the misrule of the Sultan.

The agitation is a genuine one. The heart of the public has been deeply stirred; and from the present state of popular feeling very important developements of national policy may arise. The aspect of home politics cannot but be affected by a popular movement to some extent outside ordinary party lines, and which throws into the shade almost every other subject of political interest. On the one hand, should no substantial results be achieved in the interest of the persecuted subjects of Turkey, the most profound dissatisfaction will be felt by the people of this country. On the other hand, should 'British interests' greatly suffer by any readjustments of power in the East of Europe, the Ministry must expect to be severely called to account by public feeling, which, we doubt not, will be righteously spurred on by the ardent patriotism of Sir William Harcourt.

We do not wish, however, to speculate on the future. For the present, at least, the Ministry are not confronted with a rival foreign policy. The attempt must not yet be abandoned to keep the Great Powers together, to operate through the 'Concert of Europe.' So say leading statesmen on both sides of politics. Hence, so far, public opinion has shown no tendency to consolidate in support of Opposition statesmen on the leading question of the day, or to withdraw any part of its confidence from Lord Salisbury's administration.

So deep has been the interest in the latest phase of the eternal Eastern Question that the public has almost forgotten Lord Salisbury's first foreign difficulty. There is not much resemblance between the Turks and our cousins across the Atlantic; nor between the difficulties of the Eastern Question and of a disputed frontier of Venezuela. Yet only nine months ago we were painfully reminded of the possibility of a quarrel with those we considered our best friends about a matter in which few English men or Americans took the slightest interest.

On December 18 of last year the British public was electrified by the publication of a Message from President Cleveland to the Congress of the United States of America, claiming, on behalf of his Government, the right to require Great Britain to submit to arbitration the question of a disputed boundary between British Guiana and the State of Venezuela. In case of arbitration being declined by Great Britain, the

Digitized by Google

Message informed Congress that the Government of the United States would at once itself appoint a Commission to determine the boundary, and would take measures to enforce its decision upon Great Britain. The result of this Message was to cause a financial panic in America, and to call forth in the first instance an amount of hostile feeling towards Great Britain for which Englishmen were quite unprepared. The American claim seemed to Englishmen a strange one, as it amounted to nothing less than a claim to delimit the frontiers of the British Empire on the American continent, wherever disputed, from the North Pole to Cape Horn. The United States has of course as little authority over Venezuela as over Great Britain, and the definition of the frontier between them was a matter for negotiation between the two neighbouring States, with which President Cleveland had no right to meddle. It was, it need not be said, open to him to offer his services to bring to an agreement the two disputants; but the pretension to settle their differences without their joint consent, or the consent of either of them, was an attempt to set up a sort of suzerainty of the United States over the whole of the New World which no European Power would think for a moment of recognising. Neither the President nor anyone else in the United States rested the justification for this interference upon any supposed interest of the American nation in the boundary line to be drawn between British Guiana and Venezuela. The action of the President was supported on the extraordinary plea that, as a corollary to the 'Monroe 'Doctrine,' the United States had the right to *dictate* arbitration as the proper mode of fixing international boundaries between the States of the Western Hemisphere, and, if that was refused, to define the lines for itself, and to enforce their adoption. As a matter of fact, the so-called 'doctrine' of President Monroe, contained in his Message to Congress in 1823, could not by any amount of stretching be made to cover such a claim as this. At that time there was some prospect that, in pursuance of the policy of the Holy Alliance, Spain might have the assistance of other European nations in regaining her authority over her revolted colonies, and in substituting for the newly established republican systems in South America the arbitrary monarchical principles so dear to the hearts of Continental Europe. 'We could not view,' said President Monroe, 'any interposition for the purpose of oppressing' these South American States, 'or controlling in any

Digitized by Google

'manner their destiny by a European Power, in any other 'light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition 'toward the United States.' The President, in short, made a protest against the re-establishment in South America of a European monarchy by force of arms, and Great Britain heartily approved the American protest.

Mr. Lecky has recently argued with much force that democratic representative institutions often fail to give representation to the better and more staid elements of national character. Here we have the President and the Congress of the United States, without a shadow of justification for it, concurring in the presentation to a friendly and kindred nation of an ultimatum which might easily have plunged the two great Anglo-Saxon nations in a disastrous war. Reckless, almost to the point of criminality, as was the action of the President, it seemed at first to meet with the approval of his countrymen, and it was only as time went on that the voices of the more sober and patriotic citizens and journals made themselves heard over the clamour of a 'jingo' mob. It is strange and melancholy to read the language used in the early part of this year by American senators and other politicians of standing in the United States. In this country, generally speaking, a sense of responsibility accompanies a high position in the State, and our public men in a time of international crisis do their best to avoid using inflammatory language. Mr. David A. Wells, in his excellent paper on the 'United States and Great 'Britain,' gives a few specimens of the violent language which American politicians were not ashamed to utter in the earlier months of the present year. Mr. Wells and Mr. E. J. Phelps, in a wise and truly patriotic spirit, have called the attention of their countrymen to the real nature of the President's demands, to the Monroe doctrine, and to the relations between Great Britain and the United States; and in so doing they have earned the thanks of all good citizens in both nations.*

What we have to deal with here is the action of our own people and our own public men in a crisis of such a trying character. There was neither panic nor bluster. All men were united in repudiating the pretensions of the American President. If he really proposed to enforce those pretensions by

* 'America and Europe.' A Study of International Relations. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. See also an interesting pamphlet by Professor George Burton Adams, of Yale University, called 'Why Americans dislike England.'

Digitized by Google

force of arms, Great Britain would, as a matter of course, have recourse to arms in self-defence. But it was almost impossible to believe that the American people, towards whom there was no feeling but that of goodwill in the breasts of Englishmen, would allow themselves to be led so far astray by politicians devoid of every sense of responsibility. This quiet bearing on the part of the public, the peaceful and dignified tone of the Press, the abstinence on the part of our politicians of language of an irritating character, bore excellent fruit, and before many weeks were over American citizens were showing how little the graver men amongst them approved the jingo shriekings of the violent anti-British section of their countrymen. Lord Salisbury handled with admirable temper and discretion the controversy which had been forced upon him. Never before has our Foreign Office behaved with more patient regard to the great interests of peace, and with a stronger determination neither to take nor to give offence. Between nations as between individuals it takes two to make a quarrel, and Lord Salisbury in truth consulted the true dignity of his own country, as well as the interest of both nations, in the calm spirit in which he met the preposterous pretensions of the Government of the United States. Out of this controversy may yet spring results of the greatest benefit to the two nations, if the discussion between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney really advances the prospect of systematic arbitration of disputes between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon people.

Lord Salisbury has, however, not had to bear on his shoulders the whole weight of the external troubles that have come upon his Administration. Mr. Chamberlain has assuredly had his full share. In April last we dealt at length with South African affairs and with the difficulties that had arisen in the winter as a consequence of the lawless and criminal raid led by Dr. Jameson into the territory of the friendly Republic of the Transvaal.* These matters need not therefore detain us long on this occasion. Mr. Chamberlain's promptness and decision were recognised by men of all parties. The raid was disavowed, the raiders were brought home and put upon their trial, and successful efforts were made to mitigate the severity of the authorities of the Transvaal towards the prisoners in their hands. Since then Mr. Chamberlain has been bitterly attacked from opposite sides—on the one hand for humiliating himself before President Kruger, on the other hand for not withdrawing

* Edinburgh Review, No. 376, April, 1896.

Digitized by Google

the Charter from the South African Company, and for not treating Mr. Rhodes with the same severity awarded to his instruments, Dr. Jameson and his friends. Mr. Chamberlain has been consistent from first to last. The first thing he had to do was to stop, if possible, the raid, to disavow it, and put the offenders on their trial; and these things he endeavoured to do and did. At the same time he has always declared that the raid, though the most striking incident of the situation, was not the whole nor the principal difficulty he had to deal with; and he has never allowed himself to be diverted, by a desire to obtain punishment for those who deserved it, from the great end of once more drawing together the feelings of Englishmen and Dutchmen so rudely shaken, not only in the Transvaal, but through the whole of Cape Colony. As regards Mr. Rhodes and the Company, the Secretary of State declared his intention as soon as the suspicious nature of the transactions had come out. Till the raiders were tried he would not authorise an investigation which would bear upon their case. As soon as that was over a searching investigation should be held into the complicity of the Chartered Company and its officials, and accordingly on the day of the conviction of Dr. Jameson Mr. Chamberlain moved for the appointment of a Committee of the House of Commons to make a searching examination into the conduct of the Company. Whether Mr. Rhodes will treat that Committee with more respect than the committee of the Cape Parliament, and appear before it, remains to be seen. The evidence collected at the Cape tells a very different story of the whole inception and preparation of the raid from that which was for long current in England. It is clear that the conspiracy had been long and deliberately planned by those who held positions of authority and of trust; that fraud had been practised upon the Governor, the representative of the Queen in the Colony; and that every means had been taken by the preparation of false intelligence to deceive public opinion at home. It is charitable to suppose that most of those who still apologise for the raid, and treat the offence of the raiders as a mere technical crime, which as a matter of policy it was necessary to punish, have failed to make themselves acquainted with the true facts of the case. Upon the evidence now made public, the planning of the raid is seen to have been an unscrupulous and fraudulent proceeding. It entailed (as was fully contemplated) the deaths of a number of perfectly innocent persons. It was the direct cause of the miserable native war which is not yet at an

end. It brought Great Britain and the German Empire within a measurable distance of war, and has had a most unfortunate effect in straining the relations of the two Powers at a time when it is eminently desirable that hearty cordiality should prevail between them. Those who planned the raid were regardless of the national honour, which was pledged to respect the independence of the Transvaal; and those who carried it out, by the utter feebleness of their performance, brought disgrace upon the British flag.

As regards the affairs of the Cape and the Transvaal, the Opposition have shown no desire as a party to find fault with the policy of the Unionist Government. On the other hand, the sudden change of policy in Egypt and the advance of the Anglo-Egyptian army towards Dongola were sharply criticised by some of the Opposition chiefs; and had any failure or check occurred, the warnings they had uttered would have been recalled again and again to the ears of the public. But the expedition has been admirably planned and carried through by Sir Herbert Kitchener and his staff, and the Egyptian troops have more than come up to the expectations formed of them by their best friends. The campaign has been a brilliant success, and under these circumstances no party advantage can be gained by denouncing the policy which brought it about.

Since the above was in type, the party situation has been suddenly disturbed, by the unexpected action of Lord Rosebery in resigning the leadership of the Liberal Party. In his letter to the chief Opposition Whip in the House of Commons, published in the newspapers of October 8, he bases his action on an 'apparent difference with a consider-'able mass of the Liberal Party on the Eastern Question, 'and some conflict of opinion with Mr. Gladstone' on the same subject, whilst 'from scarcely any quarter does he 'receive explicit support.' In these circumstances he declares it is best for his party and for himself that he should speak out his mind 'not as a leader but as a free 'man.' We have already stated our belief that Lord Rosebery's conduct since the commencement of the present agitation has been of great service to the country. The relations that have existed between Lord Rosebery and some of his principal colleagues have notoriously been such as are rare indeed amongst English statesmen professedly engaged in furthering the same political cause. Lord Rosebery in 1892, by joining Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet as Foreign Secretary, made possible (it is not too much to say) Mr. Gladstone's last administration. Lord Rosebery, in 1893, by

Digitized by Google

accepting the post of Prime Minister, prevented the Gladstonian Party from falling to pieces upon the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery has had little loyal support from a party which he has well served. Apart, however, from all mere party interests, the country will be the gainer that, in the dangerous crisis of the Eastern Question through which we are now passing, it will hear the unbiassed advice of an eminent statesman, unhampered by party ties, who is looking solely to its honour and its welfare.

Recent events enforce the conclusions to which a general retrospect of a year and a half clearly points. Never, indeed, has there been a time when more careful steering of the ship of State was required. Never has there been a time when it was more necessary that the helm should be firmly held. The public rejoices that during such a time a strong Cabinet, strongly supported in Parliament, guides the destinies of the country. Where else, indeed, but to the Unionist Ministry and the Unionist party can the country look? Where is the alternative policy? Where is the alternative leader? Where is the statesman, or the group of statesmen, to whom the people wish to turn? No one can pretend that the tide of opinion has yet begun to change.

As we survey the present position of British politics, we see but one political combination that really deserves to be considered a great Party. Against it are arrayed both in Great Britain and Ireland a number of groups and factions, united by no great principle and led by jarring politicians who are rivals rather than colleagues. The condition of the Opposition presents a melancholy spectacle. But this is not due to such incidents as Mr. Gladstone's speech, Sir William Harcourt's want of loyalty, or Lord Rosebery's resignation. It is the direct result of the action of Mr. Gladstone in 1886. He then dealt a blow to the credit and strength of his party from which it has not recovered. He could not indeed destroy Liberal principles, but that 'great 'instrument for good,' that great political combination whose special boast it was to uphold those principles, he shattered in pieces. No one, but the most thoughtless partisans of the present Ministry, can rejoice over the disintegration and demoralisation of the Opposition. We hope that its worst days are past. On the other hand, a man must be a reckless partisan, indeed, who would wish at the present time to trust the guidance of the country to other hands than those of the Unionist Ministry.

No. CCCLXXIX. will be published in January, 1897.

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

A.

Argyll, Duke of, his books on theology reviewed, 430.
Austin, A., his books on the garden reviewed, 161.

B.

Barrie, J. M., three of his novels reviewed, 37.
Beethoven's Nine Symphonies, review of Sir G. Grove's work upon, 455—fallacies in regard to Beethoven, 456—story of the *scherzo* in Ninth Symphony, 460—C minor Symphony, 461, 473—'Eroica,' 463, 469—Second Symphony, 466—First, 468—Fourth, 472—Pastoral Symphony, 475—A major Symphony, 477—Eighth, 479—Ninth, 480.
Blomfield, R., and *Thomas, F. I.*, their 'Formal Garden' reviewed, 161.
Bright, H. A., his 'Year in a Lancashire Garden' reviewed, 161.

C.

Catholic Mystics of the Middle Ages, review of books concerning, 298—mystics distinguished from supernaturalists and spiritualists, 299—St. Francis of Assisi, 300—San Juan de la Cruz, 301, 309—sixteenth century mystics, 303—Santa Teresa de Jesus, 304—Blessèd Henry Suso, 310—Mother Juliana of Norwich, 316—spurious mysticism, 320.
Catholic Reaction, review of Mr. Ward's book concerning, 1—in France dating from Chateaubriand, 2—concordat with Rome, 3—De Maistre and Lamennais, 3—Lacordaire, 4—Montalembert, 5—Dupanloup, 5—Mme. Swetchine, 6—Catholics and University degrees, 7—Mrs. Craven's 'Récit d'une Sœur,' 8—Catholic life in France, 9—Catholic revival in Italy: Manzoni and Rosmini, 11—Catholic reaction in Germany: Count F. Stolberg and Princess Galitzin, 12—Schlegel and La Motte-Fouqué, 13—Mœhler, 14.
Cleveland, A. R., his book on 'Woman under the English Law' reviewed, 322.
Cooper, Elizabeth, her life of Lady Arabella Stuart reviewed, 483.
Crockett, S. R., two of his novels reviewed, 37.
Cust, L., his Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery reviewed, 218.

D.

Daniel, A., his 'Année Politique' reviewed, 185.
Denifle, P. H., his book on Universities reviewed, 82.

Digitized by Google

D'Espagny, Comte de, his memoirs of the Duc de Persigny reviewed, 269.

Dropmore Papers of J. B. Fortescue, Esq., review of, 386—relations of England and Russia on the Turkish question in 1790, 387—Lord Auckland at the Hague, 388; his advice to Pitt, 389—Grenville's opinion on war with Russia, 391—Pitt's abandonment of war policy, 393—French Revolution, 395—Pitt's policy of non interference in French affairs, 397—war between France and England, 401—Prussian designs on Poland, 403—England as a gold-mine for Germans, 406—Anglo-Continental alliance against France, 406—entry of Whigs into Pitt's ministry, 409—Paris during the Terror, 414.

Dziekonska, K., his translation of Countess Krasinska's journal reviewed, 113.

E

Egypt, review of books and speeches concerning, 237—advance of Egyptian army on Dongola, 237—Lord Salisbury on reconquest of the Sudan, 239—Egyptian interests in the Sudan, 241—Egyptian finances, 244—British interests in the Sudan, 247—Lord Cromer's report on the condition of Egypt, 252—reforms achieved, 253—irrigation, 254—educating the Egyptians in self-government, 256—difficulties of British control in Egypt, 258—advantages to Great Britain from her predominance in the Nile valley, 263—case against abandonment, 264—declaration of British policy desirable, 266.

E. V. B., her 'Days and Hours in a Garden' reviewed, 161.

Eversley, W. P., his 'Law of the Domestic Relations' reviewed, 322.

F.

Federalising the United Kingdom, review of books concerning, 341—new constitution for Great Britain and Ireland, 342—proportions of Scotch and Irish to English members in Parliament, 343—general and local business of Parliament, 345—share of Scotch and Irish members in legislation for England, 346—Scotland before and after the Union, 347—analysis of legislation before and after the Irish Union, 348—'Federal' and 'States' legislation, 349—alleged Scottish demand for repeal of parliamentary union, 353—'Celtic fringe,' 355—proportionate representation, 356—'burden of Ireland,' 357—federation of States, 358—function of House of Lords, 360—safeguards, 361—new constitution not wanted, 362—party divisions and national sentiment, 363.

Fife, Kingdom of, review of books concerning, 417—Early Celtic population, 418—superstitions of fisher folk, 419—husbands adopting their wives' surnames, 419—legends of saints, 420—St. Margaret, 421—Norman and feudal influences, 421—murder of King Robert's son, 422—foundation of St. Andrews University, 423—Bishop's Castle of St. Andrews, 424—murder of Cardinal Beatoun, 424—Knox at St. Andrews, 425—Queen Mary at St. Andrews, 426—James VI. in Fife, 426

Digitized by Google

—attempt of Fife to seize the Lewes, 427—Covenanters, 428—proverbs and poetry, 429.
Findlater, Jane H., her 'Green Graves of Balgowrie' reviewed, 37.
Flammarion, C., his book on the Planet Mars reviewed, 368.
Fortescue, J. B., review of the manuscripts of, 386.
France, the Government of, since 1870, review of books concerning, 185—National Assembly of 1871, 186—M. Thiers, chief of Executive, 186—Third Republic, 187—Marshal MacMahon, President, 189—Constitution of 1875, 191—anti-Republican *coup d'état*, 193—Jules Grévy President of Republic, 195—struggle between the Church and the anti-clericals, 196—Gambetta Prime Minister, 197—death of Gambetta, 198—revision of the Constitution, 199 disaster to French troops in Tonkin, 199—re-election of M. Grévy as President, 200—expulsion of royalist princes, 201—Wilson scandal and resignation of President Grévy, 202—election of M. Carnot as President, 202—Boulangism, 203—Pope Leo XIII.'s attitude to the Republic, 205—Panama scandal, 206—assassination of M. Carnot, and election of M. Casimir-Perier as President, 208—centralised administration, 209—public instruction, 210—the Church and the Concordat, 212—Socialism, 213—Protectionism and Commerce, 215—military system, 216—future of the Republic, 217.

G.

Gardens and Garden Craft, review of books concerning, 161—gardens of ancient Rome, 161—Italian gardens of the Renaissance, 163—early English pleasure gardens, 166—Bacon's ideal princely garden, 166—Hampton Court, 169, 174—Nonsuch, 169—Elizabethan herbals, 170—Versailles, 171—influence of Sir W. Temple and John Evelyn, 173—new 'landscape' school, 176—the 'formal' garden, 179—the free style, 181—books in praise of gardens, 183.
Geddie, J., his 'Fringes of Fife' reviewed, 417.
Gladstone, W. E., his speech at Liverpool on Armenia reviewed, 514.
Gorce, P. de la, his history of the Second Empire reviewed, 269.
Graham, G. C., her life of Santa Teresa reviewed, 298.
Grove, Sir G., his book on Beethoven reviewed, 455.

K.

Knox, T. F., his life of Blessèd Henry Suso reviewed, 298.
Krasinska, Countess Françoise, her journal reviewed, 113—early years, 114—life at the Castle of Maleszow, 115—the Polish Court, 118—describes her sister's wedding, 120—an unsuccessful suitor for her hand, 123—at a French school in Warsaw, 124—introduction to society by her aunt, the Princess Woivodine, 125—admired by the Duke of Courland, 126—Royal hunting party, 127—betrothed to the Duke of Courland, 130—secret wedding, 132—avowal of the marriage, 133—latter years, 134.

Digitized by Google

L.

Lebrun, General, his 'Souvenirs Militaires' reviewed, 269.
Lewis, D., his translation of life and works of San Juan de la Cruz reviewed, 298.
Liddall, W. J. N., his book on Place Names of Fife and Kinross reviewed, 417.
Lowell, P., his book on Planet Mars reviewed, 368.

M.

Mackay, Æ. J. E., his history of Fife and Kinross reviewed, 417.
Mackinnon, J., his book on Union of England and Scotland reviewed, 341.
Maclaren, Ian, his 'Bonnie Briar Bush' reviewed, 37.
Manning, Cardinal, review of Mr. Purcell's life of, 1—early years, 22—anti-Roman opinions, 23—joins Roman communion, 24—relations with Cardinal Wiseman, 25—appointed by the Pope to be Archbishop of Westminster, 26—attitude towards Papal Infallibility, 27—becomes a Cardinal, 28—temperance worker and social agitator, 29—member of the Metaphysical Society, 36.
Mars, the Planet, review of books concerning, 368—opposition of 1892, 368—opposition of 1894, 369—Mr. Lowell's Martian observatory, 370—atmosphere and climate, 373—supposed discovery of canals in, 374—lake system, 376—melting of snow-caps, 378—mountains, 381—spectrum, 382—age of, 382—apparently a habitable world, 383.
Martens, F. de, his book on treaties with Russia reviewed, 135.
Millar, A. S., his book on Fife reviewed, 417.
Ministry, the, and the Country, review of debates, &c., concerning, 514—political retrospect, 515—result of Unionist coalition, 516—Budget and Rating Bill, 519—Irish Land Bill, 520—Voluntary Schools and Education Bill, 520—Armenian massacres and Government policy, 524—indignation meetings, 525—Lord Rosebery's advice, and Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt's speeches, on coercion of Turkey, 526—Venezuela, 528—United States and 'Monroe doctrine,' 529—Jameson's Transvaal raid, 531—Anglo-Egyptian expedition in the Soudan, 533—Lord Rosebery's resignation of Liberal leadership, 533—prospects of the Opposition, 534.
Murray-Smith, Mrs. A., her life of Lady Arabella Stuart reviewed, 483.

N.

Napoleon III., review of works concerning, 269—events preceding the Second Empire, 270—eminent Frenchmen of 1848, 271—Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic, 272—Empress Eugénie, 273—ministers under the Second Republic, 274—Changarnier removed from command of French army, 277—*coup d'état* of 1851, 277—Second Empire proclaimed, 280—civil list of 25,000,000f., 281—Haussmann's reconstruction of Paris, 282—Crimean War, 283—policy regarding the Pope and Piedmont,

Digitized by Google

284—Orsini's crime, 286—Franco-Austrian War, 288—Papal States captured by Piedmont, 290—Franco-Prussian War, 292—fall of the Empire at Sedan, 296.

National Portrait Gallery, review of catalogue, 218—portrait of Lady Ellenborough, 219—slow uprising of British art, 220—influence of the Reformation upon religious art, 221—Charles I.'s encouragement of painters, 222—Puritanism, 222—Sir Joshua Reynolds, 223—Hogarth, 224—naval and military heroes, 225—Puritan portraits, 226—assistance of portraits in character analysis, 226—value of portraits as historical evidence, 229—medals and miniatures, 232—illustrative drawings, 233—Judge Jeffreys, 234—Mr. Watts's portraits, 235.

P.

Paget, Sir Arthur, review of correspondence of, 135—mission to Berlin, 138—Prussian intrigues against Poland, 138—Princess (afterwards Queen) Caroline, 139—Coalition against France, 140—Emperor Paul of Russia, 141—England takes Malta, 142, 149—Paget as envoy to the King of Naples, 143—French invasion of Italy, 146—England at war with Russia as well as with France, 150—Third Coalition against France, 151—defeat of the Austrians at Ulm and of the French at Trafalgar, 152—Coalition shattered at Austerlitz, 153—Paget's mission to Constantinople, 153—Emperor Alexander's programme for reconstitution of Europe, 156—Fourth Coalition against Napoleon, 159—the perennial Eastern question, 160.

Philosophy of Belief, review of Duke of Argyll's books upon, 430—reign of 'law,' 433—'contrivance' in Nature, 435—law in Creation, 436—law in Mind, 437—unity of Nature, 439—God and the supernatural, 440—intuitive theology, 441—law in Christian theology, 444—Christ as Messiah, 445—relation of Christian faith to science, 447—natural and revealed theology, 450—the Christ of history, 451—need of revelation, 453.

Purcell, E. S., his life of Cardinal Manning reviewed, 1.

R.

Rae, W. Fraser, his biography of Sheridan reviewed, 57.

Rashdall, H., his book on Universities reviewed, 82.

Robinson, W., his 'English Flower Garden' and 'Wild Garden' reviewed, 161.

S.

Scharf, Sir G., his Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery reviewed, 218.

Schiaparelli, G., translation of his book on Mars reviewed, 368.

Scottish Novelists, the New, review of some works of, 37—revival of the rural Scottish novel, 37—Galt, 39—religious opinions in Thrums, 41—Mr. J. M. Barrie's unconscious drollery, 42—'Auld Licht Idylls,' 43—'Window in Thrums,' 44—'When a man's single,' 47—Mr. Crockett's 'Stickit Minister,' 48—'The Raiders,' 49—'The Lilac Sunbonnet' and 'Cleg Kelly,' 53—Ian Maclaren's

Digitized by Google

'Bonnie Briar Bush,' 53—'Green Graves of Balgowrie,' 55—'Robert Urquhart,' 56.

Sedding, J. D., his 'Garden Craft' reviewed, 161.

Sheridan, review of Mr. Fraser Rae's biography of, 57—his grandfather and his father, 58—school pranks at Harrow, 59—life at Bath, 60—elopes with Miss Linley, 62; marries her secretly at Lille, 63—fights two duels, 64—marries Miss Linley publicly in England, 65—correspondence with Thomas Grenville, 65—letter to Queen Charlotte advocating a Royal Sanctuary, 67—his drama 'The Rivals' and comic opera 'The Duenna,' 67—succeeds Garrick at Drury Lane, 68—'The School for Scandal' and 'The Critic,' 68—M.P. for Stafford, 69—Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 70—Secretary to the Treasury, 72—speeches against Warren Hastings, 73—opposes war with French Republic, 76—the 'real Sheridan,' 78.

Slatin Pasha, his 'Fire and Sword in the Sudan' reviewed, 237.

Spalding, T. A., his book on 'Federation and Empire' reviewed, 341.

Stuart, Lady Arabella, life and letters reviewed, 483—her ancestry, 484—early years, 486—love affairs, 487—sent to Hardwick Castle, 488—suicide of her chaplain, 489—at Hatfield, 490—set at liberty after death of Queen Elizabeth, 492—at King James I.'s court, 493—proposals for her hand, 493—plot to make her Queen, 495—in disgrace at Court, 496—reported conversion to Catholicism, 497—secret marriage to William Seymour, 500—husband and wife imprisoned, 501—their escape, 503—Lady Arabella in the Tower, 508—death, 511.

U.

Universities of the Middle Ages, review of books upon, 82—origin of term 'university,' 85—Universities of Palencia and Salamanca, 87; Paris, 88, 95; Bologna, 88; Padua, 90; Naples, 91—University of the Roman Court, 93—Salerno, 96—Montpellier, 101—Toulouse, 102—Oxford and Cambridge, 104.

W.

Ward, W., his 'W. G. Ward and Catholic Revival' reviewed, 1.

Watson, F., his 'Flowers and Gardens' reviewed, 161.

Woman under the English Law, review of works concerning, 322—advantages of 'single blessedness,' 323—legal fiction of 'unity' of husband and wife, 324, 335—married women's property before 1857, 325—marriage settlements, 326—'restraint of anticipation,' 328—protection for the persons of married women, 329—disabilities of divorced women, 330—custody of children, 331—appointment of guardians for orphans, 333—remedial legislation since 1857, 333—Divorce Act of 1857, 336—conjugal rights, 336 maintenance orders, 337—guardianship of children, 338.

END OF VOL. CLXXXIV.

Spottiswoode & Co. Printers, New-street Square, London.

Digitized by Google

$4.00 a Year. AUTHORIZED EDITION. Single Number, $1.25.

No. CCCLXXVII. Vol. CLXXXIV.

JULY, 1896.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL.

CONTENTS:

I. Manning and the Catholic Reaction of our Times.
II. The New Scottish Novelists.
III. Sheridan.
IV. The Universities of the Middle Ages.
V. The Countess Krasinska's Diary.
VI. The Paget Papers.
VII. Gardens and Garden Craft.
VIII. The Government of France since 1870.
IX. History and the National Portrait Gallery.
X. Egypt.

NEW YORK:
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY,
112 WALL STREET.

PUBLISHERS OF

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. NINETEENTH CENTURY. FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.
EDINBURGH REVIEW. SCOTTISH REVIEW.
QUARTERLY REVIEW. WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

EDINBURGH: A. & C. BLACK.
LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

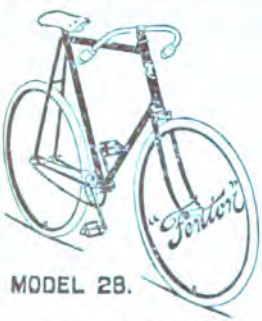
Digitized by Google

Cycled Harmony

The best quality may not make the best cycle — the best construction may not build the best cycle — in the harmony of both is the Wolff-American High Art Cycle.

Write for Catalogue.

R. H. WOLFF & CO., Ltd.
Foot East 118th, 117th and 116th Sts., New York.



MODEL 28.

FENTON BICYCLES . .

are unapproached in elegance of design, fine workmanship, and simplicity of construction.

Possess improvements above any other bicycle.

PRICE, $100.

FENTON METALLIC MFG. CO.,
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO

OF PHILADELPHIA.

ATTENTION is directed t
the new Installment-Annuit
Policy of the Provident whic
provides a fixed income fo
twenty years, and for th
continuance of the income t
the widow for the balance o
her life, if she should surviv
the instalment period o
twenty years. . . . . .

In everything which makes Life Insuran
moderate in cost, and
s, the Provident

Digitized by Google

"Excellent glimpses of English opinion can be had from these Reviews," says THE ADVANCE.

NINETEENTH CENTURY,
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW,
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW,
WESTMINSTER REVIEW,
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,
EDINBURGH REVIEW,
QUARTERLY REVIEW,
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

112 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

RECENT NOTABLE ARTICLES.

*** This list, which will appear at intervals, is constantly revised and changed, and offers remarkable testimony of the great variety of topics constantly treated in the "Nineteenth Century," "Fortnightly Review," "Contemporary Review," and "Westminster Review."

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

1. ***What Did Happen at the Reformation?*** By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P. *Nineteenth Century*, April.
2. ***The Reunion of Christendom.*** By the Right Hon. VISCOUNT HALIFAX. *Nineteenth Century*, May.
3. ***Reformation and Reunion.*** By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. *Nineteenth Century*. July.
4. ***Mr. Gladstone's Letter.*** By Rev. WALTER LORD. *Westminster Review*, July.

PERSIA AND THINGS PERSIAN.

1. ***Russia, Persia, and England.*** By Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN, K.C.S.I. *Nineteenth Century*, July.
2. ***The Bab and Babism.*** By J. D. REES, C.I.E. *Nineteenth Century*, July.
3. ***On Things Persian.*** By Dr. J. C. WILLS. *Fortnightly Review*, June.
4. ***The Modern Persian Stage.*** By JAMES NEW. *Fortnightly Review*, June.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

1. ***Money and Investments.*** *Contemporary Review*, July.
2. ***Public Sentiment in America on the Silver Question.*** By FRANCIS H. HARDY. *Fortnightly Review*, July.
3. ***Decimal Coinage for Great Britain.*** By HOWARD W. BROUGHTON. *Westminster Review*, June.
4. ***Remarks on Banks.*** By ROBERT EWEN. *Westminster Review*, July.

LITERATURE.

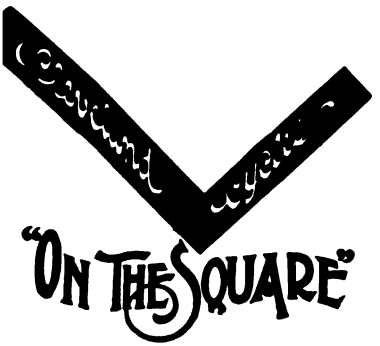
1. ***New Letters of Edward Gibbon.*** By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO. *Nineteenth Century*, July.
2. ***The Analytical Humorist.*** By H. D. TRAILL. *Fortnightly Review*, July.
3. ***Ovid and the Natural World.*** By EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO. *Contemporary Review*, July.
4. ***Jude the Obscure.*** By Prof. R. Y. TYRRELL. *Fortnightly Review*, June.
5. ***Did Chaucer Meet Petrarch?*** By J. J. JUSSERAND, *Nineteenth Century*, June.
6. ***Walter von der Vogelweide, the Minnesinger.*** By WALTER ALISON PHILLIPS. *Nineteenth Century*, July.

ECONOMICS.

1. ***Mr. Tuke and His Work.*** By SIDNEY BUXTON, M.P., and HOWARD HODGKIN. *Contemporary Review*, June.
2. ***Commercial Union of the Empire.*** By Sir FREDERICK YOUNG. *Nineteenth Century*, July.
3. ***A Highway Robber (Government Control of Railways).*** By OUIDA. *Fortnightly Review*, July.
4. ***Mutual Aid Among Ourselves.*** By PRINCE KROPOTKIN. *Nineteenth Century*, June.
5. ***From Cobden to Chamberlain.*** By EDWARD SALMON. *Fortnightly Review*, June.

PRICE, POSTPAID, 4

Digitized by Google



WE DON'T CARE to come before the people with the stereotyped "Best on Earth" proposition. We wish to state briefly that we are making and selling a wheel that's RIGHT, and although the price is $100.00, we put HONEST VALUE in it; don't fail to remember this point.

We would like to send you catalogue; it's to be had for the asking.

THE CLEVELAND BICYCLES

H. A. LOZIER & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

BRANCH HOUSES: 337 Broadway, New York City; 830 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; 304 McAllister Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 18 Holborn Viaduct, London, E. C.; 6 Place de la Madelaine, Paris.

FACTORIES: Toledo, O., Thompsonville, Ct., and Toronto Junction, Ontario.

(*MENTION THIS PERIODICAL.*)

CARDINAL MANNING.

The Life of Cardinal Manning:

1. By His Eminence CARDINAL VAUGHAN.
2. By WILFRID MEYNELL.

Nineteenth Century, February, 1896.

Poisoning the Wells of Catholic Criticism. By EDMUND S. PURCELL, author of "The Life of Cardinal Manning." With a Letter from the Rt. Hon Wm. E. Gladstone. *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1896.

Cardinal Manning and the Catholic Revival. By PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN, D.D. *Contemporary Review*, March, 1896.

Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning. By AUBREY DE VERE. *Contemporary Review*, March 1896.

Cardinal Manning: A Reminiscence. By SIDNEY BUXTON, M.P. *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1896.

Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning. By the Rev. SIDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1896.

Cardinal Manning's Memory: Fresh Lights. By REGINALD G. WILBERFORCE. *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1896.

Cardinal Manning. *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1896. (Price, 30 cents.)

Each, Postpaid, 40 Cents.

Digitized by Google

BROWN'S
CAMPHORATED
SAPONACEOUS
DENTIFRICE
FOR THE
TEETH

The Best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the World.

To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth,
To Remove Tartar from the Teeth,
To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the Teeth,
To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,

Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.

Price, Twenty-five Cents a Jar.
For Sale Everywhere.

TRIBUNE BICYCLES.

The Best in the World.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

CHILDREN TEETHING

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syru

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MIL IONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHIL TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. I SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUM ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Dru gists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask fo

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
and take no other kind.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

FAME makes people live aft they are dead.

Duty done has the sam effect with this difference: it within your reach.

You can live during all t lives of your children and th children's children, through su able insurance on your life.

Not as costly or troub some as the average of ot investments. Full informat free.

ADDRESS

Penn Mutual Lif

921 Chestnut Street,

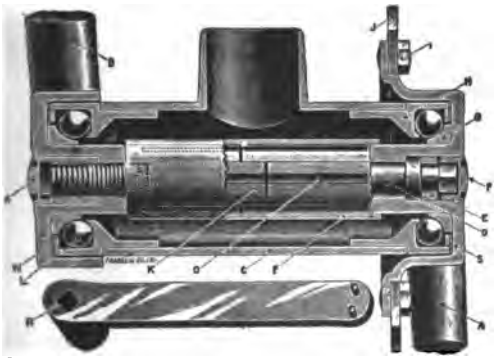
Digitized by Google

THE above cut represents a section of the Triangular Reinforced Tubing used in the Hoffman Bicycles only. This invention is owned and controlled by the Hoffman Bicycle Co., who make the strongest, best, and easiest running wheel in the world. These wheels have won for themselves a national reputation, both for beauty, durability, and strength. Strictly high grade.

PRICE, $100.

MANUFACTURED BY THE . . . **Hoffman Bicycle Co.,** E. CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.

SEE Balls or Bearings Rolling in the Hubs of the Cranks.



SEE Chain and Sprocket Actually Inside the Bearings.

NOT a Bicycle, but ***THE RACYCLE,*** Narrow Tread. ***Different*** from a ***Bicycle*** as a ***Watch*** from a ***Clock.***

The Ball-bearings of all Cycles may be represented by a pair of ***shafts*** to a buggy, while the Chain and Sprocket-wheel may be likened to a ***horse.*** It would be absurd to hitch the horse up to the outside of one of these shafts, yet that is exactly where you will find it in every Bicycle on earth.

Look at them and satisfy yourself. No wonder they wobble.

The Latest, Most Improved, Up-to-Date Wheel, THE RACYCLE, Narrow Tread, is the ***Only Machine*** having (chain and sprocket) the horse hitched up ***between*** the shafts, where it should be, thus overcoming Leverage, Friction, and Wobble.

THE MIAMI CYCLE AND MFG. CO.,

MIDDLETOWN, O.

1773 B'way, New York. 323 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE BEST INVESTMENT.

Did you ever think that you cannot read one per cent. of all that is printed in papers, magazines, and books. Don't therefore *lose precious hours* on *worthless reading, but choose only the very best.* This is exactly

What the EDITORS OF CURRENT LITERATURE Do For You.

HEAR WHAT ONE READER SAYS:

I would have *Current Literature* if it cost me $5.00 each month instead of 25 cents. In *Current Literature* I get more for the money than from any other investment I ever made. I am astonished that you so much that is good, that is bright, that is entertaining. Indeed one would be a glutton to wish for mor

June 18, 1895. PAUL D. REESE, Ro

Digitized by Google

SPEND YOUR SUMMER VACATION IN THE ROCKIE

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad,

"SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD,"

REACHES ALL THE HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS OF . . . . . **COLORADO**

SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES Between All Points in

COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, and UTAH

Full information as to rates and routes, and beautifully illustrated descr tive matter, sent, postpaid, on application.

S. K. HOOPER, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt., Denver, Co

NOTE.—A set of six beautiful Albertype views of Rocky Mountain scenery, on ri paper, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon receipt of fifty cents (money order).

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

A First-Class Line for First-Class Travel.

Chicago-New York-Boston

VIA NIAGARA FALLS AND BUFFALO.

A Summer Note-Book

descriptive of Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island, Adirondack Mountains, the Thousand Islands and ls of the St. Lawrence, the Catskill Mountains rkshire Hills, the White Mountains and New Coast, and other Summer Resorts of North- igan and the East, revised and profusely

A Great Railway.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. P Railway Co. owns and operates miles of road.

It operates its own Sleeping-Cars Dining-Cars.

It traverses the best portion of States of Illinois, Wisconsin, North Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Minne South and North Dakota.

Its Sleeping and Dining Car s is first class in every respect.

It runs vestibuled, steam-heate electric-lighted trains.

It has the absolute block s

It uses all modern applia comfort and safety of its pat

Its train employees are obliging.

It tries to give each passenger received" for his money, and

Its General Passenger Agent every man, woman, and child tickets over the Chicago, Milwa St. Paul Railway—for it is A Railway

Digitized by Google

Lehigh Valley Railroad System

"AMERICA'S CLEANEST RAILROAD."

BETWEEN { **New York, Philadelphia, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls,**

hrough a Scenic Region, unequalled East of the Rocky Mountains. **Four rand Through Trains in Each Direction,** led by the **HANDSOMEST RAINS IN THE WORLD,** the

"BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS."

egant Day Coaches.
ie Most Modern and Luxurious Pullman Palace Sleeping and Parlor Cars.
ie Famous Lehigh Valley Dining Car System. Meals a-la-carte.

Pintsch Gas Illuminates the Trains, and Anthracite Coal Used on the Locomotives.
Where can you find more delightful surroundings?
Try it! Try it!

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ERIE RAILROAD

MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE BETWEEN THE EAST AND WEST.
UNITED STATES MAIL ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO AND THE NORTHWEST.
SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS WITH SLEEPING AND DINING CARS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS, CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, AND CHICAGO.

ERIE

D. I. ROBERTS,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
New York.

Digitized by Google

Picturesque Trunk Line of America.

SCHOOLS.

CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY.

Miss Head's School for Girls. Special care for health of girls. Gymnasium and outdoor games. Cheerful family life. Certificate admits to University of California and Vassar College.

ILLINOIS, CHICAGO, 1060 N. Halsted Street.

The McCormick Theological Seminary opens Thursday, Sept. 24. Term continues seven months. Nine instructors. Fine equipment and ample accommodations. For catalogue address "Faculty."

ILLINOIS, UPPER ALTON.

Shurtleff College. (Founded in 1827.) The Oldest College in the West. Delightful location. A high standard of scholarship. Excellent library and laboratories. AUSTEN K. DE BLOIS, PH.D., President.

MICHIGAN, OLIVET.

Olivet College. For both sexes. Three college courses. Normal and preparatory departments. Also conservatory of music. For catalogues address
A. L. LEE, Sec'y.

KENTUCKY, HARRODSBURG.

Beaumont College. Perhaps "One of th best of all the Girls' Schools of the South;" i departments the peer of any in either section. tor in our Conservatory of Music, J. H. Norman Doct., Oxon., trained by Sir John Goss, W. T Rubinstein, and Charles Halle. Beautiful home
TH. SMITH, A.M., Pres..
(Alumnus of University of

NEW JERSEY, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Theological Seminary Reformed (D Church. (Founded 1784.) Five professors. T furnished rooms, fuel, light, use of gymnasiu library (43,000 vols.) free. Open to students denomination. Address
Rev. J. P. SEARLE, Secre

NORTH CAROLINA, RALEIGH.

St. Mary's School for Girls. (Estab in 1842.) For catalogue address the Rector,
Rev. BENNETT SMEDES,

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1896.

The Constantinople Massacre.
Devil Worship and Freemasonry. . . . . . By F. L
The Vaccination Commission. . . . . . By J. Allanson Pi
"The Old Silver Dollar." . . . . . By J. O. Hert
American Women. . . . . . By Cecil de Thi
A Palinode to Apollo. . . . . . By Henry W. Nevi
The Archetype of the "Pilgrim's Progress." . . By Richard H
My Master of the Winds. . . . . . By Claes Eric
Modern Ideals of Education. . . . . . By W. K.
Was Pitt a Prophet? . By Lords Stanmore and Hobhouse, Professor Prot
Rev. William Hunt, and Hubert Hall.
Money and Investments.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CONTENTS, OCTOBER, 1896.

Why Russia Distrusts England. By Sir Wemyss Reid.

The Cry for Fraudulent Money in America. By George F. Parker. (*United States Consul, Birmingham.*)

On the Ethics of Suppression in Biography. By Edmund S. Purcell. (*Author of "The Life of Cardinal Manning."*)

Bhowani, the Cholera-Goddess. By E. H. Hankin.

Of Women in Assemblies. By Charles Selby Oakley.

Lord Randolph Churchill as an Official. By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, K.C.B.

On the Dervish Frontier. By J. Theodore Bent.

County Councils and Rural Education. By Charles Thomas Dyke Acland.

Horse Ambulances. By the Hon. Dudley Leigh.

A Visit to Queen Elizabeth. By J. H. Round.

Unavoidable Uselessness of Prison Labour. By Sir Edmund du Cane, K.C.B.

Filippo Lippi. By the late Sir Joseph Crowe, C.B., K.C.M.G.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIE

CONTENTS, OCTOBER, 1896.

The Russian Ascendency in Europe Diplomaticus.

M. Paul Hervieu. By Hannah Lynch.

Is Insanity Increasing? By Thomas D M.B.

The World's Baby Talk. By Charles ston.

Eastern Questions, Far and Near
(1) **China, England, and Russia.** C. Gundry.
(2) **The Turkish Question in Its E ious Aspect.** By Capt. J. W. G R.N.

Philip II. in His Domestic Relation Major Martin A. S. Hume.

Munich and Bayreuth. By Claude F

Battle of the Ballads in America. B cis H. Hardy.

The Mission of Judaism. By Oswa Simon.

Human Evolution an Artificial Pr By H. G. Wells.

Digitized by Google

Burlington Route

BEST LINE

CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS

TO

OMAHA

KANSAS CITY

PACIFIC COAST

Digitized by Google

The World's Leading Review

Nineteenth Century
Contemporary Review
Fortnightly Review
Westminster Review

THE foremost wri
of the world regul
contribute to the pa
of these great Review
They present each mo
the best articles by the
living authors; and
every sense of the w
are up with the tim
The current events of
day, the world's progr
in culture, in science, in a
in finance, in econom
in literature, in study,
travel, in knowledge, is summed up in convenient and acc
sible form by the most competent authorities.

MR. GLADSTONE, DUKE OF ARGYLL, HERBERT SPENCER, W. H. MALLOCK, FREDERIC HARRISON, GRANT ALLEN, PROF. ST. GEORGE MIVART, SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, ANDREW LANG, W. T. STEAD, VERNON LEE, PROF. MAX MÜLLER, PRINCE KROPOTKIN, RT. HON. LORD PLAYFAIR, W. S. LILLY, are among the many regular contributors to these Reviews.

We supply the original English editions at nearly 50 per cent. l
than they cost in England.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION:—Any one Review, $4.50; any two, $8.50; any three, $12.00; any four, $16.00. Postage prepaid in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Leonard Scott Publicatic
11 St., New Yo

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 008 377 694

DATE DUE			

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google